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ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

FRENCH KISS COMICS

#10

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by Ikna

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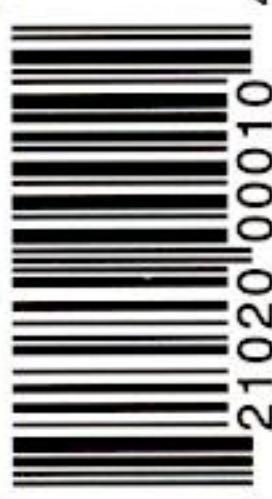
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WELCOME
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Editorial

A TOAST

An erotic comic book rating a full-page review in the *Culture* section of a newspaper? Impossible! I rub my eyes and take a big swig of coffee since last night I didn't get to bed until late a.m. and surely my eyes are fooling me, and then I read the headline: *First conviction in Japan against a pornographic comics publisher*. Oh, okay. That's what it had to be. I was amazed...

The article, which was presented in mid-January of this year in the so-called serious press, reported how the manga entitled *Misshitsu* (Secret Camera) was pulled from the market by Japanese authorities. The editor and artist were detained and later released after paying a fine of approximately \$4,500. According to the judge, "the bodies were drawn very vividly, with little care taken to hide the genitals."

We're a little tired that when comics make news, it's because of something scandalous, some court sentence, a movie about a famous superhero or some other reason that has nothing to do with comics themselves. And so, the majority of comic book authors remain anonymous, and I'm not even talking about erotic comics.

Since *French Kiss* continues to show that sexy comics are a medium of artistic expression as good as any other, and thanks our authors' sensational work and unconditional support, this is our tenth issue. We're on to double digits now, baby! Cheers, boys and girls! Here's to you!



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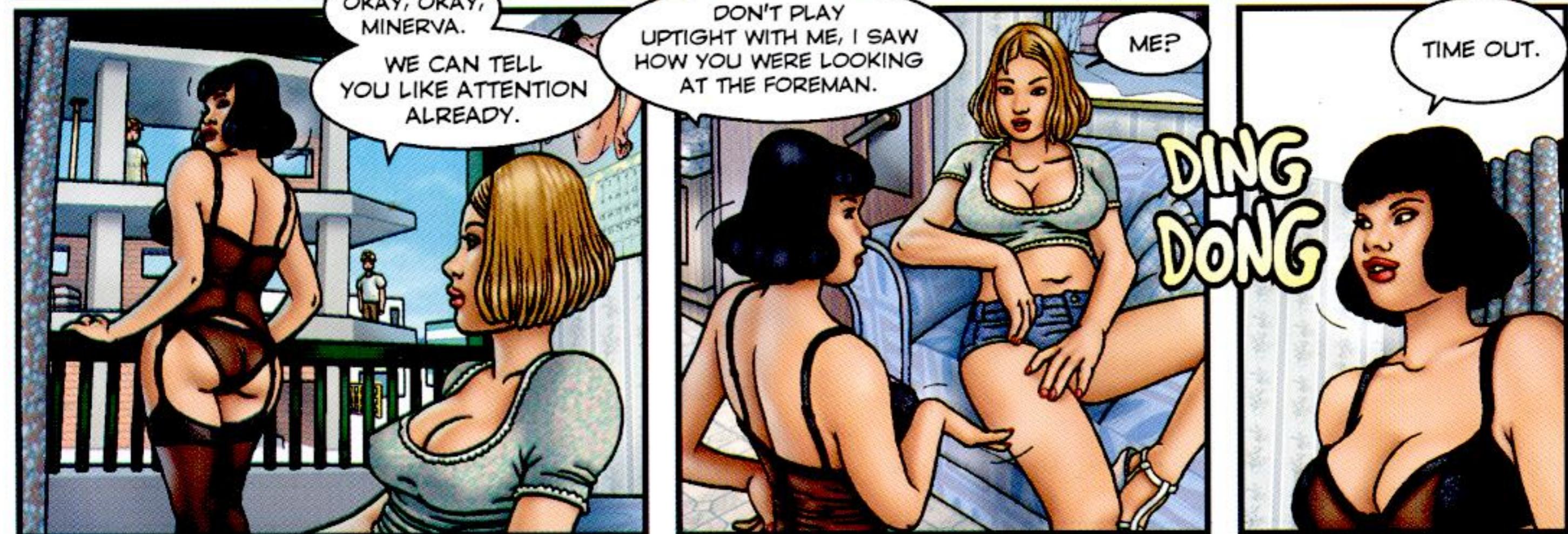
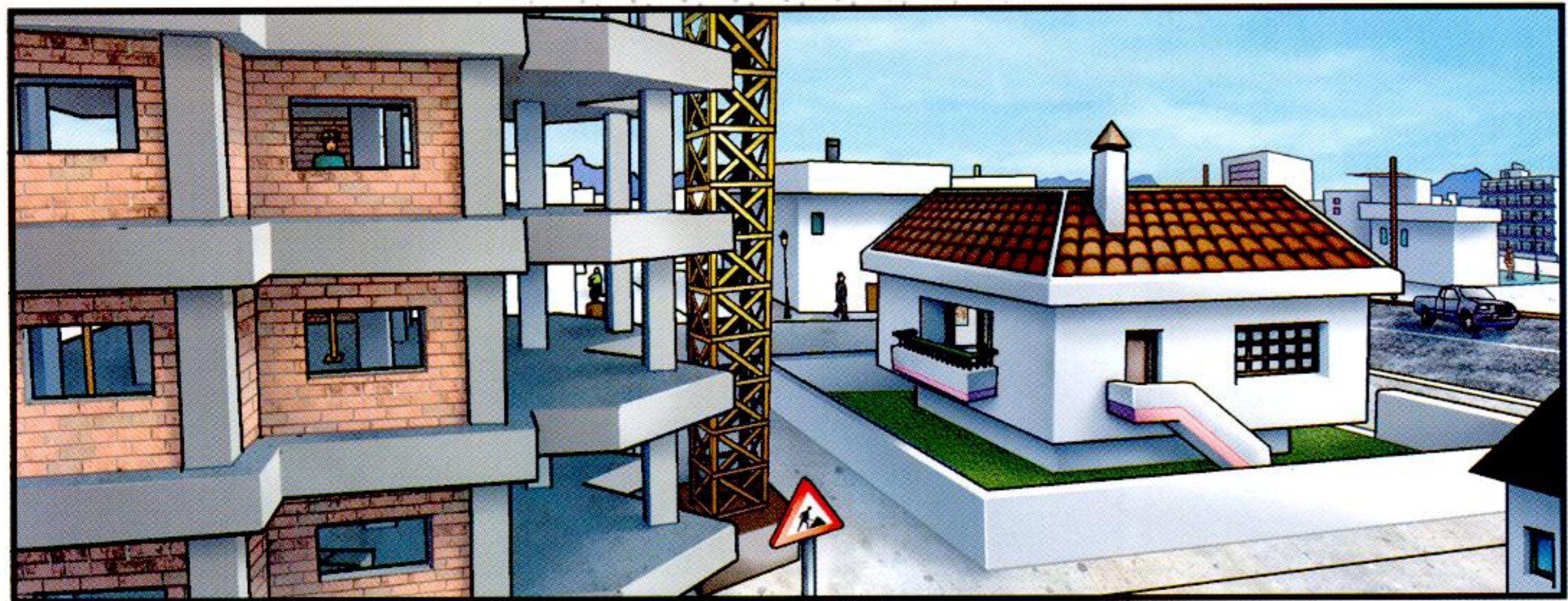
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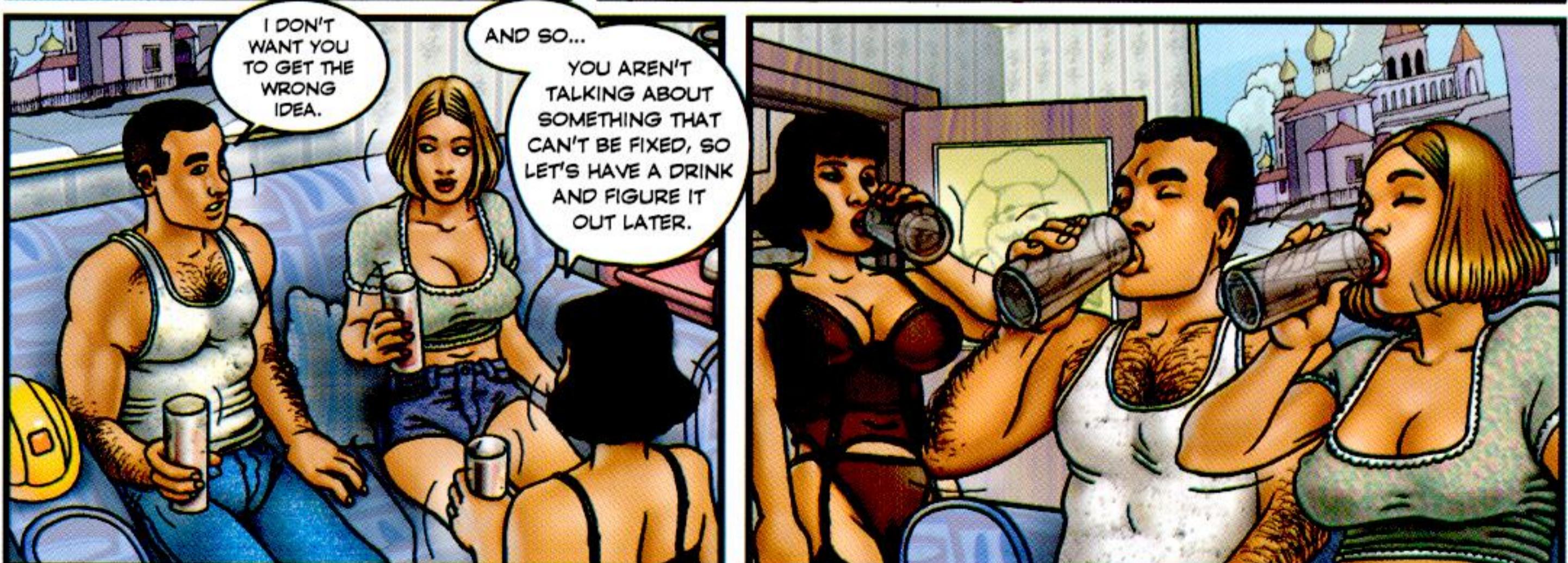
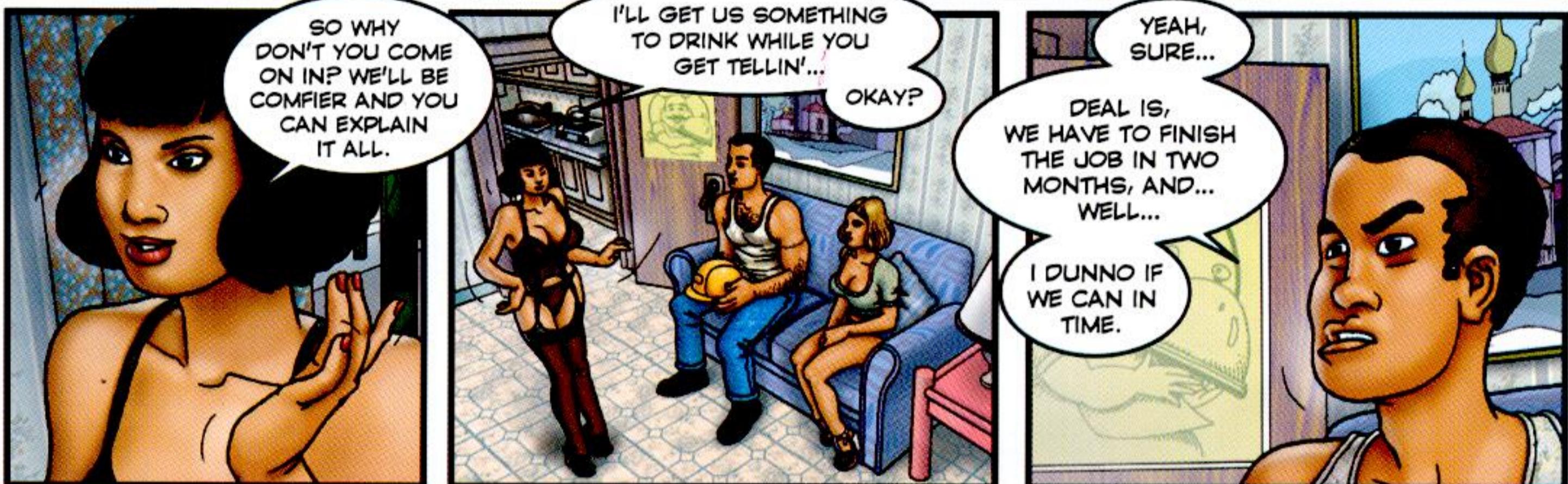
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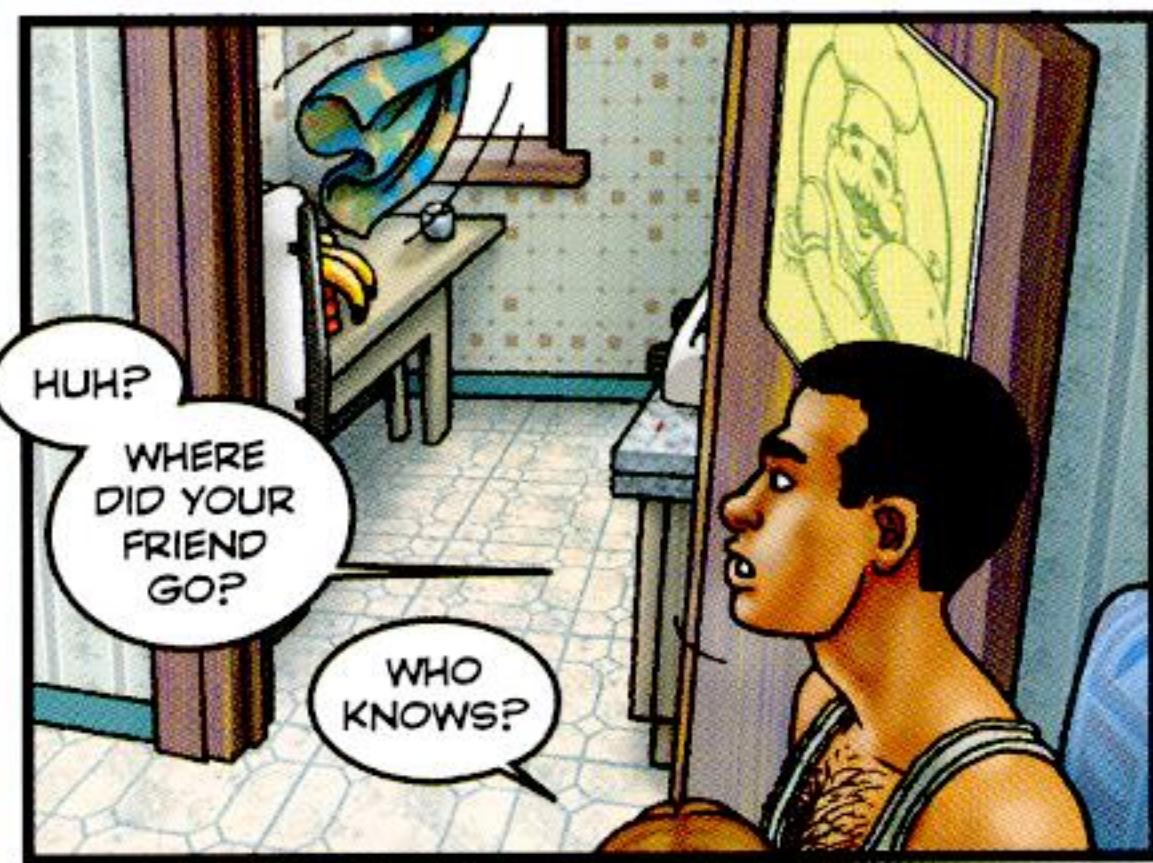
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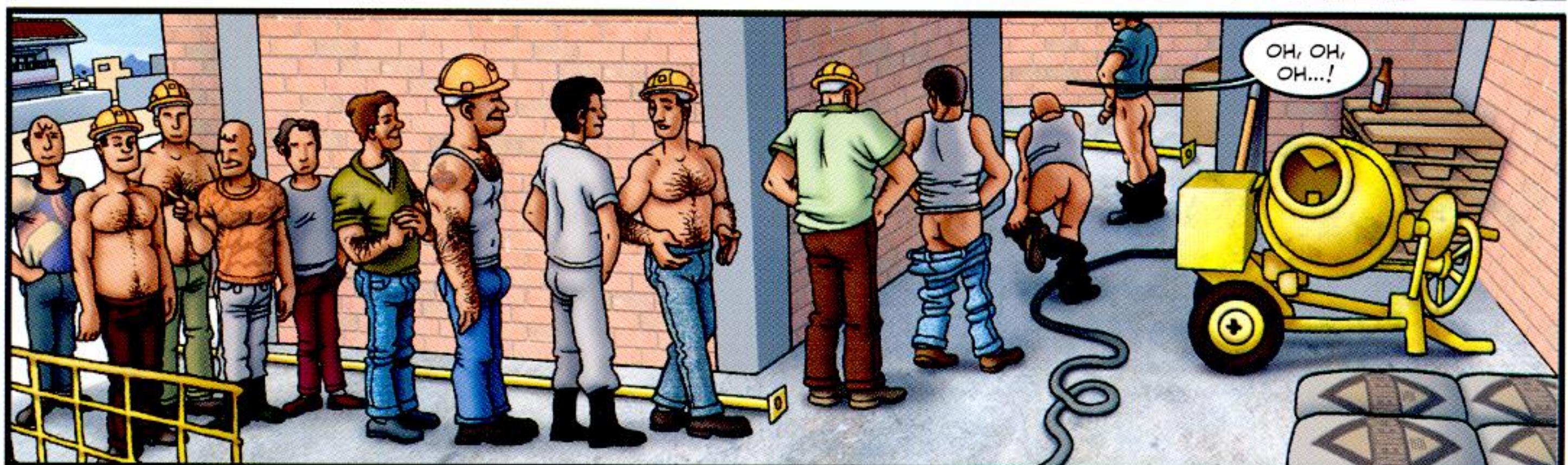
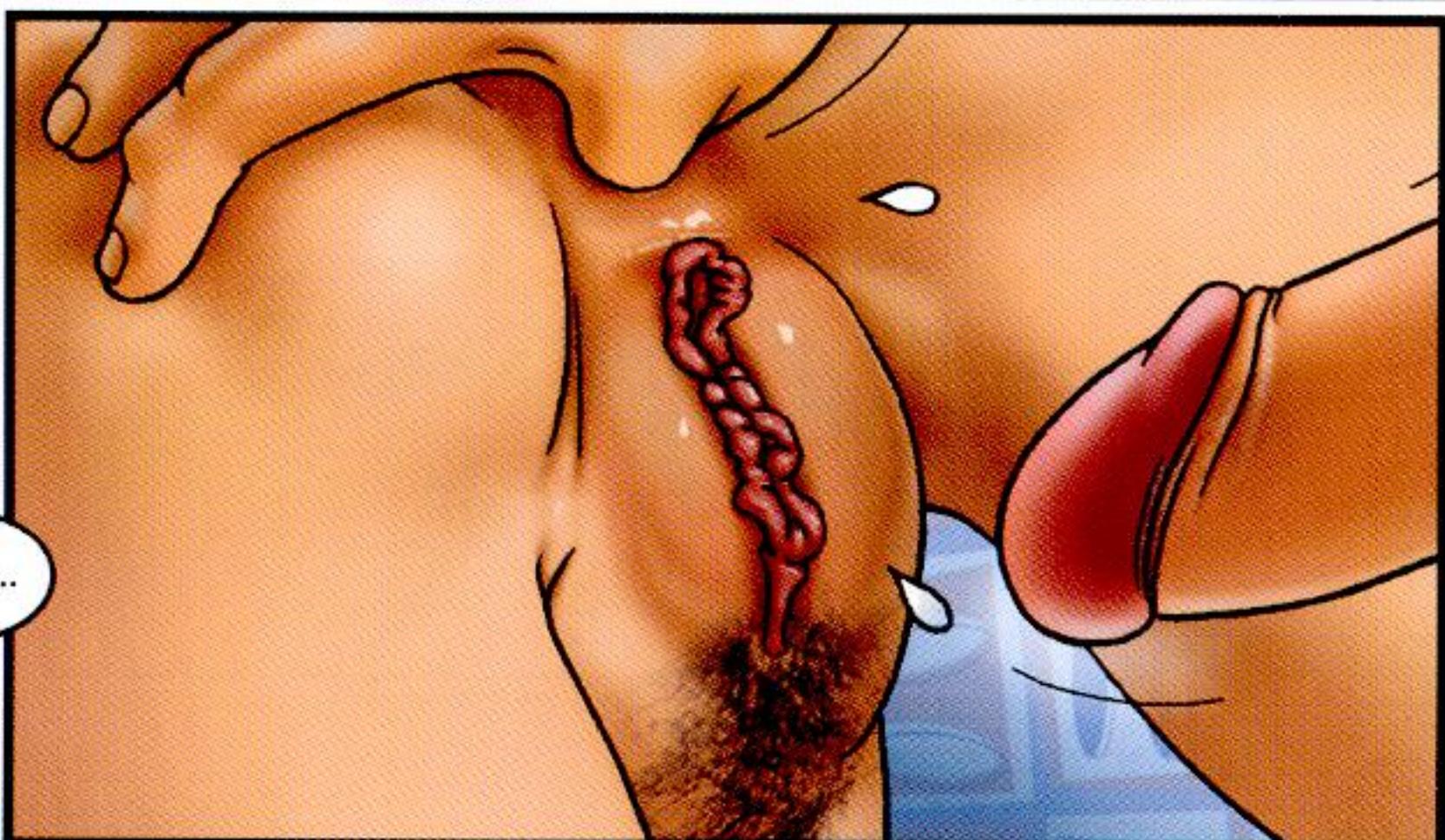
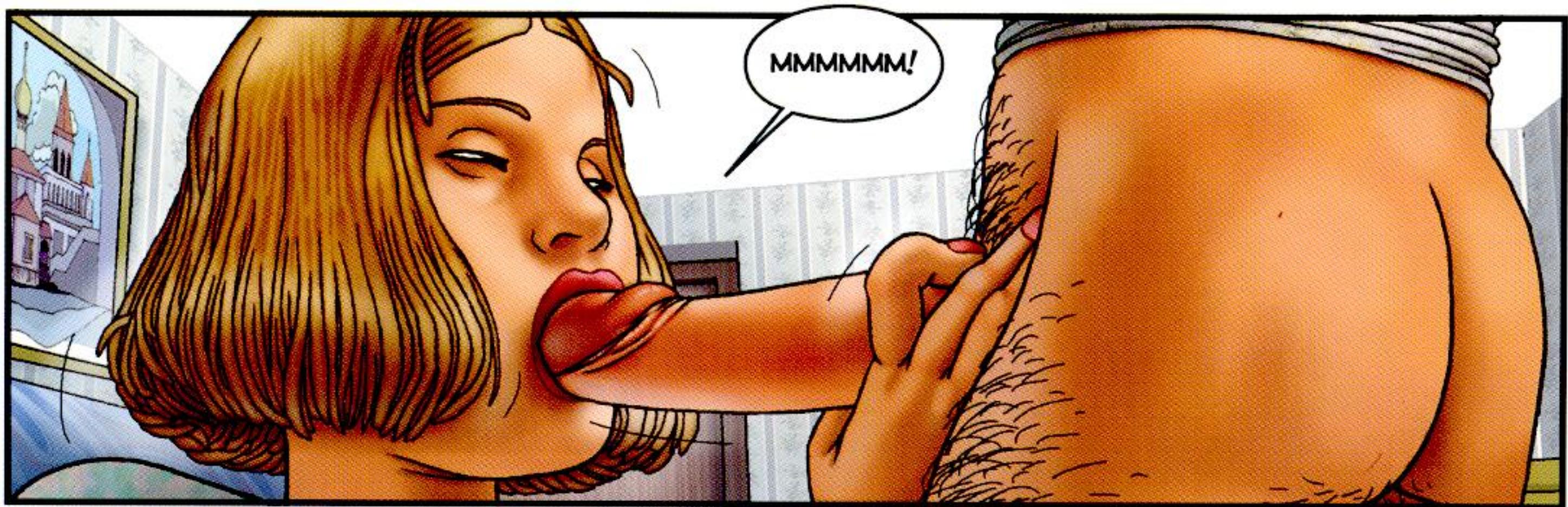


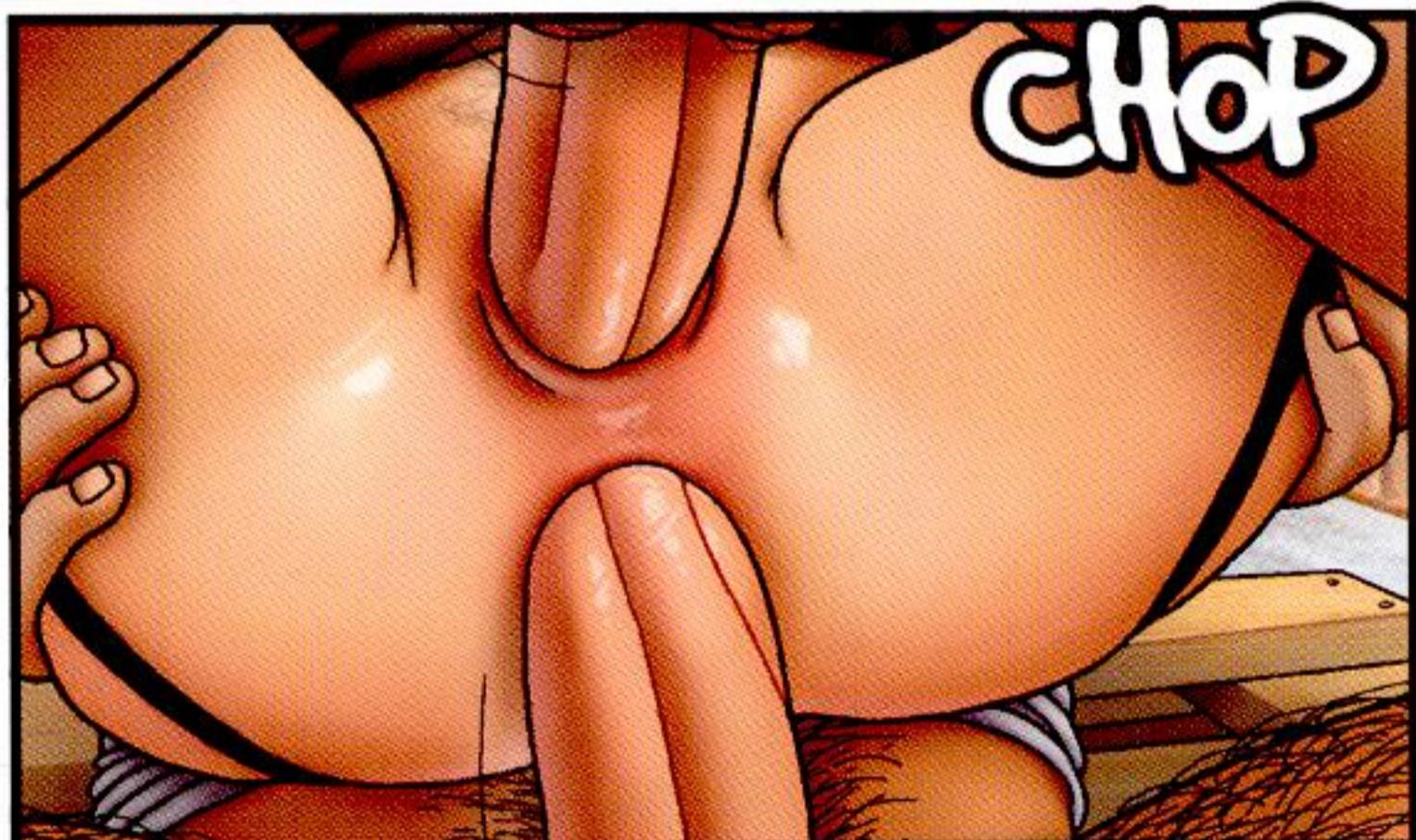
Minerva

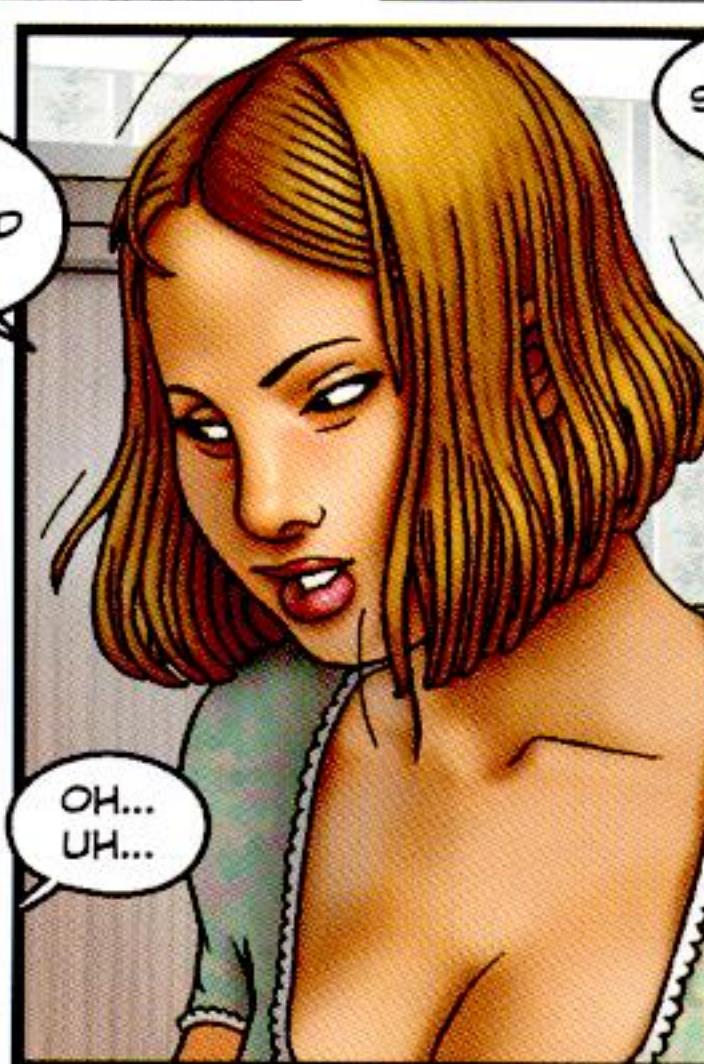


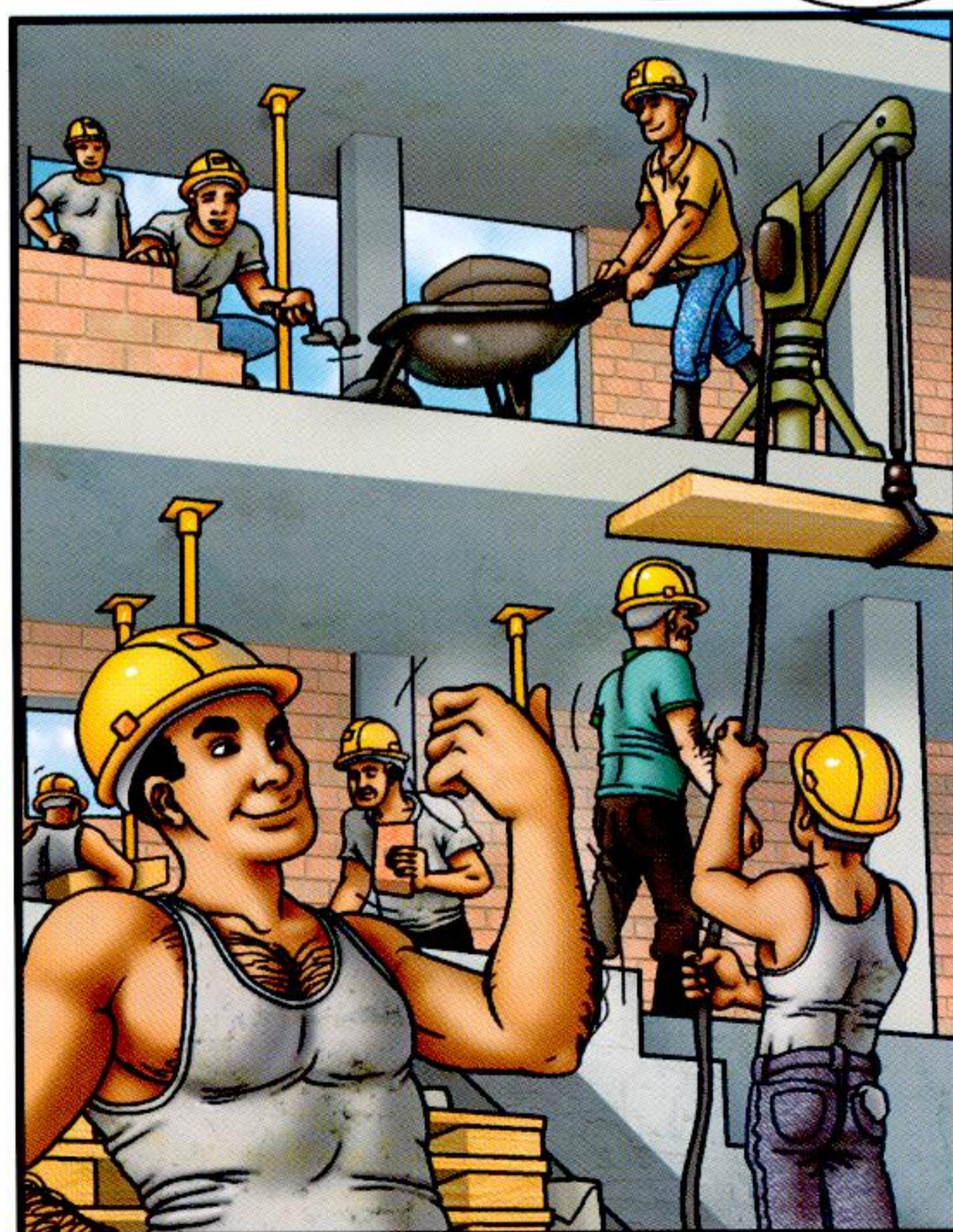
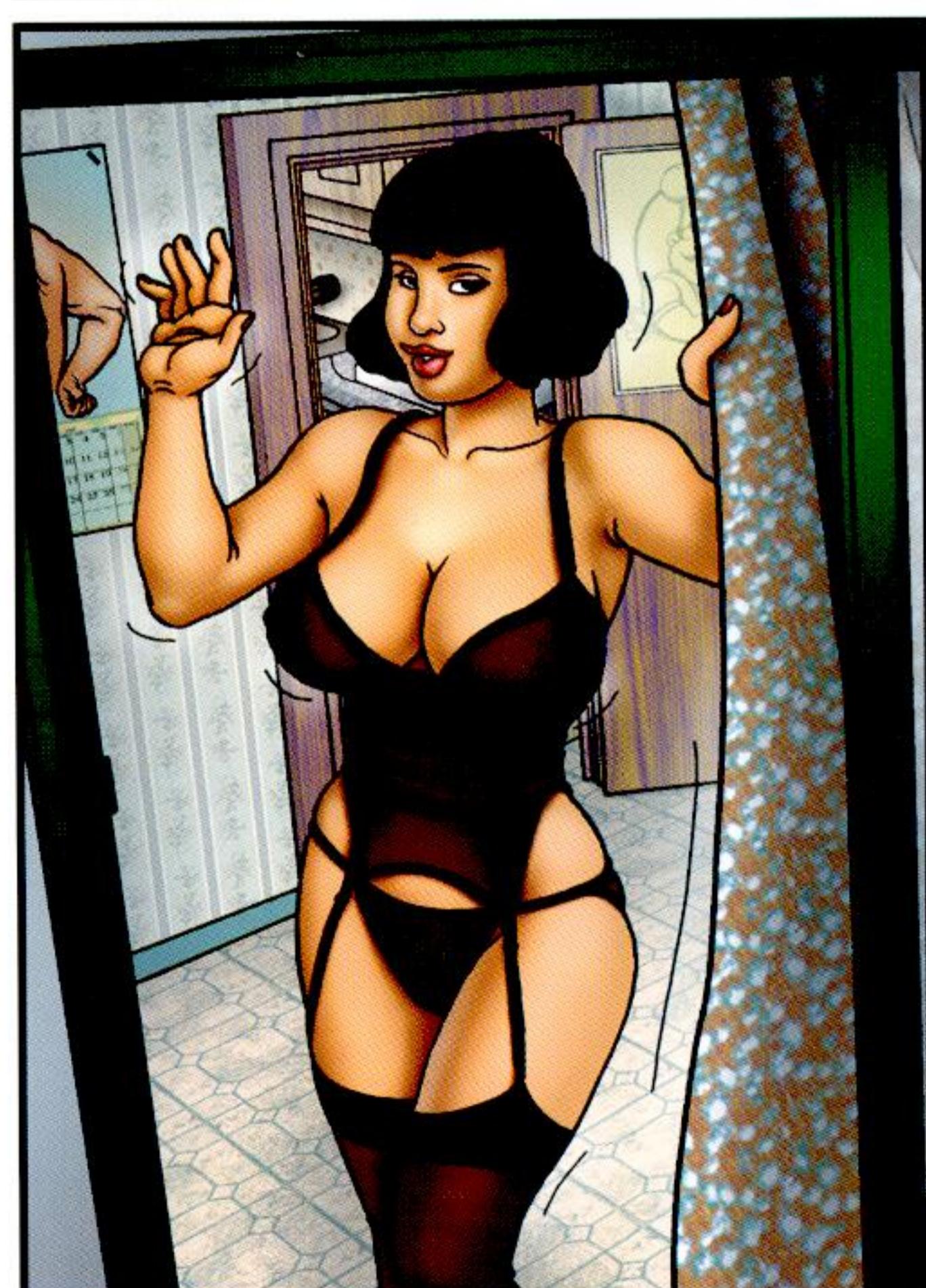
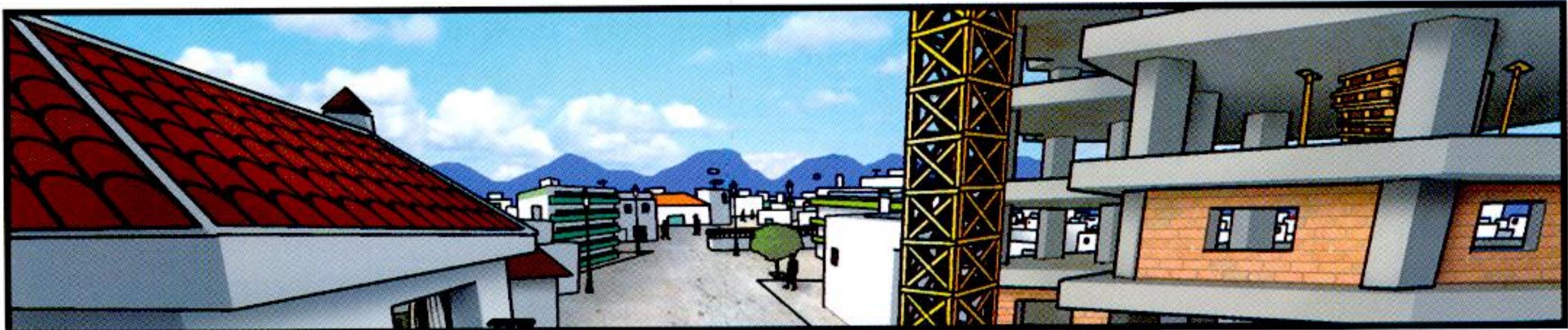




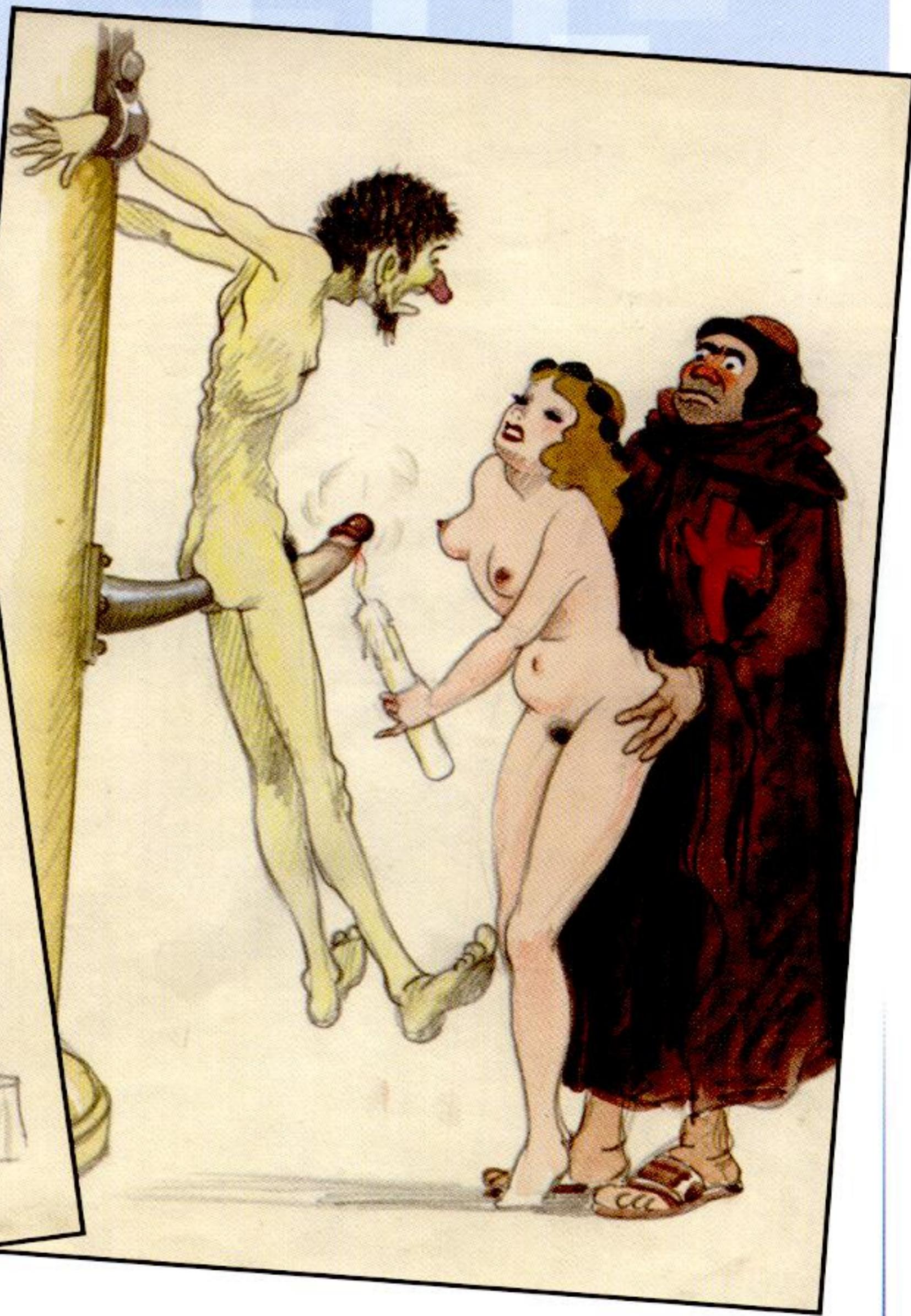


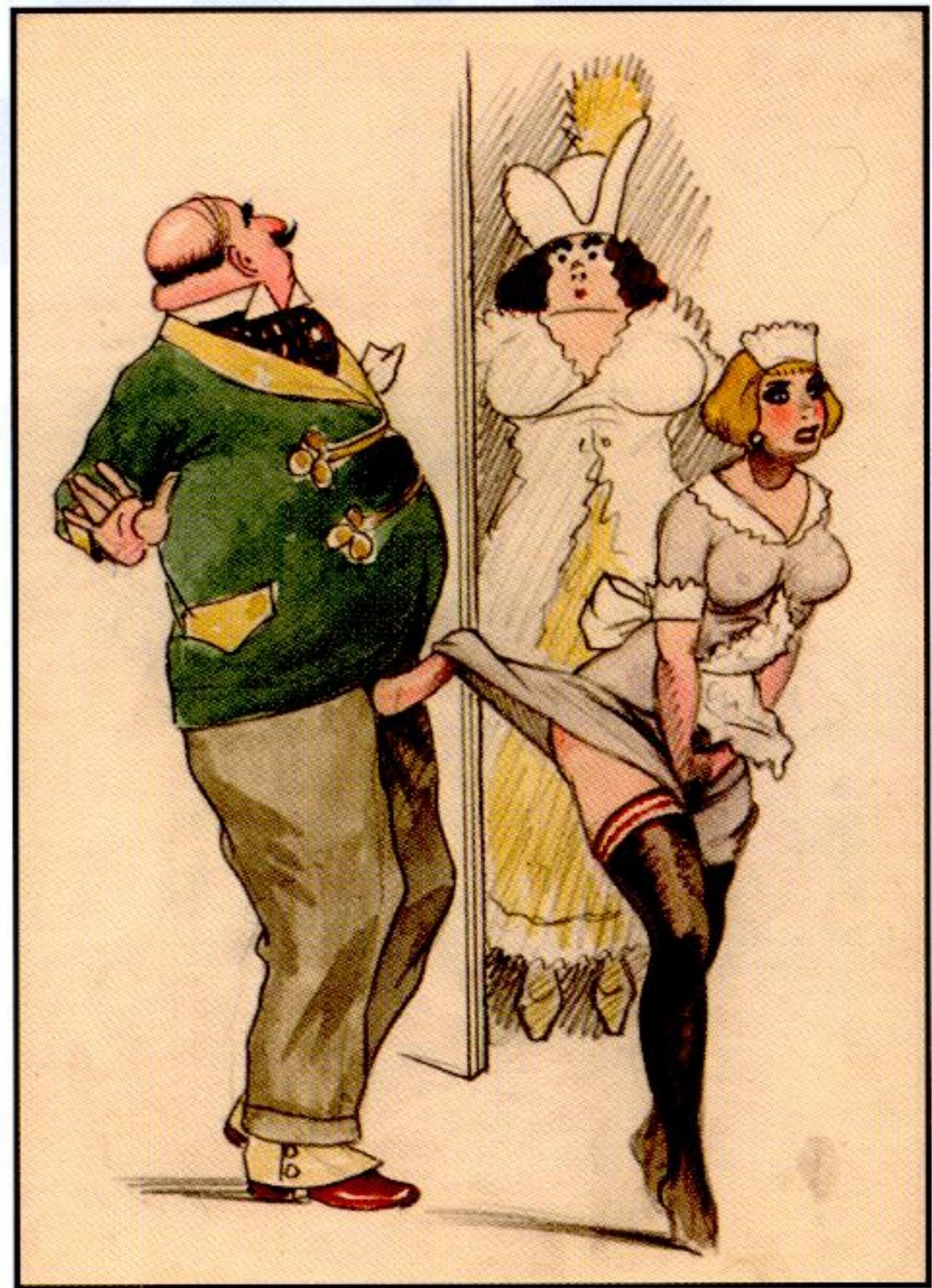
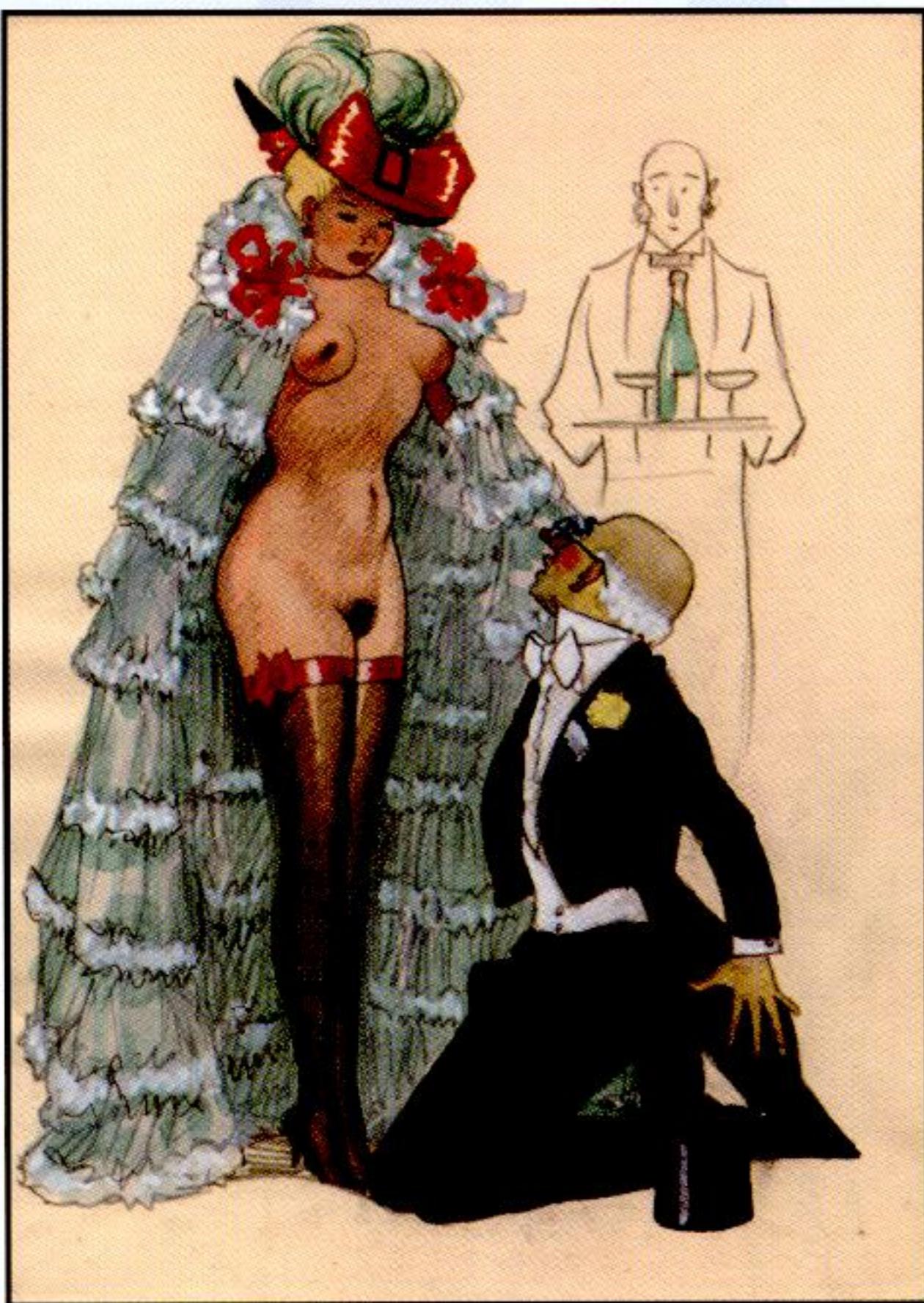
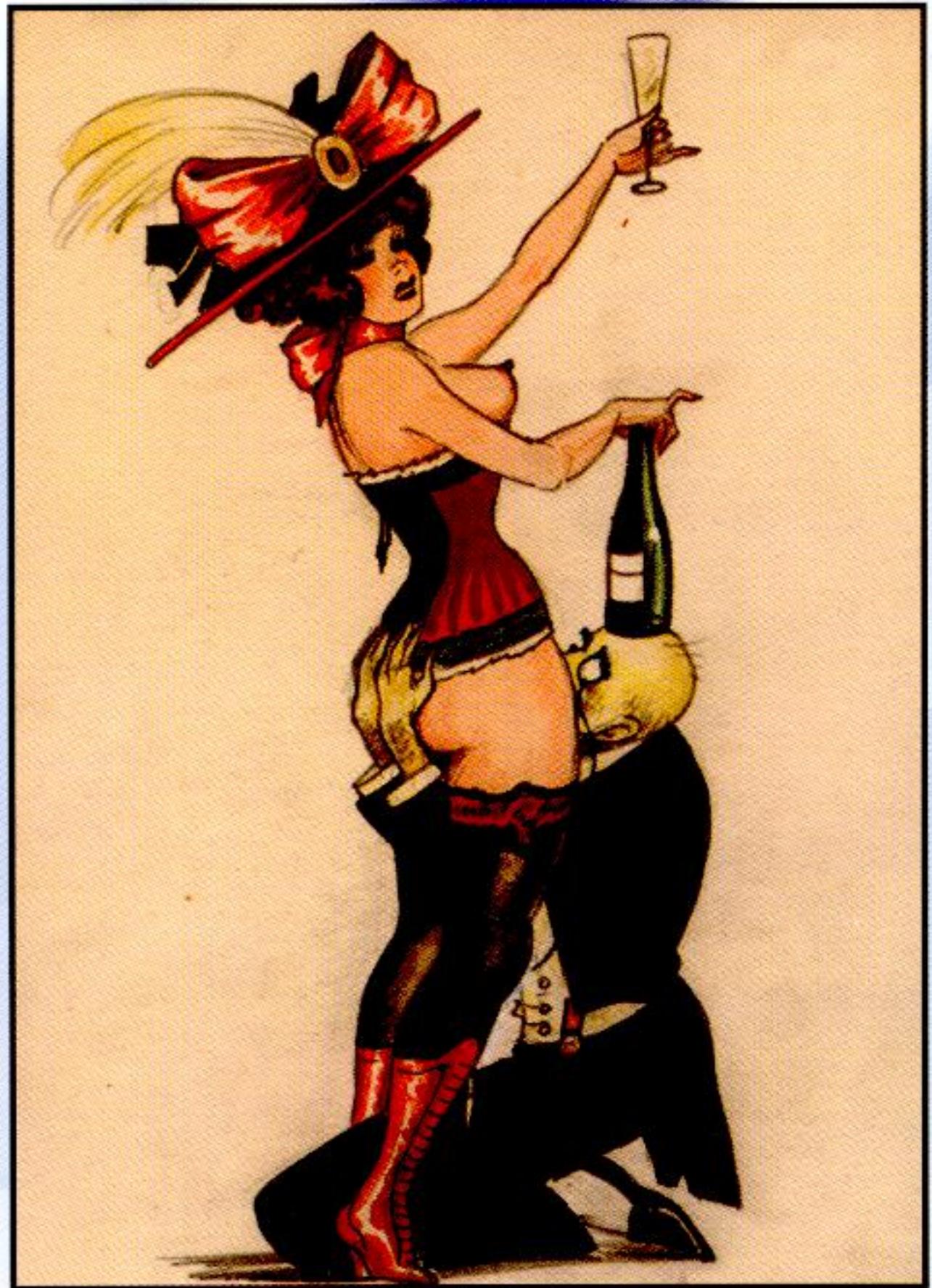


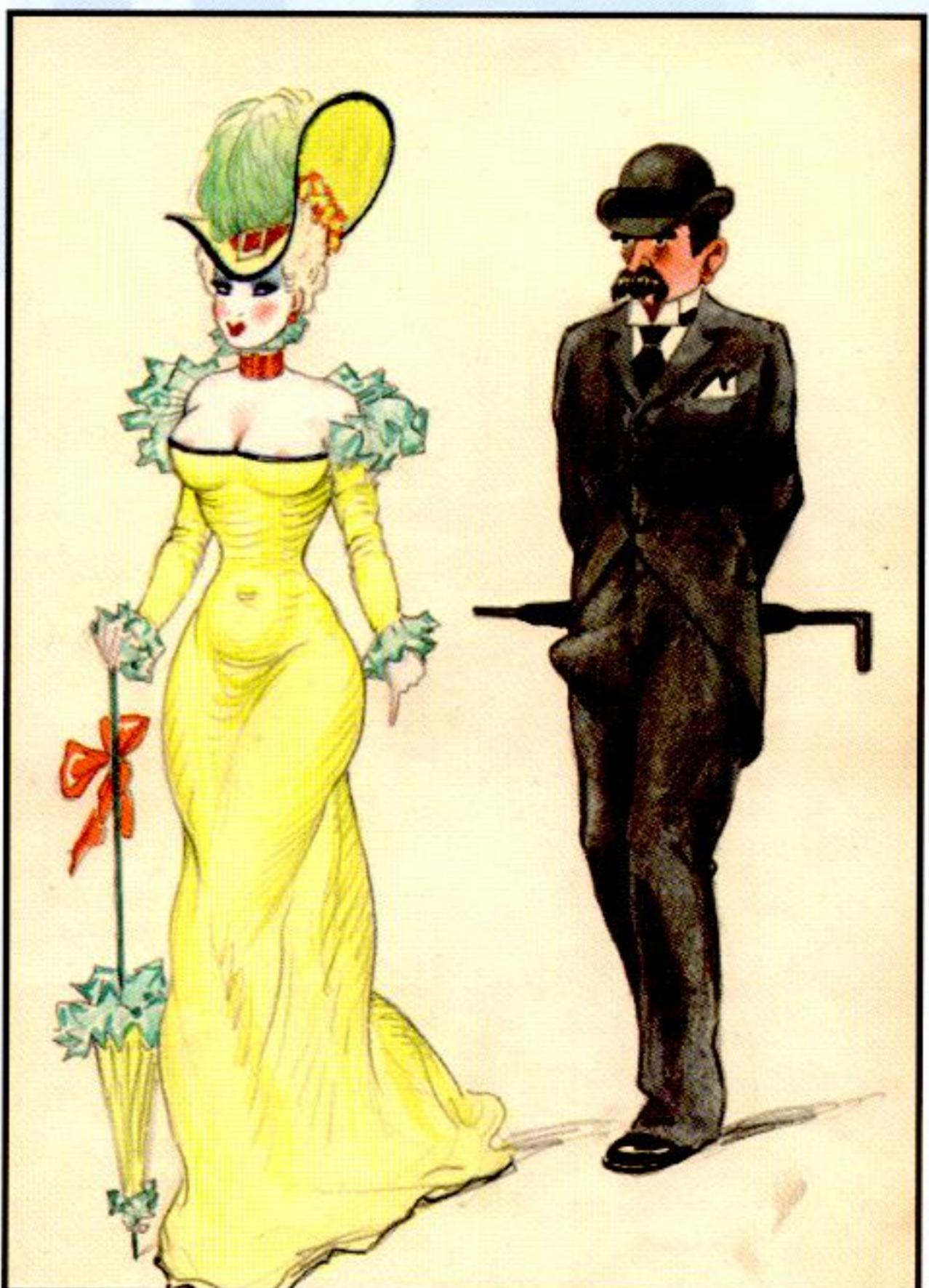
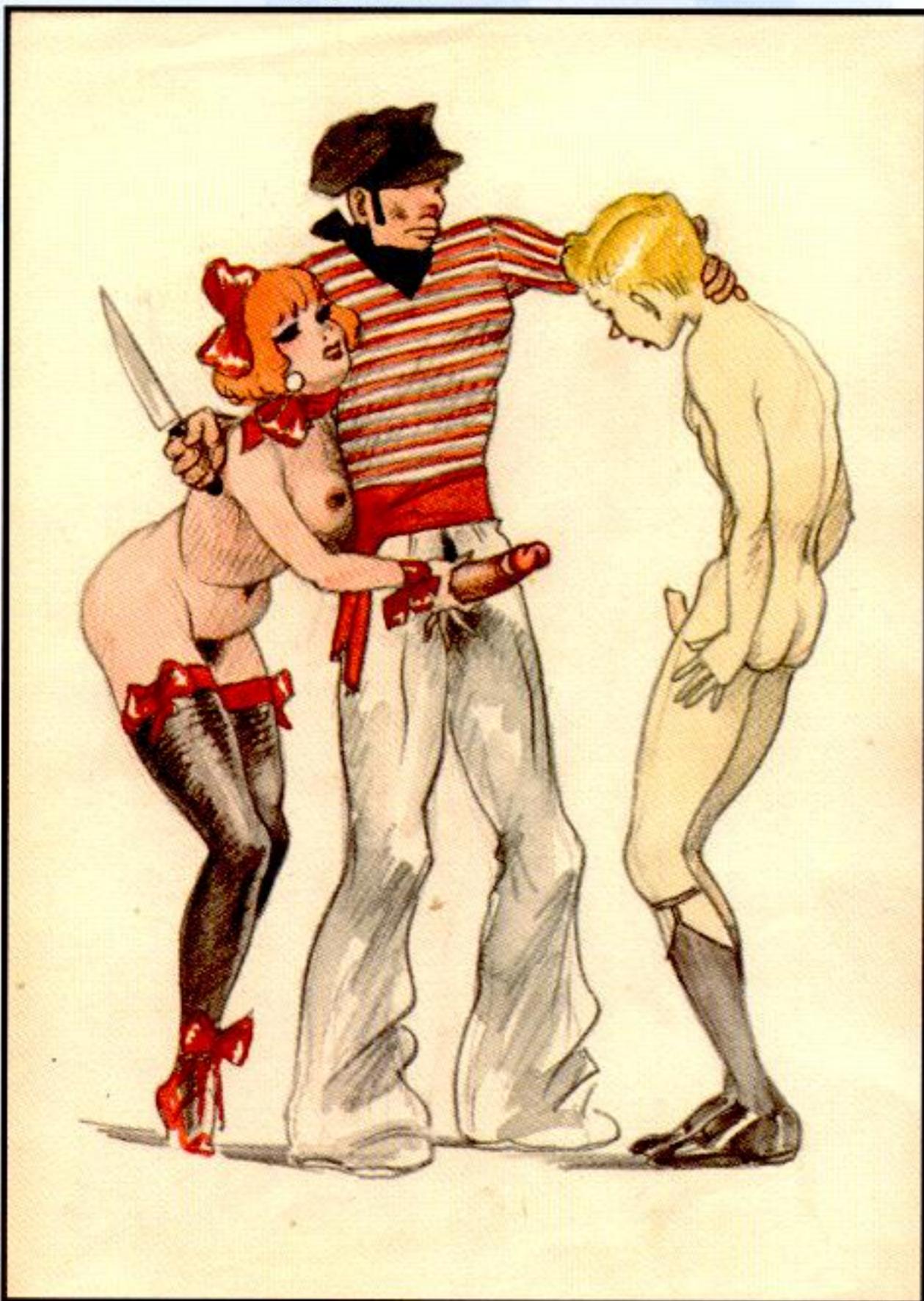
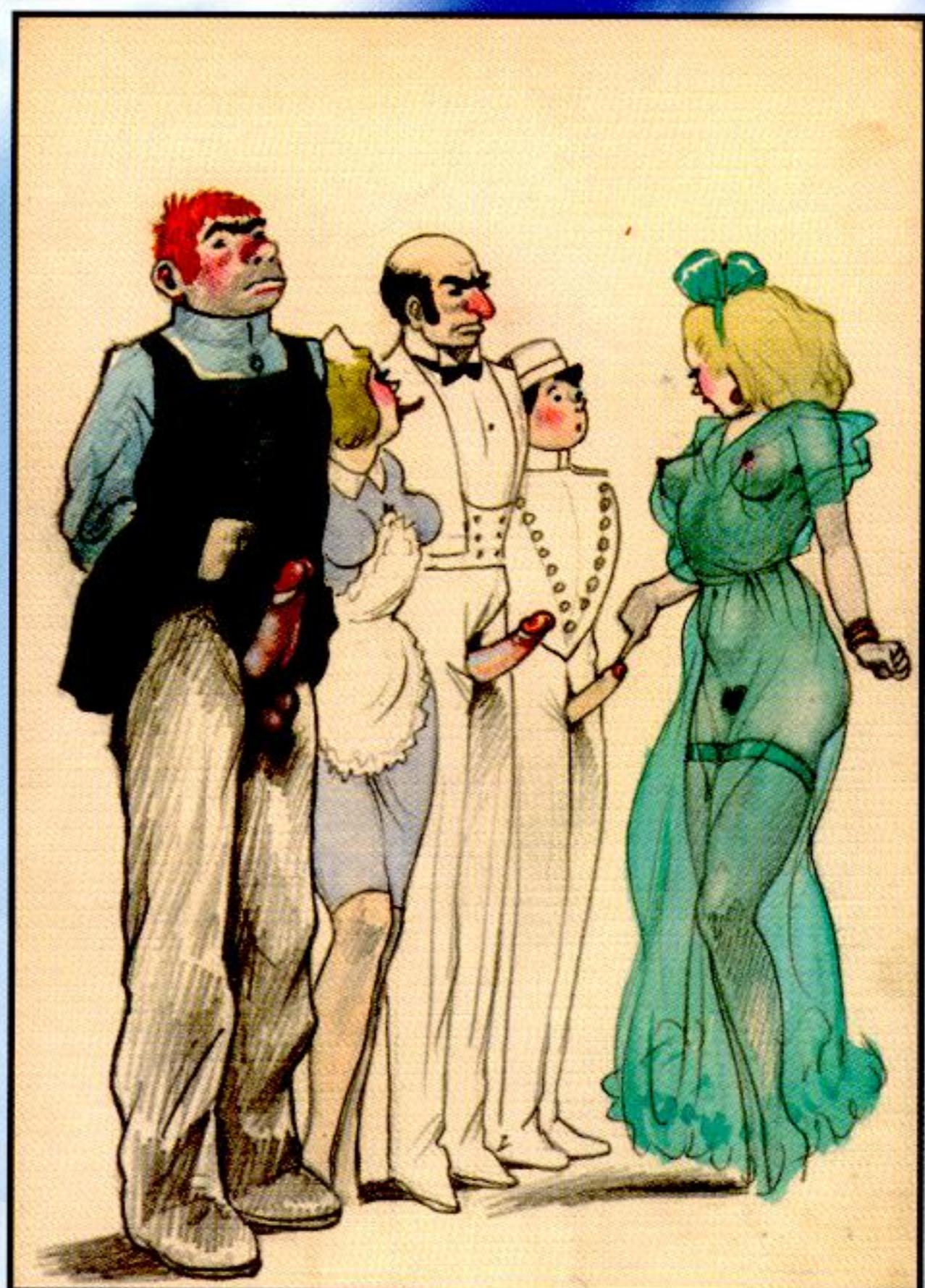
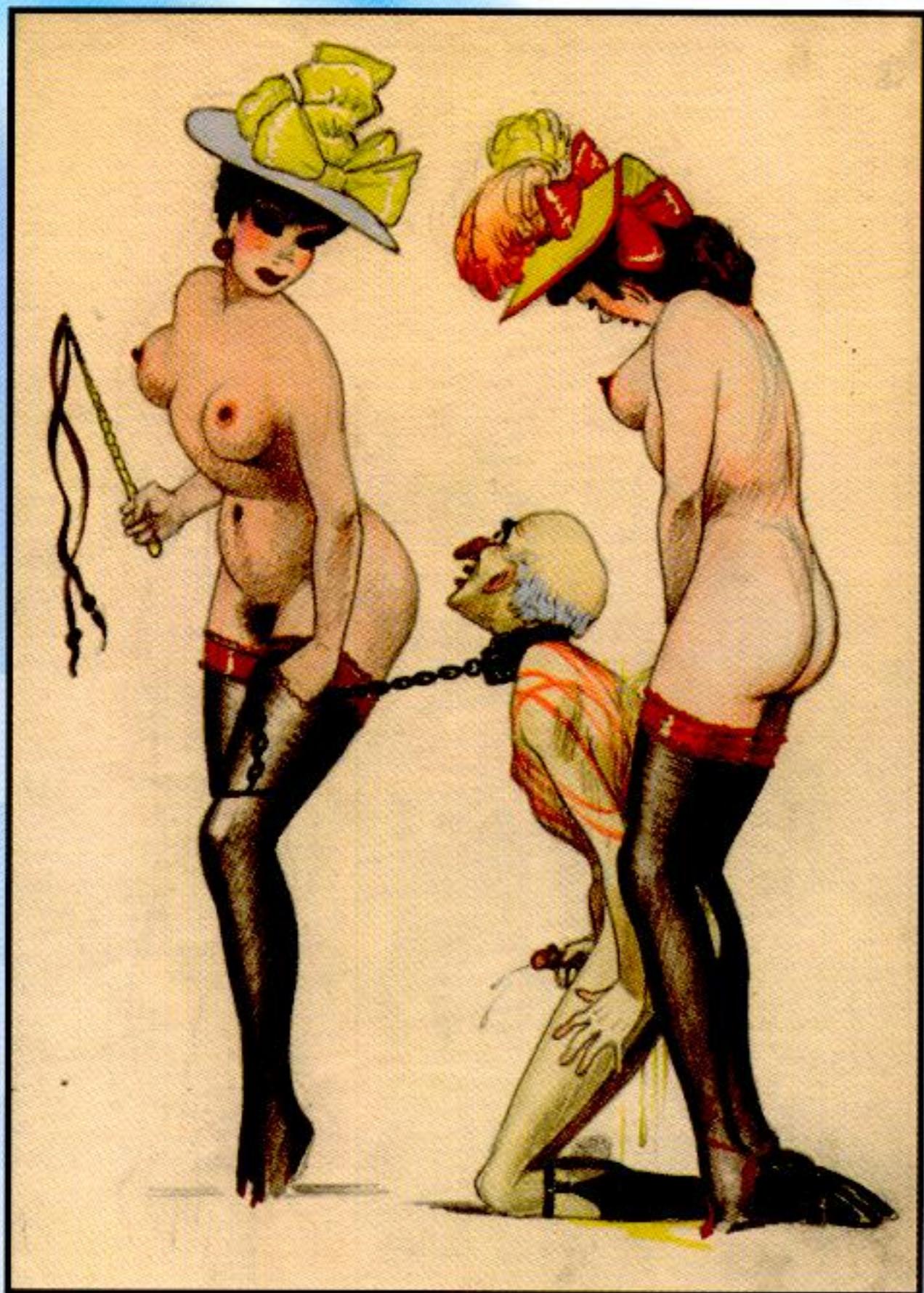




The prints you're looking at are, in their own way, real collector's pieces. Although we don't know much about them or **Amaldi**, the artist who created them, we'll try to briefly relate their stories and the circumstances in which they were created. We're in Argentina, at some point during the 1930s, maybe during the 1940s. During that time, it was common that wealthy landowners and gentlemen of leisure got together for huge parties that frequently turned into orgies. **Amaldi**, a sensational illustrator and personal friend of one of the aforementioned gentlemen drew the following scenes on a whim and gave them to the parties' attendees. One thing after another led to these drawings winding up in our editor's hands. Despite their purpose being simple playfulness, it only takes one look to see the skill of the unknown hands that crafted them. That's why we wanted to resurrect them for you to enjoy here. We hope the background information's been a good introduction, but we'll leave you be now to enjoy this little morsel of erotic art history, presented exclusively for **French Kiss** readers!

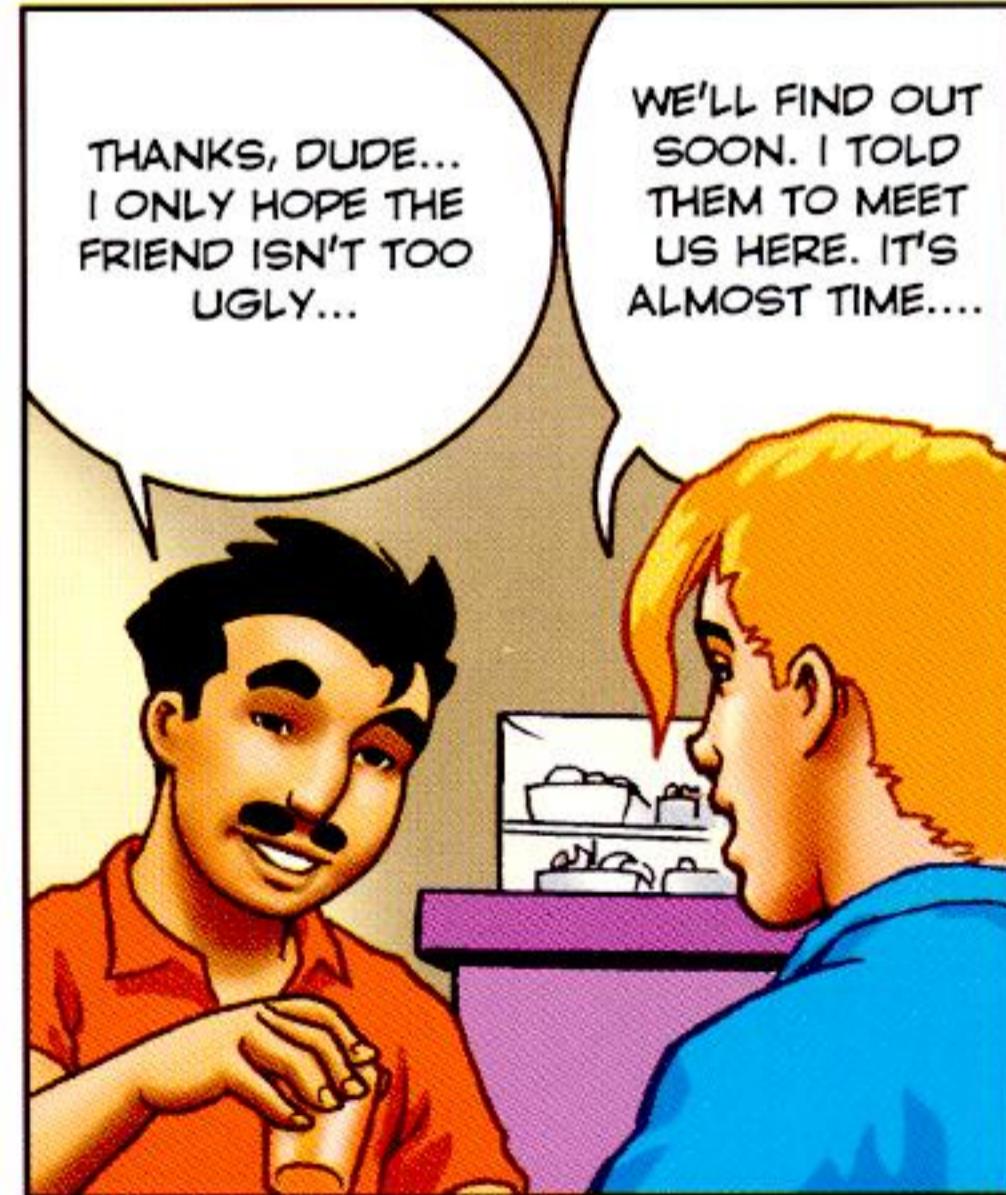
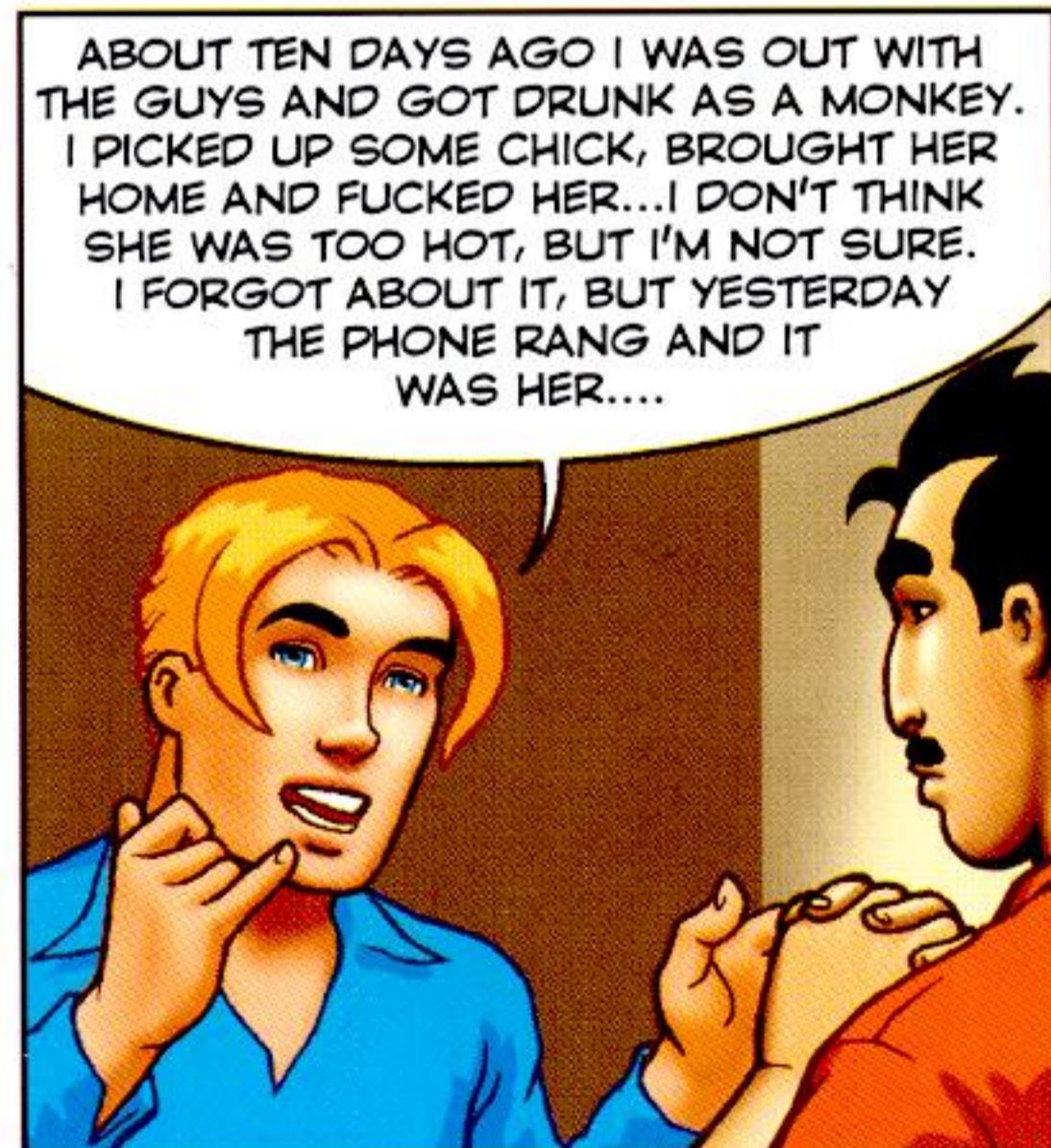
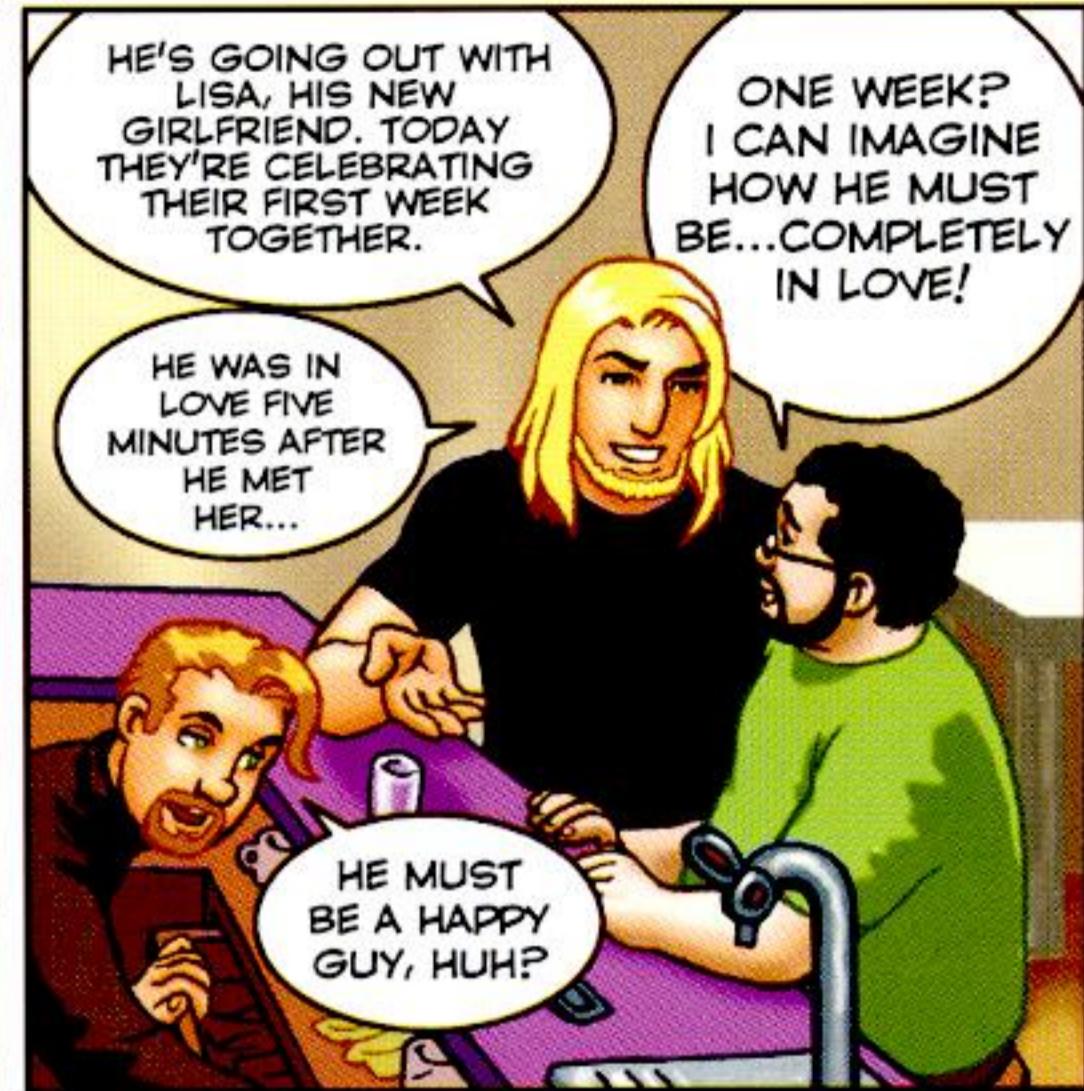


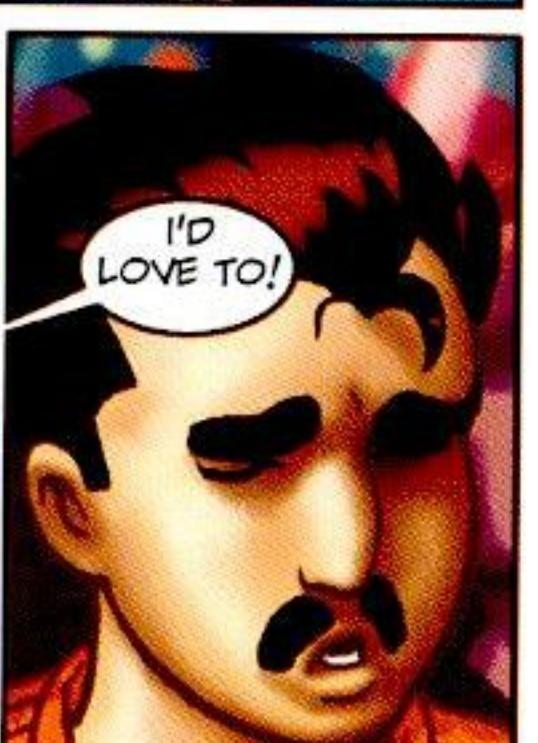
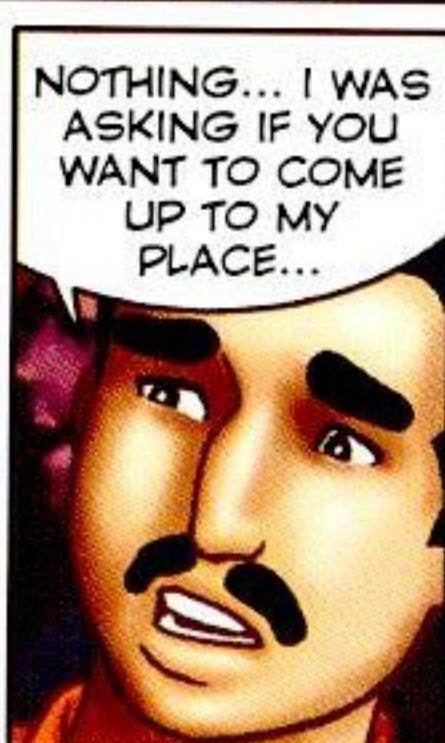
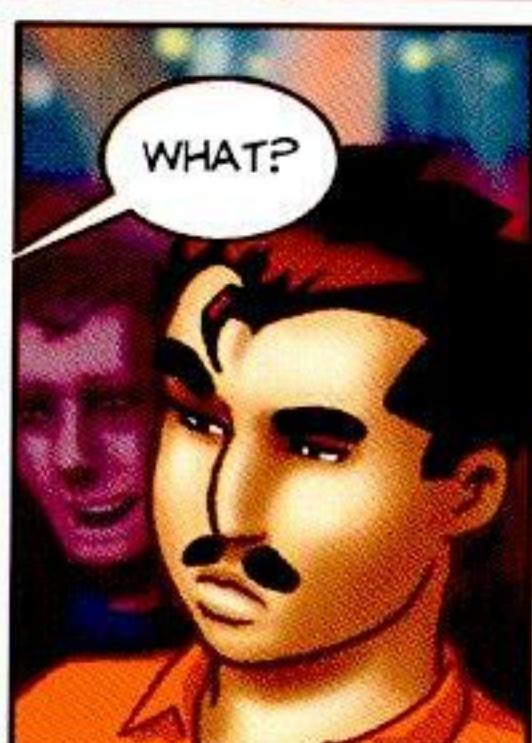
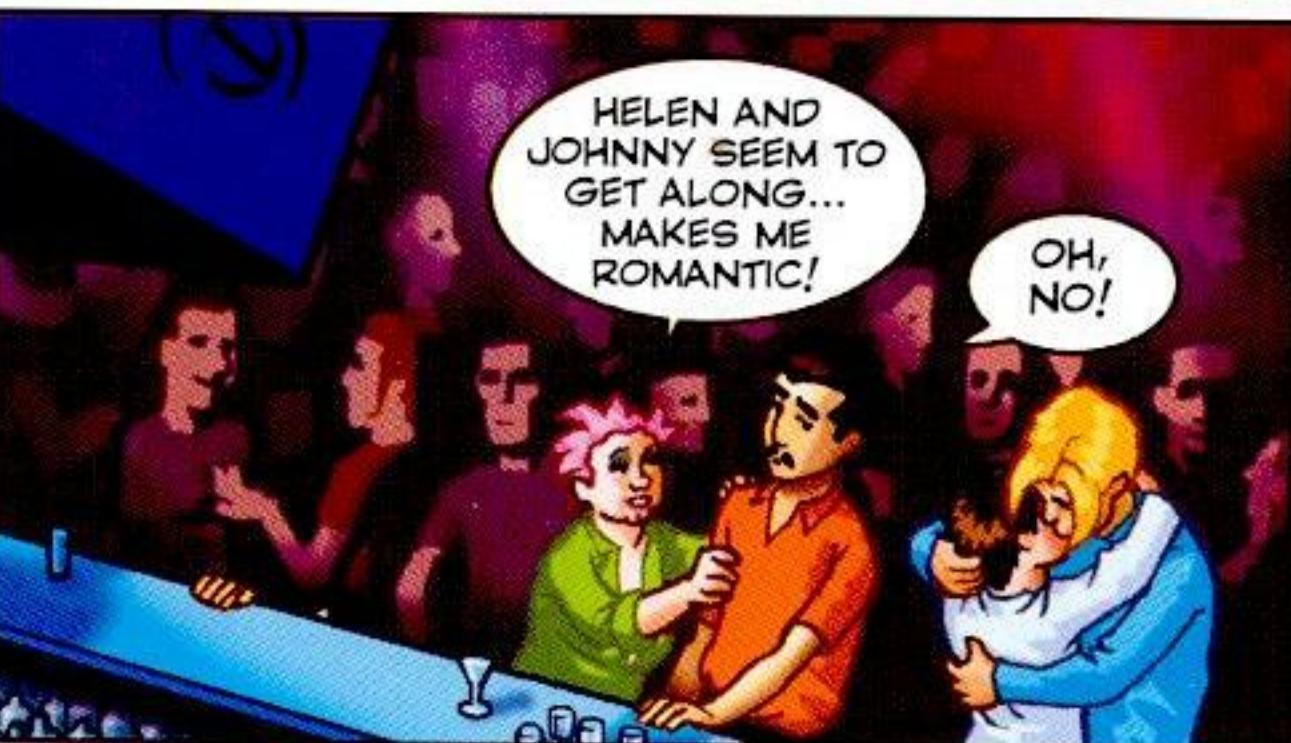
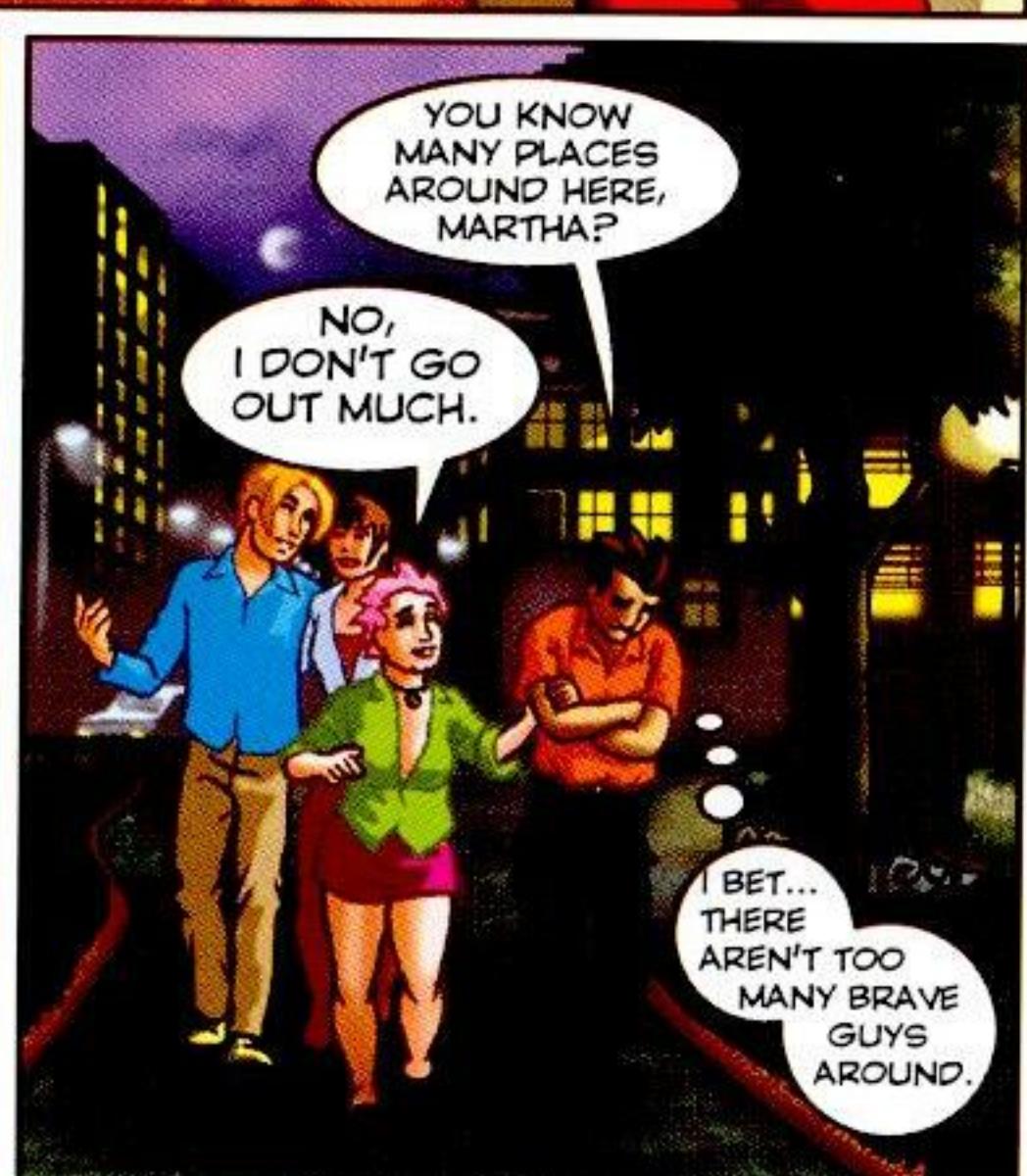


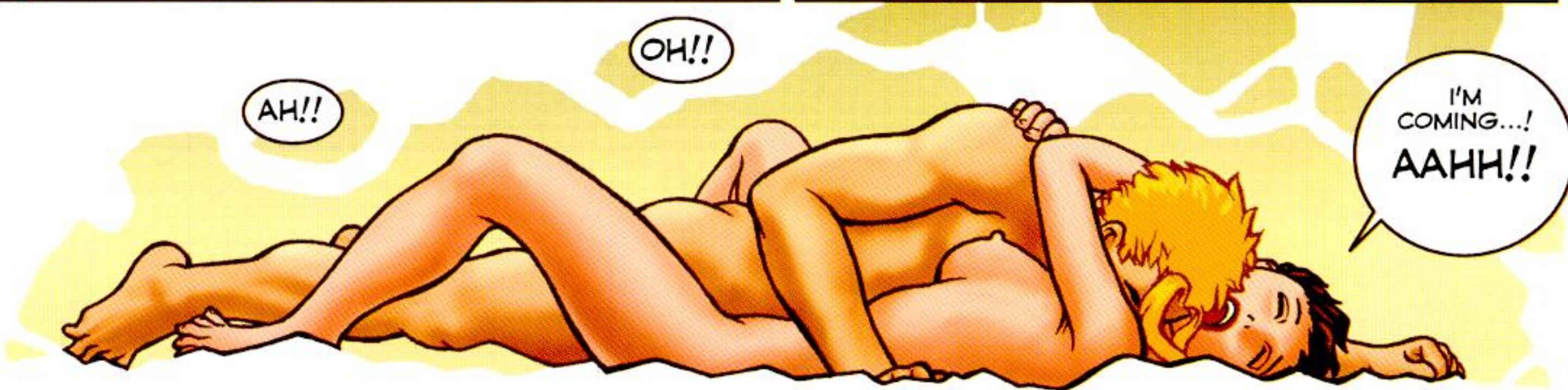


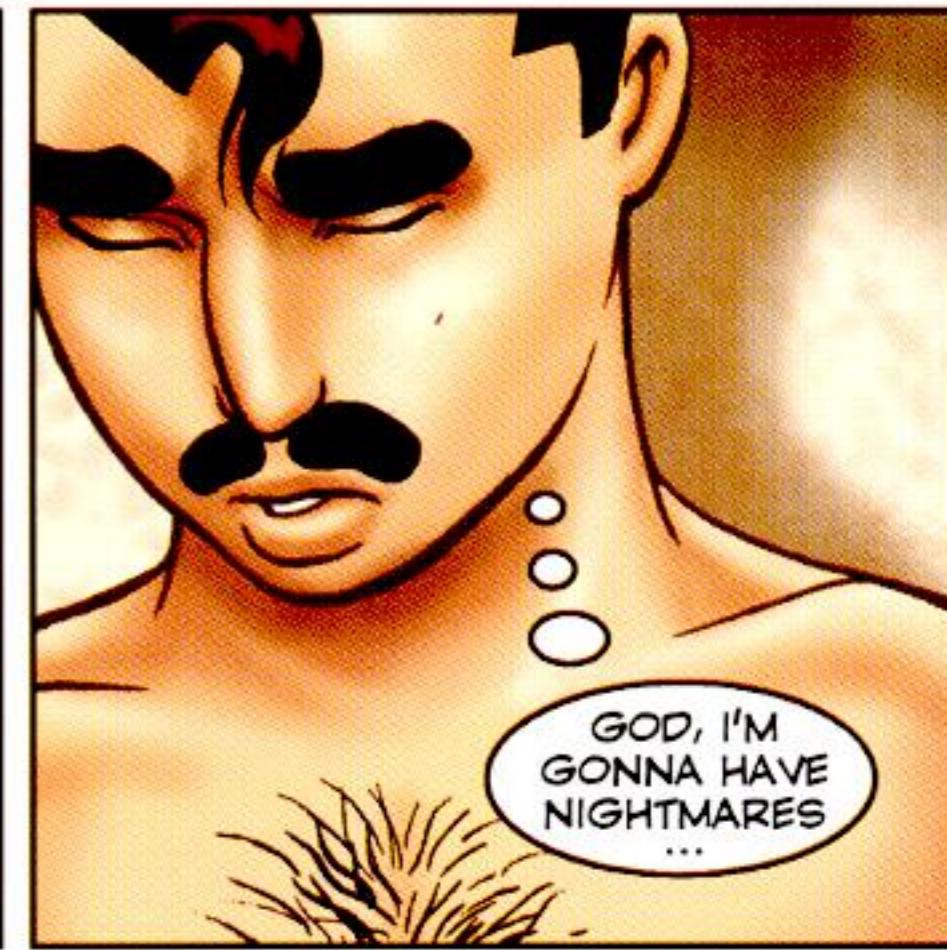
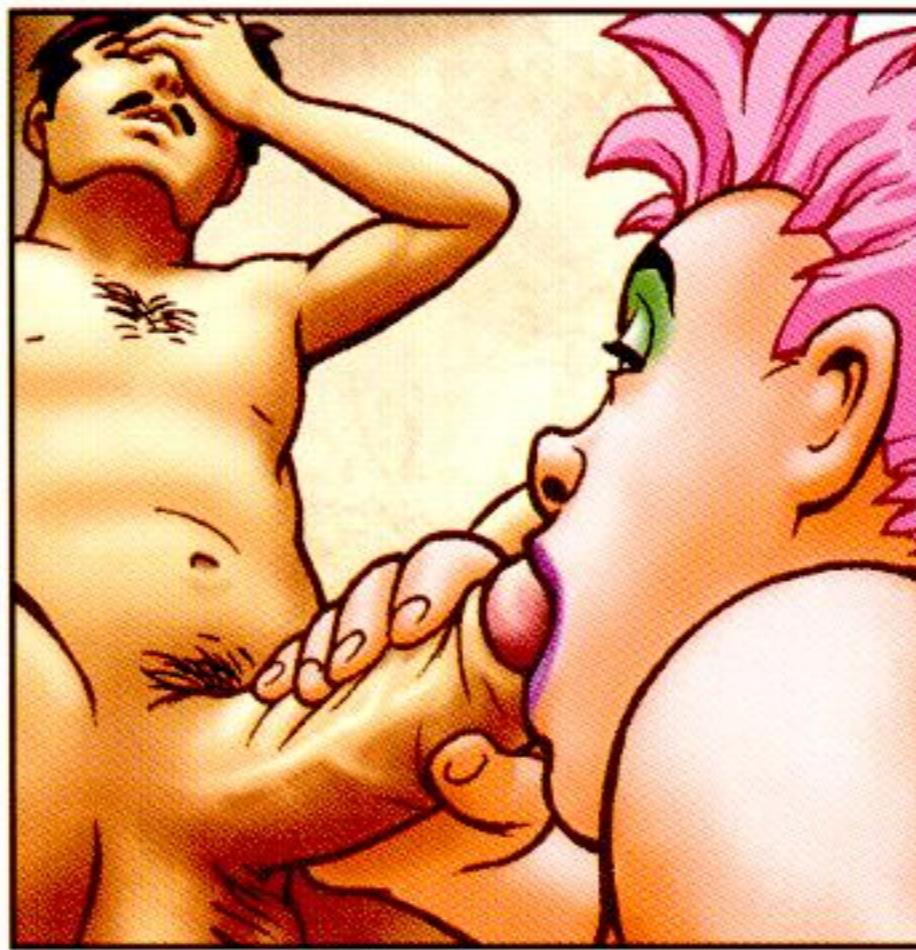
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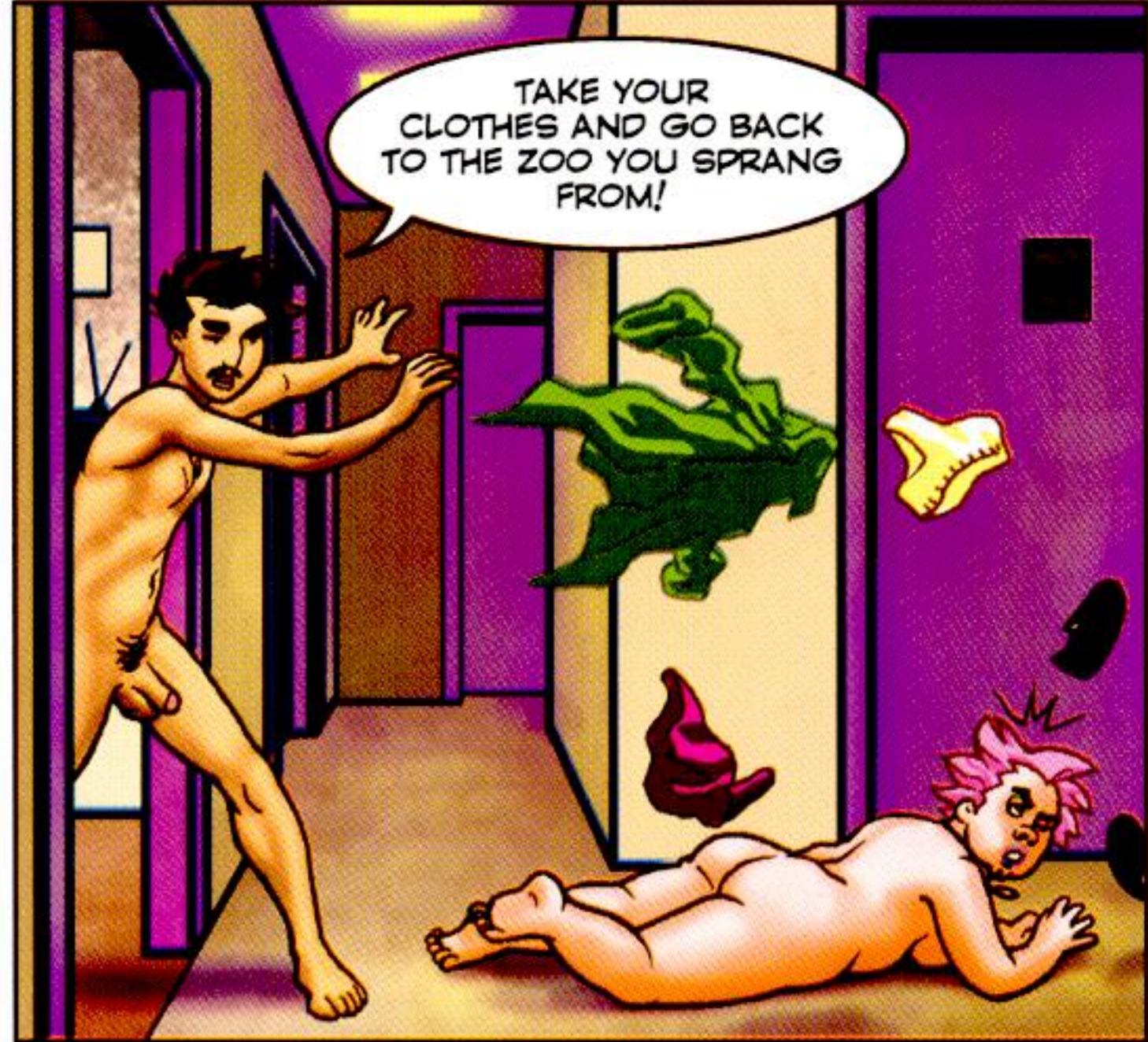
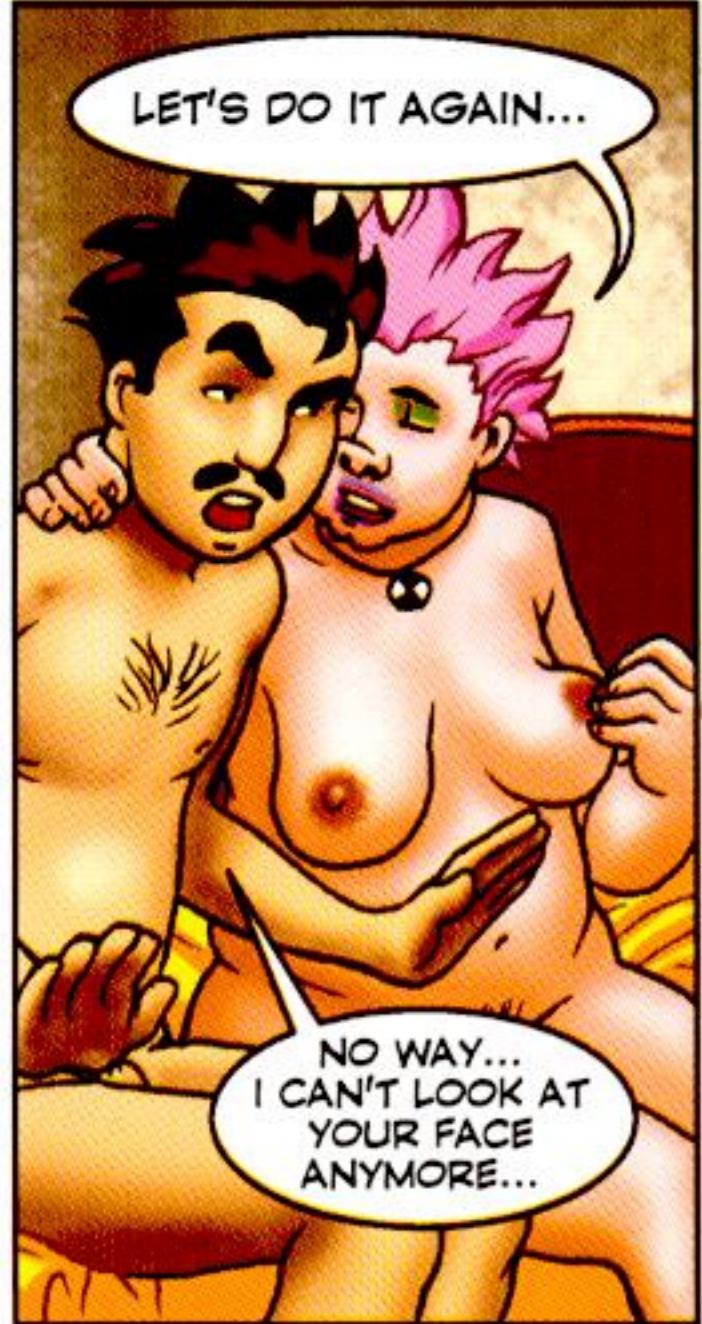
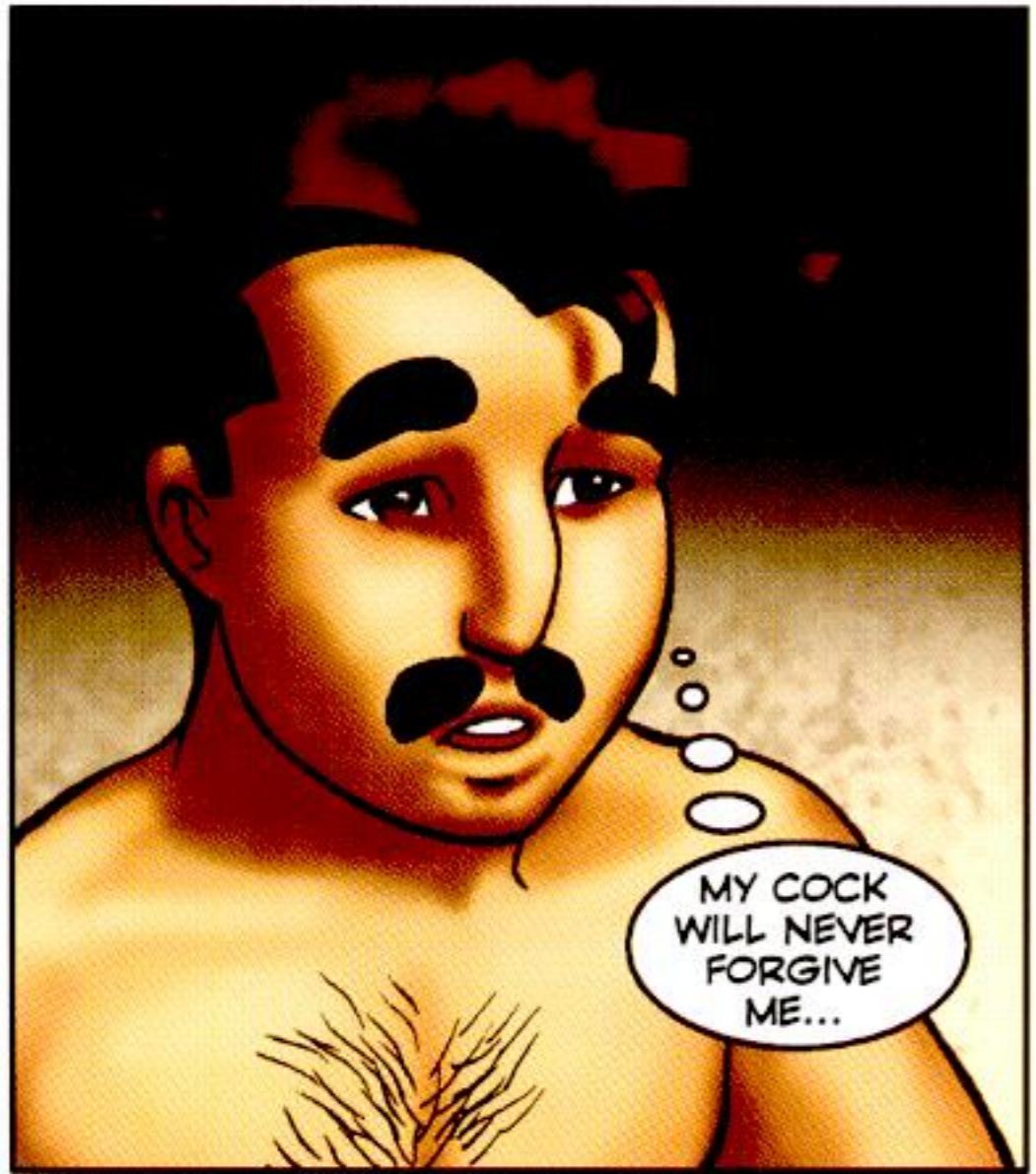
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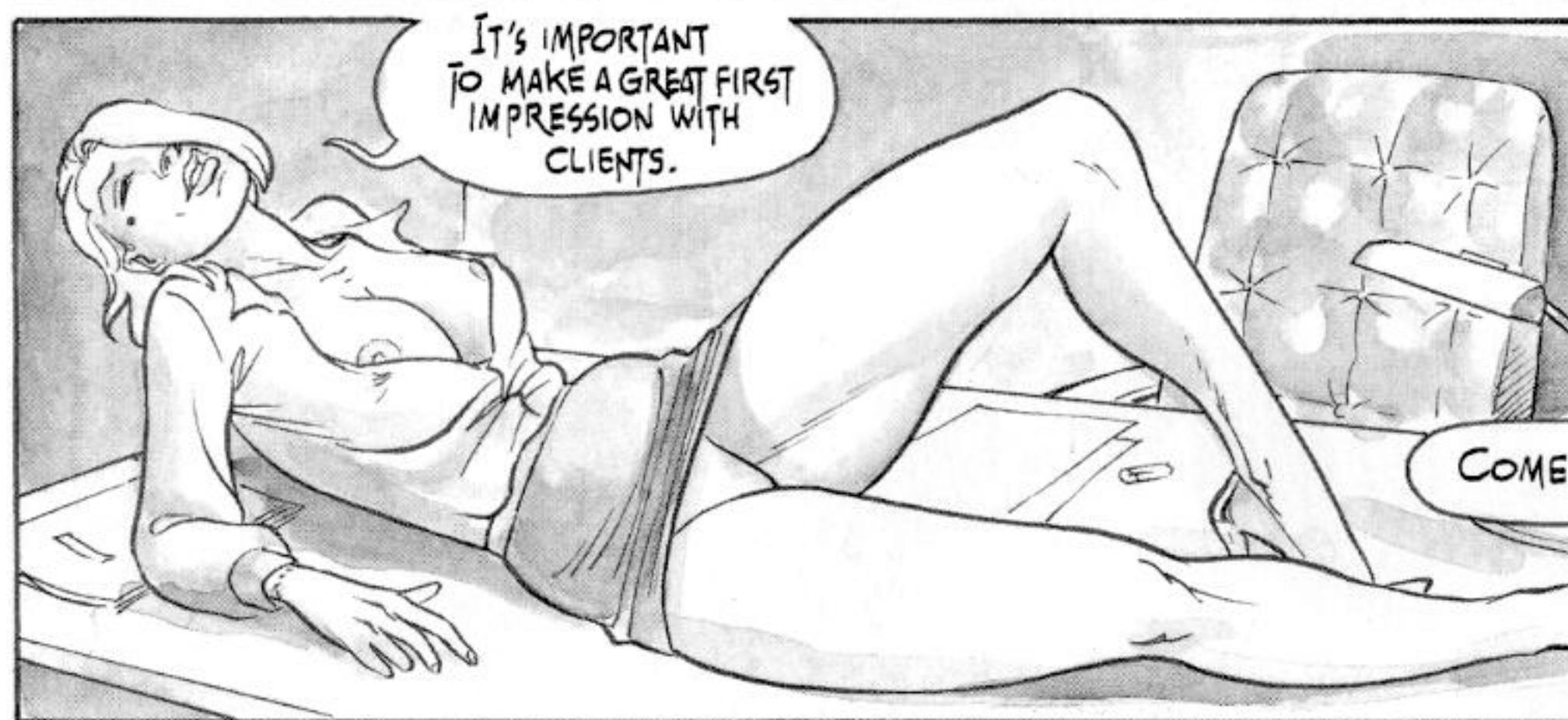


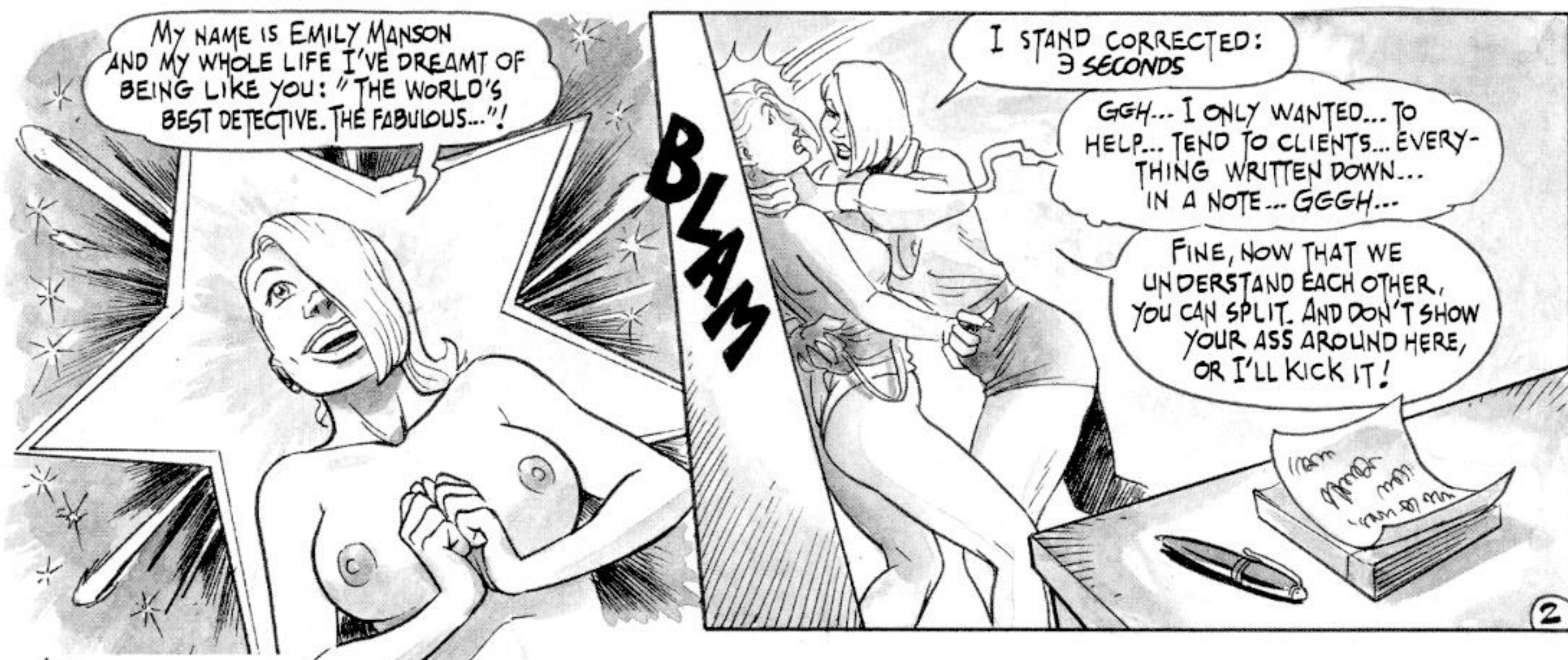






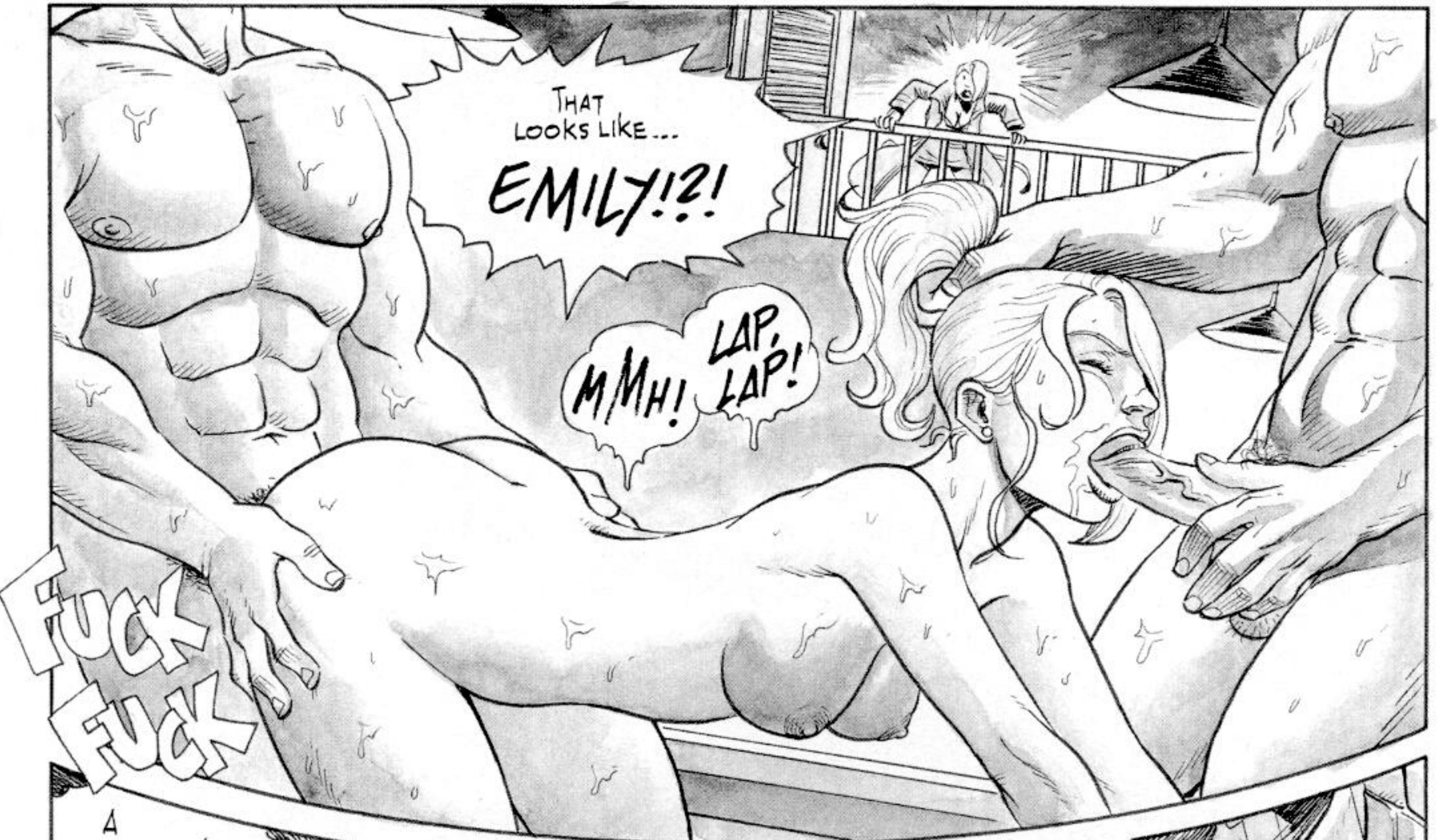




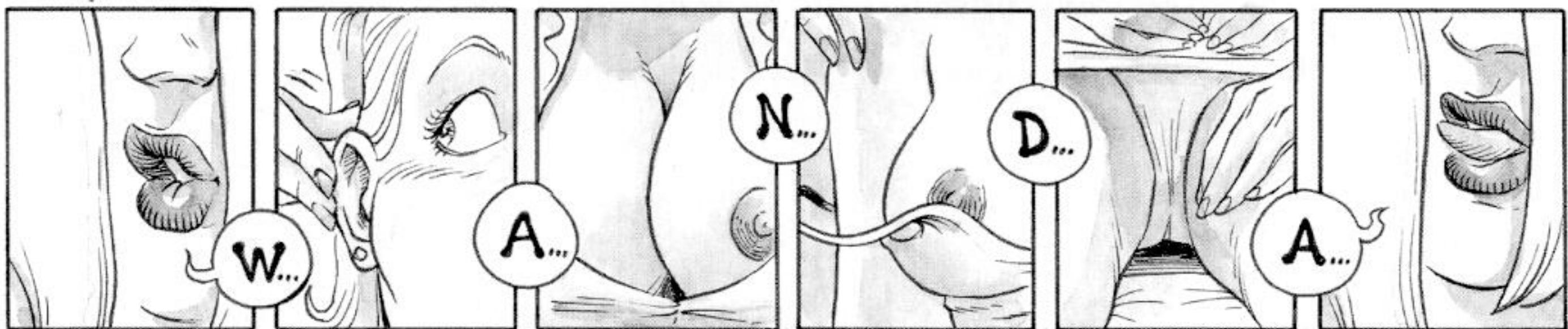
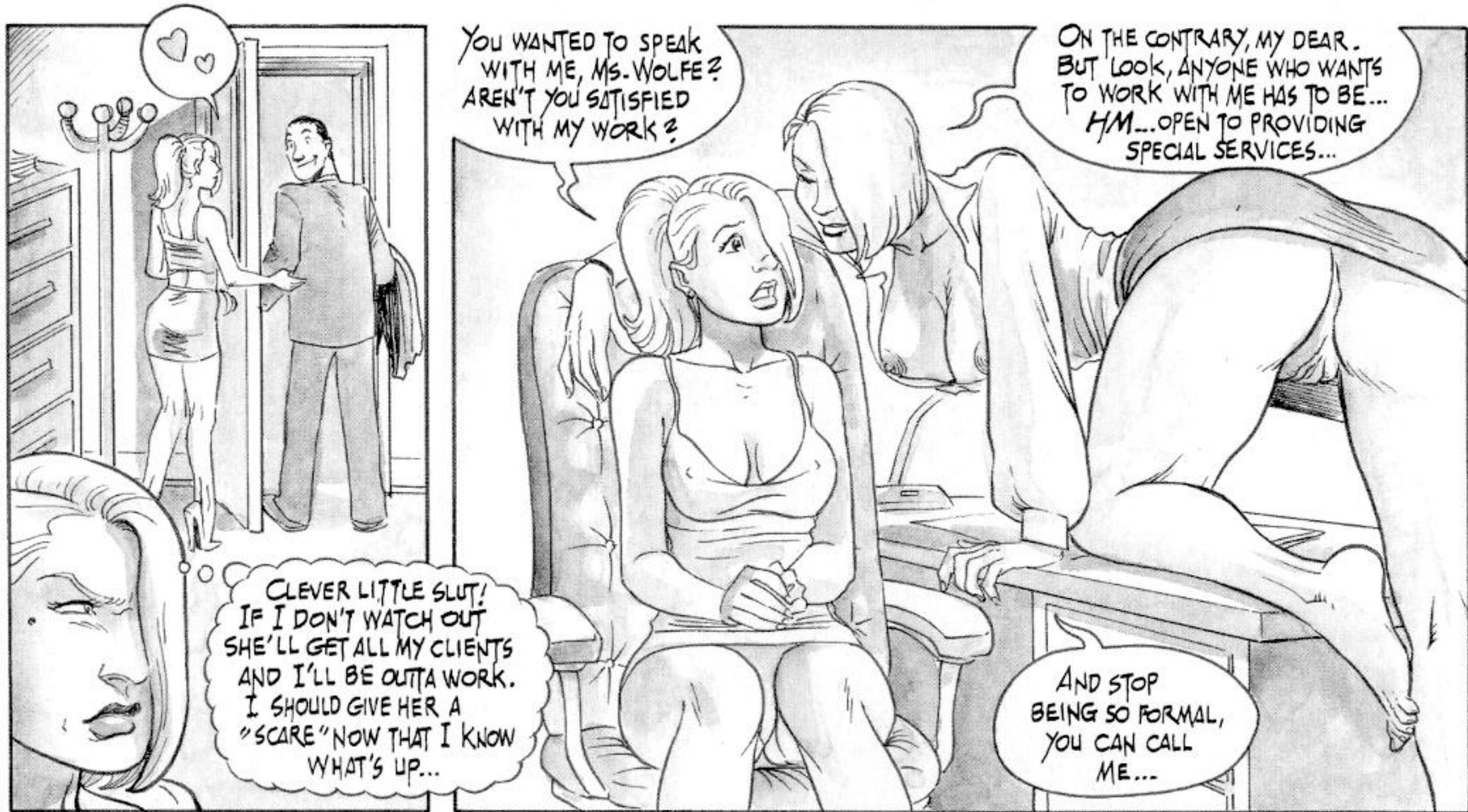












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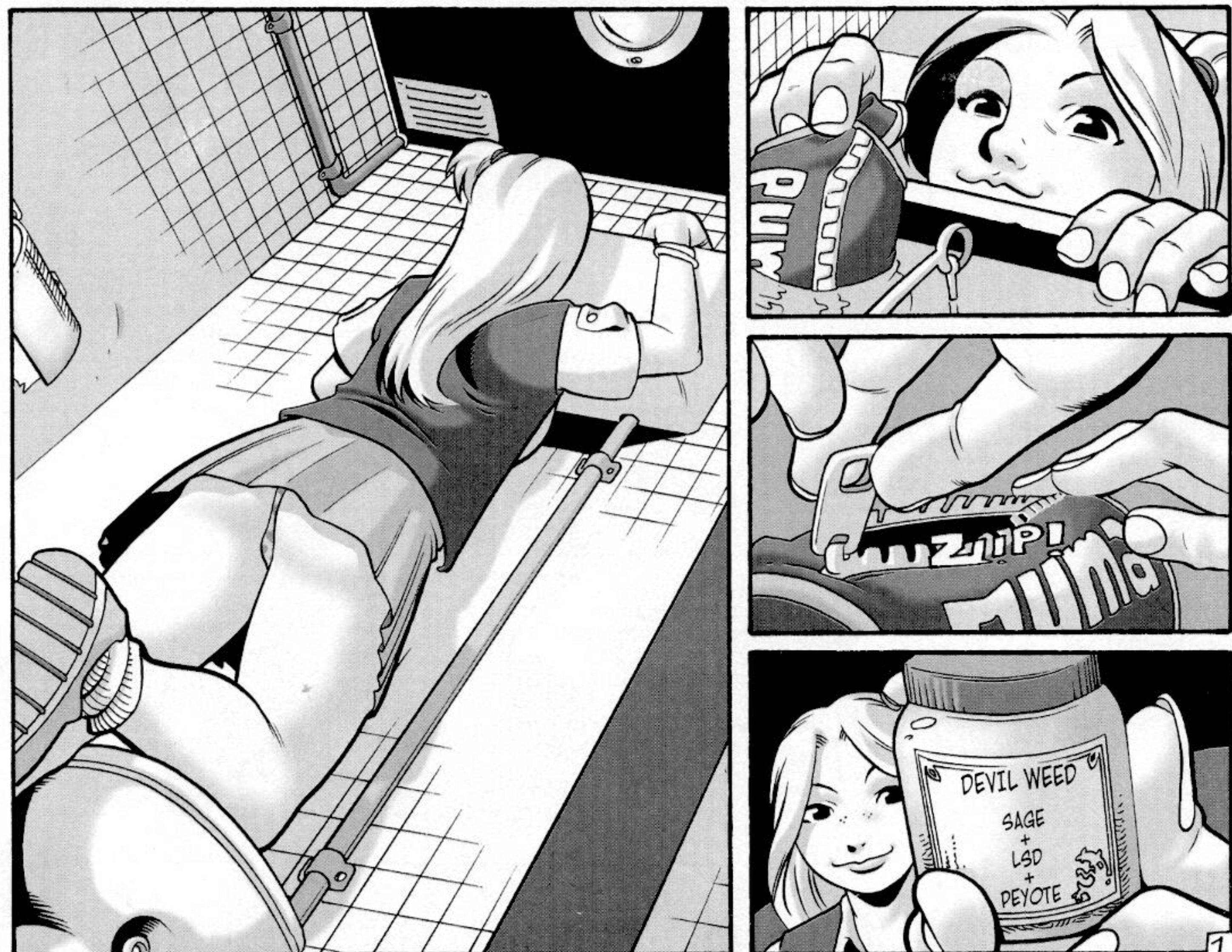
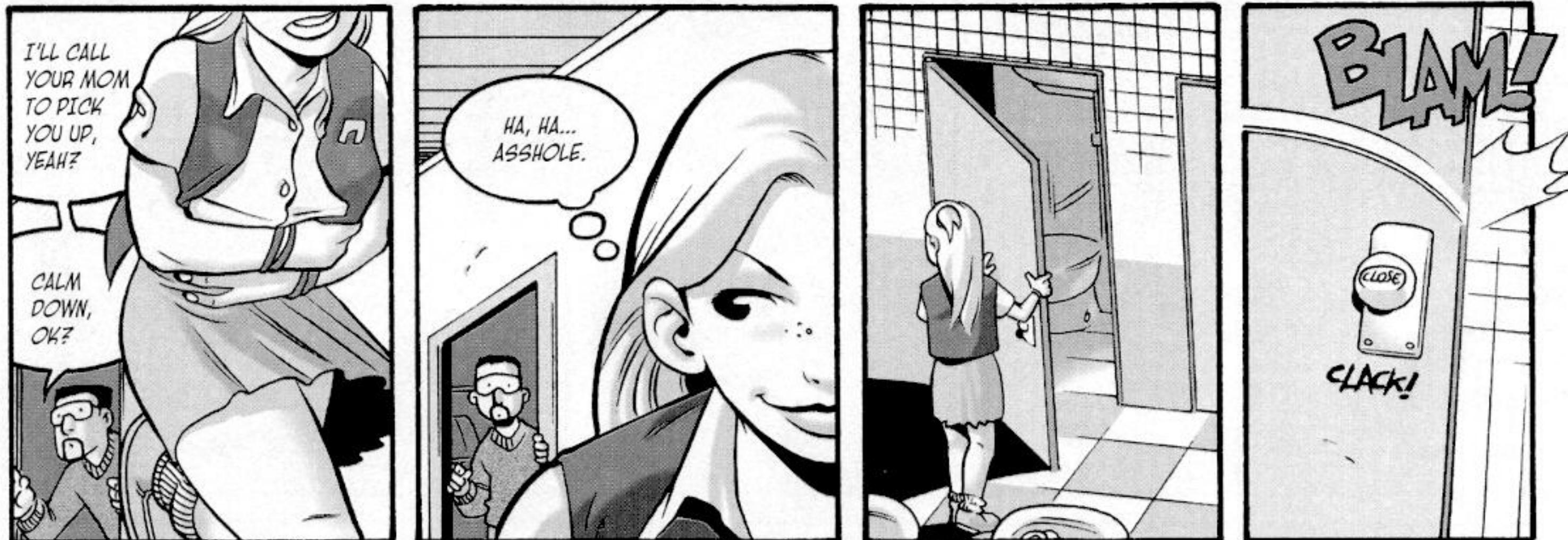
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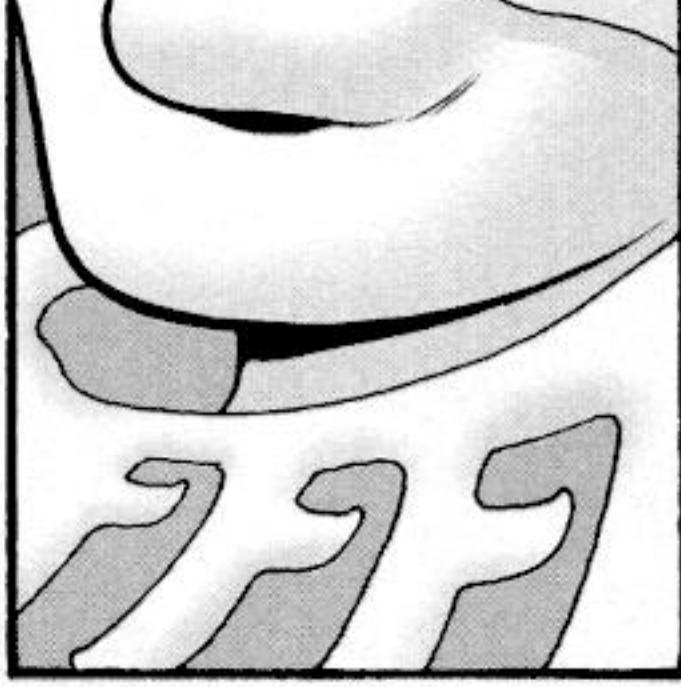
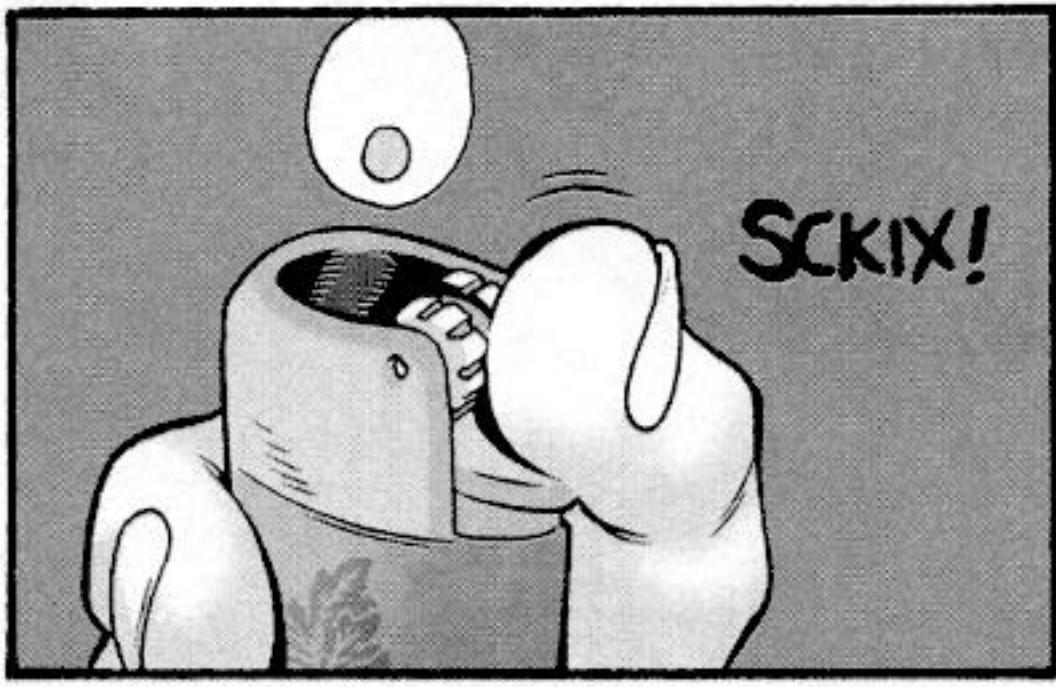
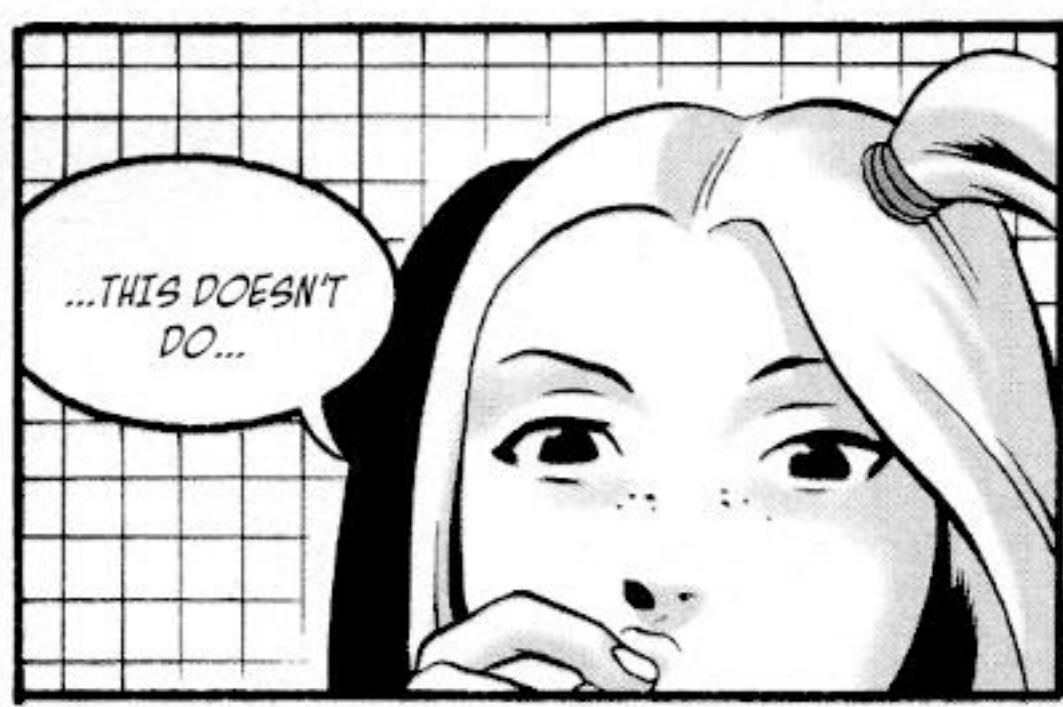
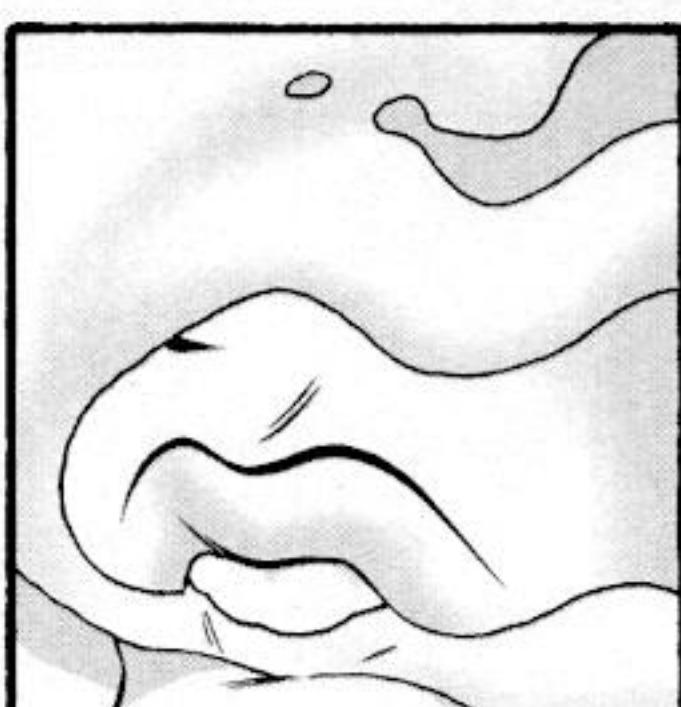
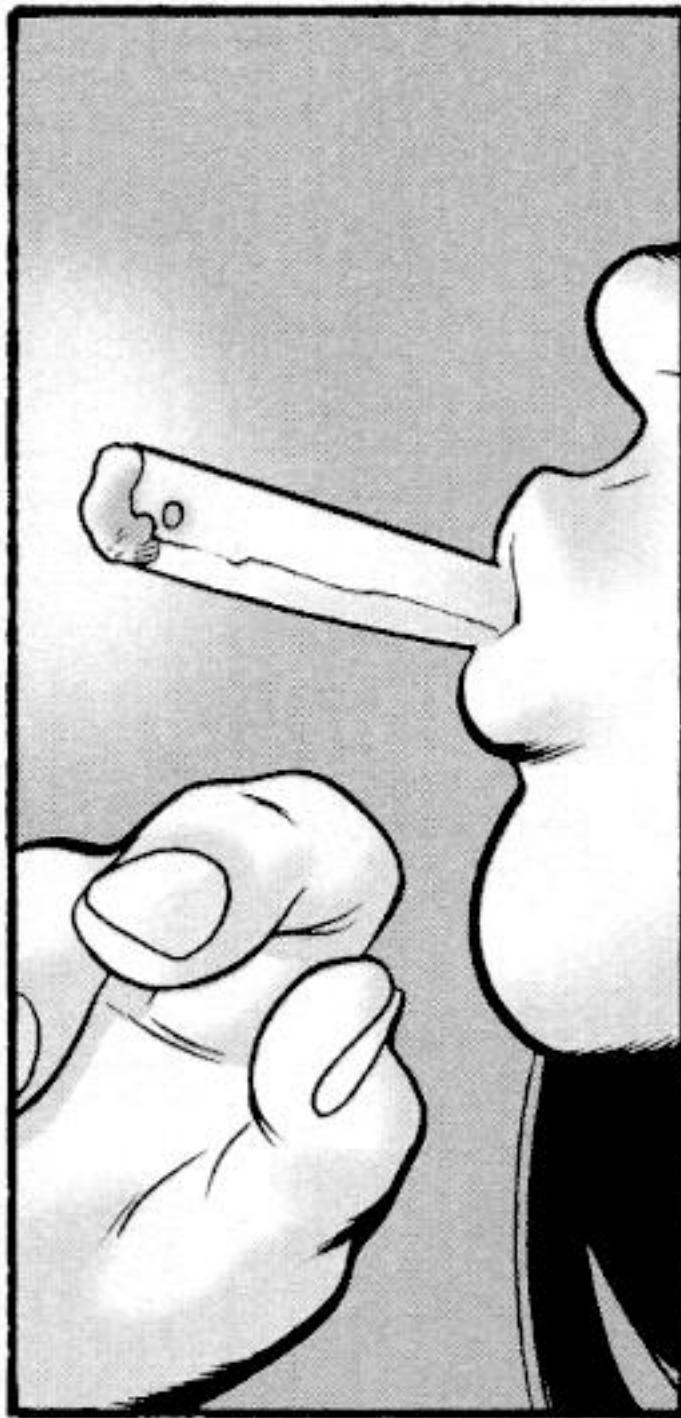
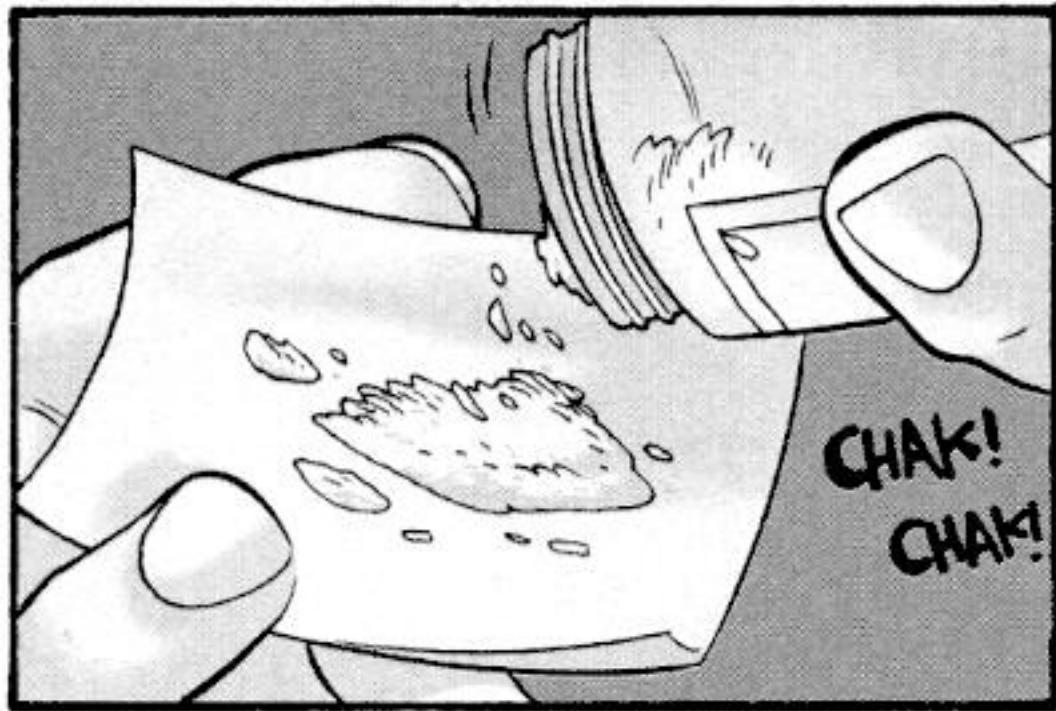
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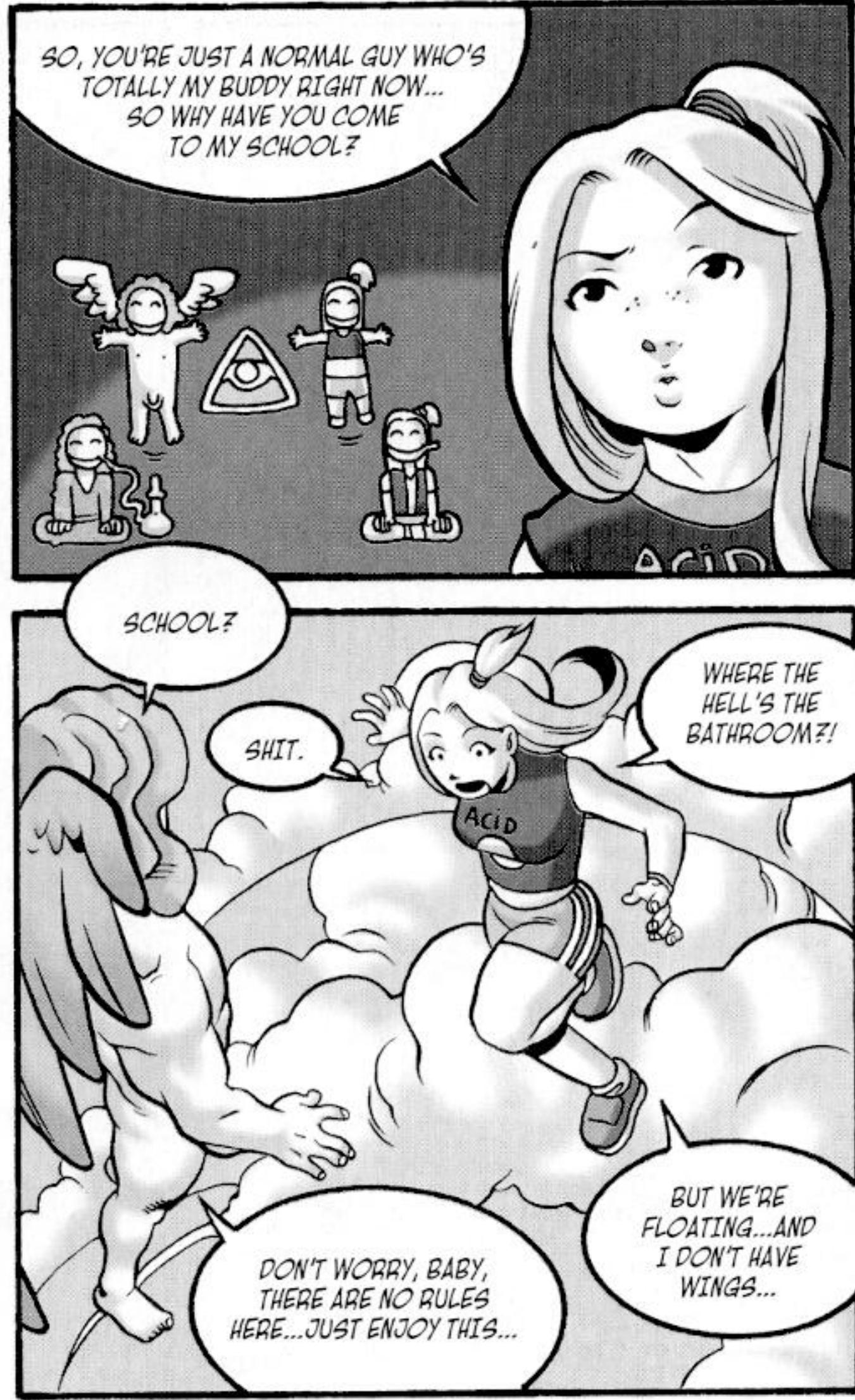
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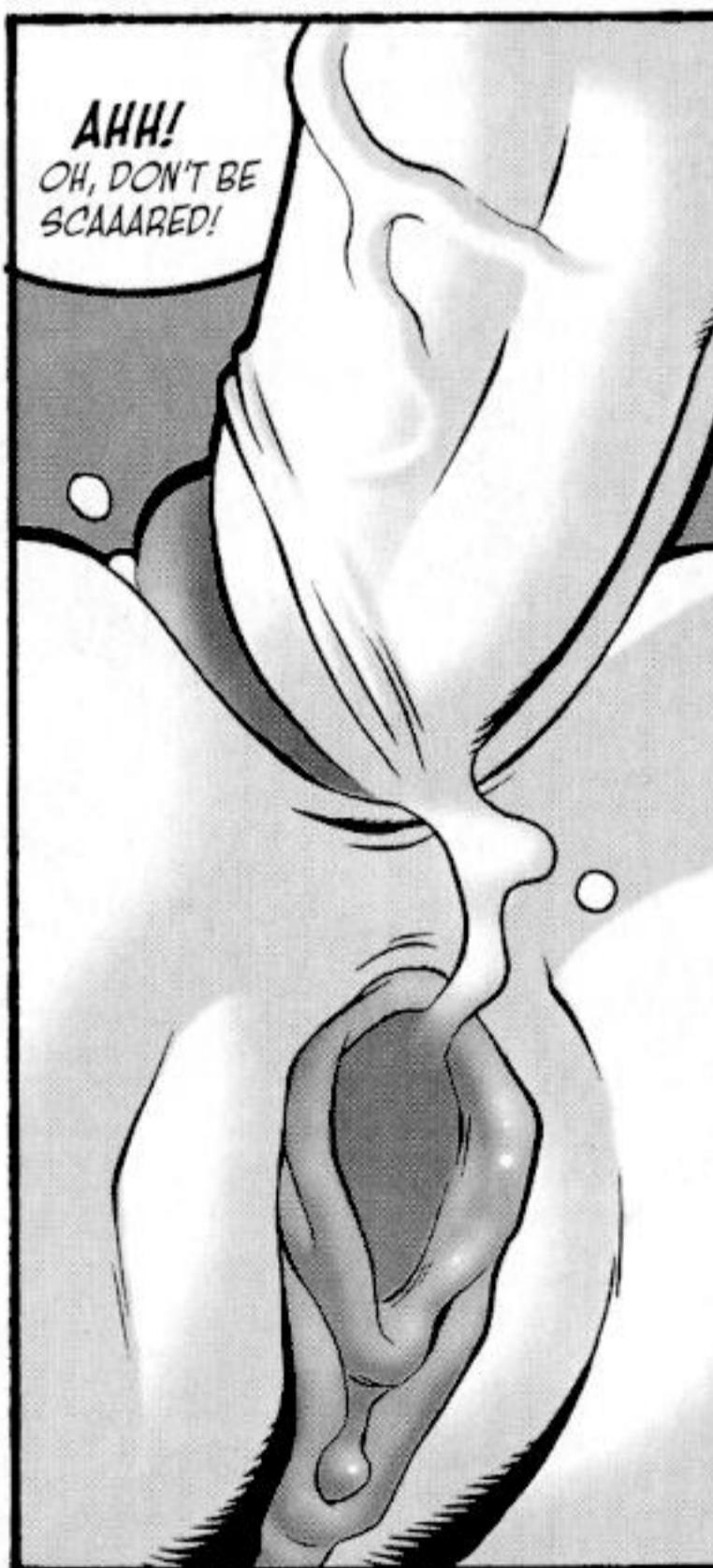


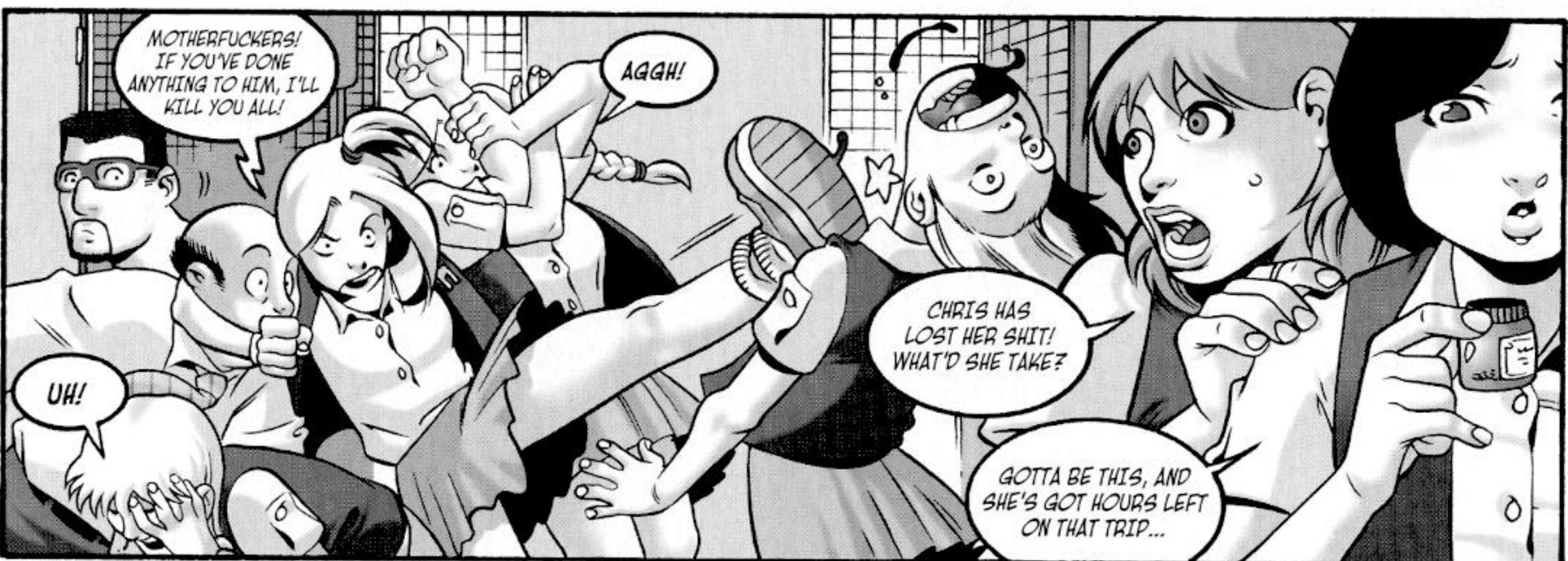




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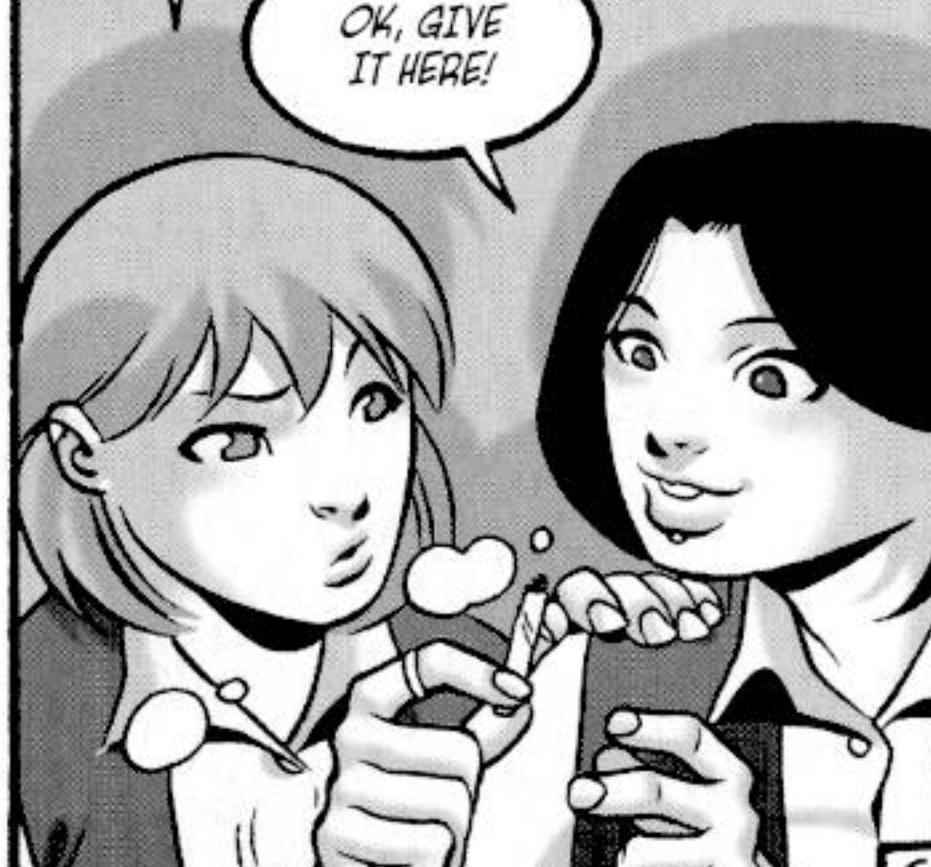
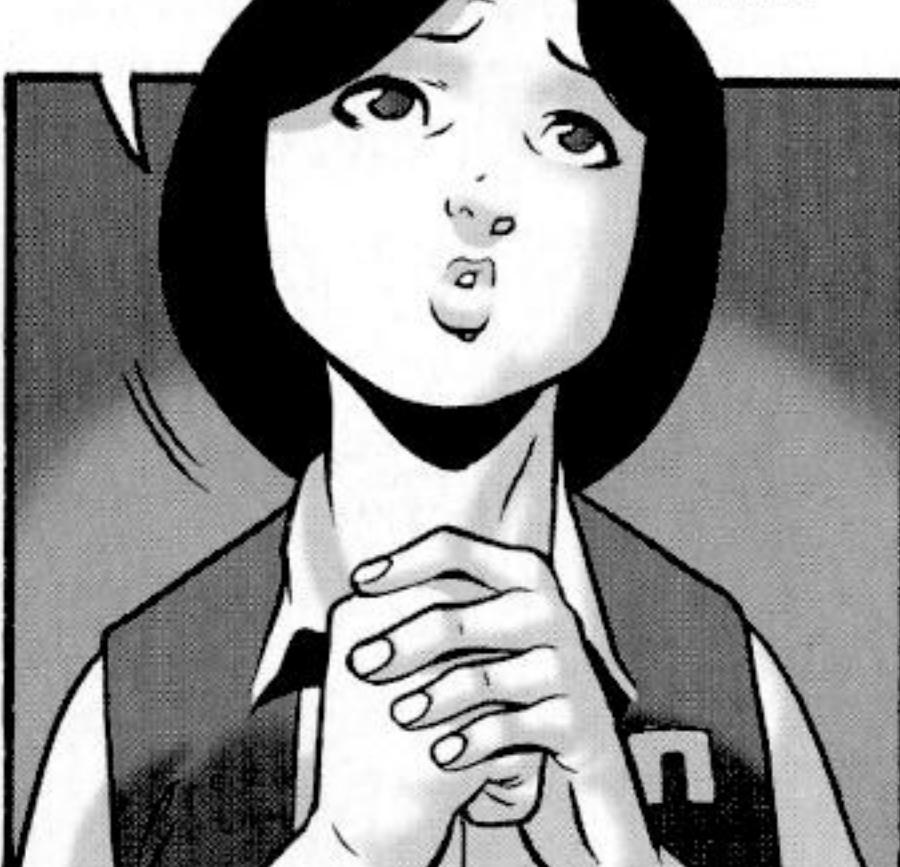
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XXX NEWS

MISTY'S HOT

Just a short while ago on these very pages we talked about the stunning **Misty Rain**, one of our most beautiful and daring actresses. Well, recently we got a postcard from her from Amsterdam, the city where she currently lives and shoots her hardcore videos. She told us that she was doing great and that she was dying to travel around Eastern Europe: Prague, Budapest... In that corner of the world, she shot **Misty Rain's worldwide sex vol. 7**, one of her latest films. She got it on with a bunch of girls just starting out, including **Tiffany**, **Amanda** and **Alissa**, all of whom are totally hot. The sex is explosive and **Misty** herself really gets into the scenes, body and soul. Oh, and another thing: she sends her regards to all of you!



ALL ABOUT SILVIE

For all of us who keep pining over the incredible **Silvie Saint**, we just got an authentically luxurious box set edited by **Private**. It's called **Silvia Saint Collector's Edition** and it's a delicious compilation of six DVDs with the hottest scenes from her many films. To me, the really daring scenes in **Rocco**'s movies are the very best this European super actress has ever filmed. Backdoors, sandwiches, facials, expensive lingerie, desire, fetishism... in sum, an authentic delicacy. The set includes a scene filmed this past summer in a rigorous worldwide premiere.



BIG GIRLS TAKE OVER EUROPE

In Europe, girls with curves are what's hot. Girls with ponderous breasts and full hips from Italy or central Europe. They're beautiful, sexy and pretty daring, like **Monica Roccaforte** and the stupendous **Rita Faltoyano**. They're the two actresses with the most fans in Europe and they haven't stopped working for the biggest names in European hardcore, such as **Mario Salieri** or the production house, **Private**. They've got to keep on track.



ROCCO SIFFREDI: "IT WOULD REALLY GET ME HORNY TO WATCH SHARON STONE SUCKING SOMEONE'S DICK"

The Italian **Rocco Siffredi** has spent many years at the top of his game. He's become an authentic X movie legend. Right now, he's much more popular than the mythical **John Holmes** was in his day. **Rocco** is smarter and better looking, he's happily married to the beautiful **Rosa Caracciolo**



and he's the proud father of two children. Now, at the summit of X cinema, he's thinking about retiring.

FRENCH KISS: Have you thought about retiring?

ROCCO SIFFREDI: For a while. I've spent about twenty years in porn. I've starred in more than three hundred movies and I've directed more than two hundred. I'm married, I have two kids... and soon I'll be forty! Most likely, I'll retire in two years.

FK: Who will be your successor?

RS: The Spaniard **Nacho Vidal**. He's powerful, passionate... He's an impressive actor.

FK: Your last movie as actor and director was called **Ass Collector**, right?

RS: Yes. It's the best one I've directed in my whole life. It's a thriller with a big budget, action scenes, suspense... It was about a serial killer who dresses in women's clothes. He kidnapped and collected beautiful girls.

FK: Why do you like "gonzo" porn, the roughest kind, so much?

RS: Because I love natural sex, the most spontaneous and powerful sort.

FK: Are you still friends with **John Stagliano**?

RS: Of course. He was the first person to take a chance with me here. He starred in the series **Face Dance**, which has become a classic of the 90s. We're great friends. I love how he films. I'm also a fan of **John Leslie**, **Joey Silvera**, **Christoph Clark** and **Gregory Dark**.

FK: Would you be interested in working with directors of "normal" cinema?

RS: With **Scorsese** and **Tarantino**. Once, in Cannes, I approached **Quentin Tarantino** and he told me that he was a fan of mine, that he loved my movies.

FK: And to wrap it up, which actress of conventional cinema would you hire for your next porno?

RS: (thinking)... **Sharon Stone**. It would get me really horny to watch her suck someone's dick.



SUPERSTAR

Woody Long: The sad end of a XXX gentleman

We aren't anybody. A few months ago, the porn actor Woody Long passed away. He was forty-six years old and his death wasn't due to any venereal disease or from a life plagued by drugs and alcohol. Simply, he tripped and fell down the stairs of his house, and he had the terrible luck of fatally hitting his head. An absurd, domestic tragedy that ended the career of this well-built North American animal, a dignified supporting actor in a number of California hardcore productions by Vivid Video in the early 90s. So here's a small, heartfelt homage. Rest in peace.

UNTIL THEIR TIME COMES

Unfortunately, Woody Long's case isn't an isolated incident. In the past few years, many porn stars have passed on to the great beyond. Since the death of the portentous John Holmes in 1998, a number of famous X movie stars have died, including Cal Jammer, Savannah, Alex Jordan, Kristy Lynn (Stagliano's lovely girlfriend), the Italian Moana Pozzi and the Don Juan of gay porn, Joey Stefano. Many of them committed suicide or died from venereal diseases or accidents, but no one has left us behind because they tripped and fell at home. You have to see it to believe it.

FUCKING FOR MONEY

Woody Long (Los Angeles, 1957), whose real name was Bruce Kirkendoll, debuted in adult cinema in 1983, and until his retirement in 1997, he took part in more than one hundred and sixty films. At the beginning of his career, he shot a bunch of modest productions and used a number of pseudonyms, such as Nasty Dan, Buster Cockburn, Boy Toy and Brian Curtis. During that time, he made insubstantial films like *Passion for Bondage* (1983), *Erotic Radio WSEX* (1984) and *Daddy Doesn't Know* (1984). He himself said in an interview that he didn't do much: "I started in the porn thing for money. I liked sex and I wanted to see if I could fuck in front of the camera. It worked out well and I stayed in the business because I made a fortune doing what I like best: fucking".

THE XXX SESSION CONTINUES

Almost two hundred adult films is a lot. The most popular, without a doubt, are the ones he shot with directors of the caliber of John Leslie, David Christopher, Cameron Grant and John Stagliano, including *Chameleons*, *Not the Sequel* (1991), *Pussyman* (1993), *Elements of Desire* (1994) and a few episodes of the series *Buttman*, like *Buttman's Big Tit Adventure* (1992) and *Butt Freak* (1992). Woody Long worked his ass off, filming three or four pornos a week. Those who wish to see the best of his films shouldn't miss *Twin Cheeks 2* (1991), *Another Dirty Western* (1992), *Alexandria, I Love You* (1993), *10,000 Anal Maniacs* (1993) and the tumultuous *Starbangers 8* (1996). Not too bad.

THE WONDERBRA QUEENS

Despite its unwieldiness, fans of the "airbag" esthetic remember him—and not without a certain amount of envy—for having been the boyfriend and professional partner of two plastic actresses, two authentic "Baywatch" style girls, Sandra Scream and Celeste, who he swapped sweat and body fluids with on and off screen. He married both and shot movies in which they fucked only each other, in the best tradition of "married couple porn" that for several years, featured illustrious couples. Just think of Racquel Darrian and Derrick Lane, Paula and Eric Price, Kascha and François Papillon and Deborah Welles and Christoph Clark, to name just a few examples. And so, another golden body has left us. Who will be the next?



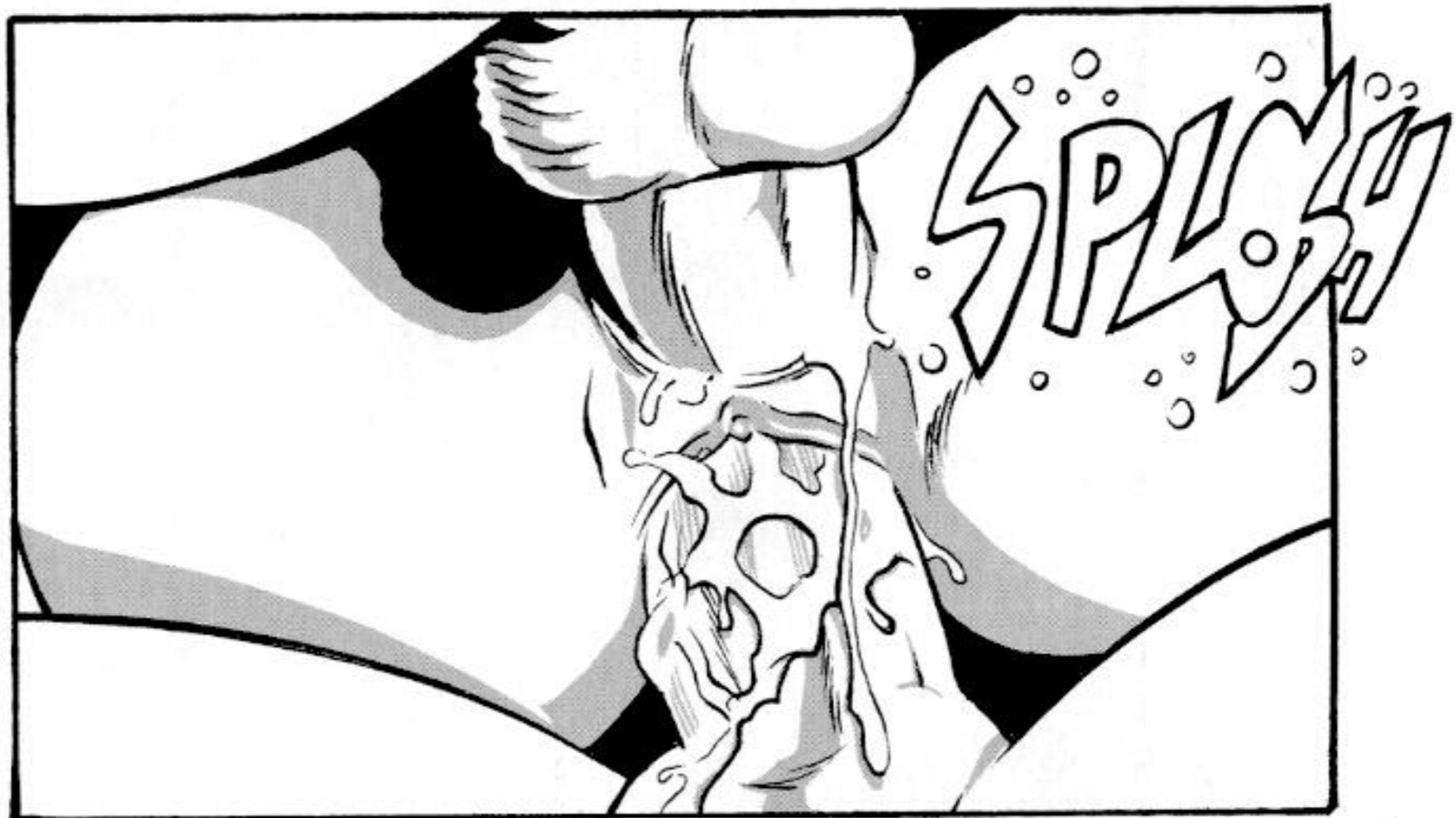
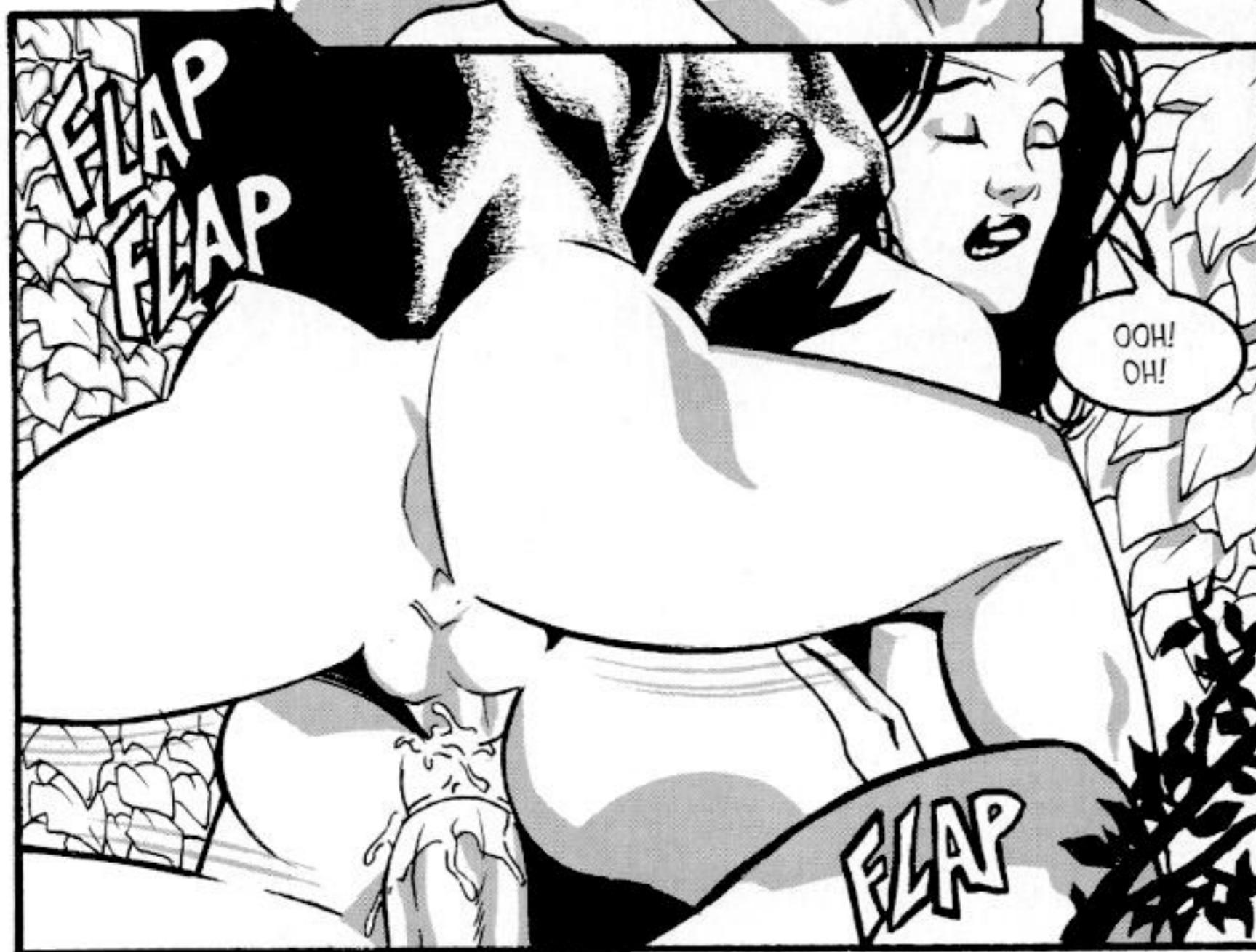
THE "X" FACTOR • by Messina

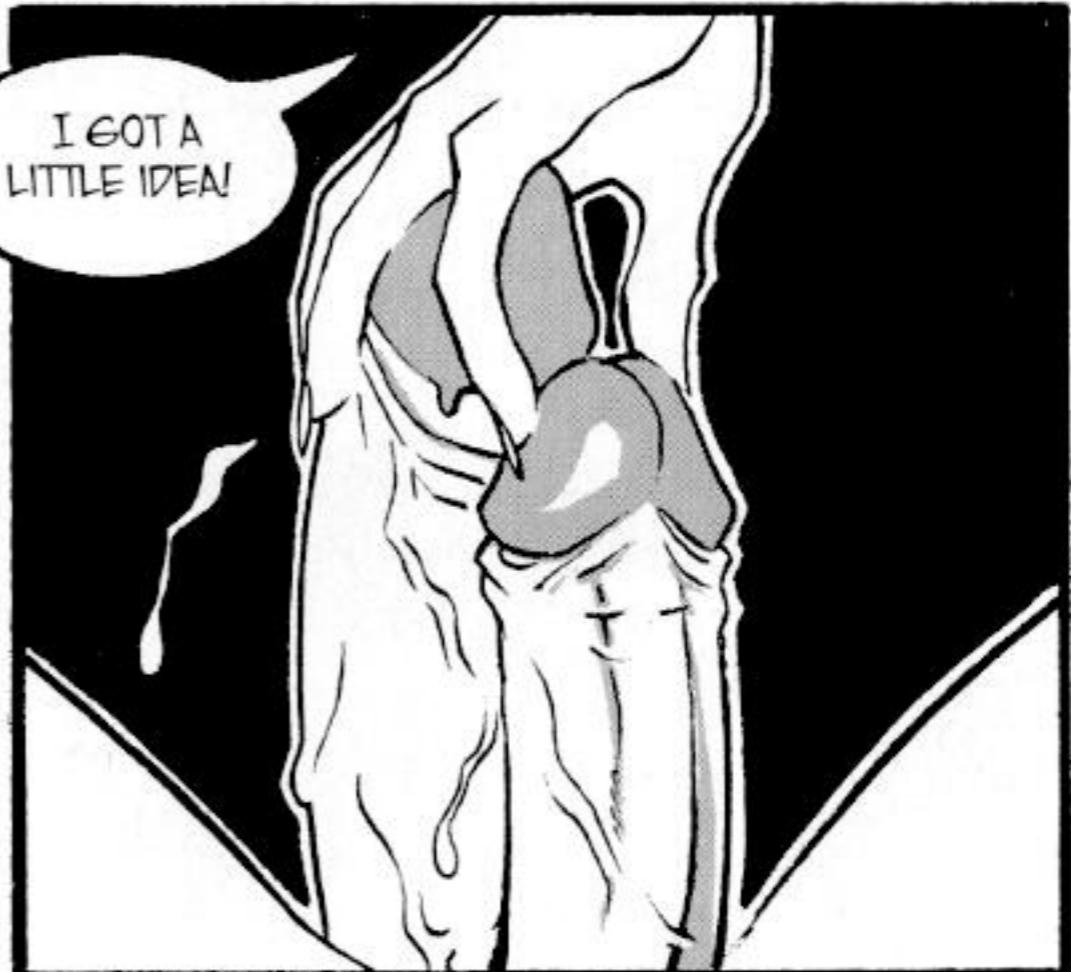




WHO WANTS
A GO AT MY ASS?









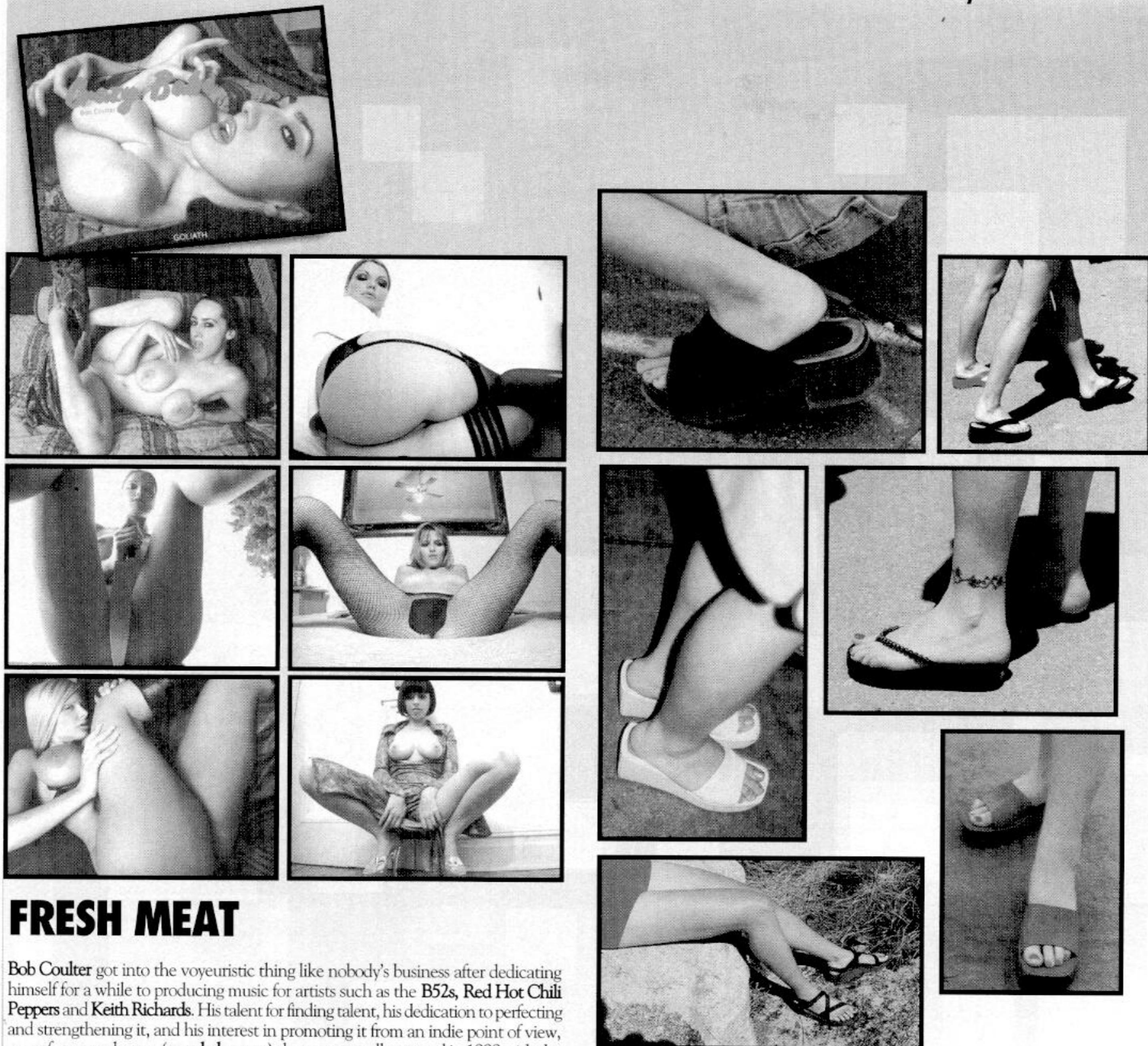




THE END

Under the counter

by Ruben Lardin



FRESH MEAT

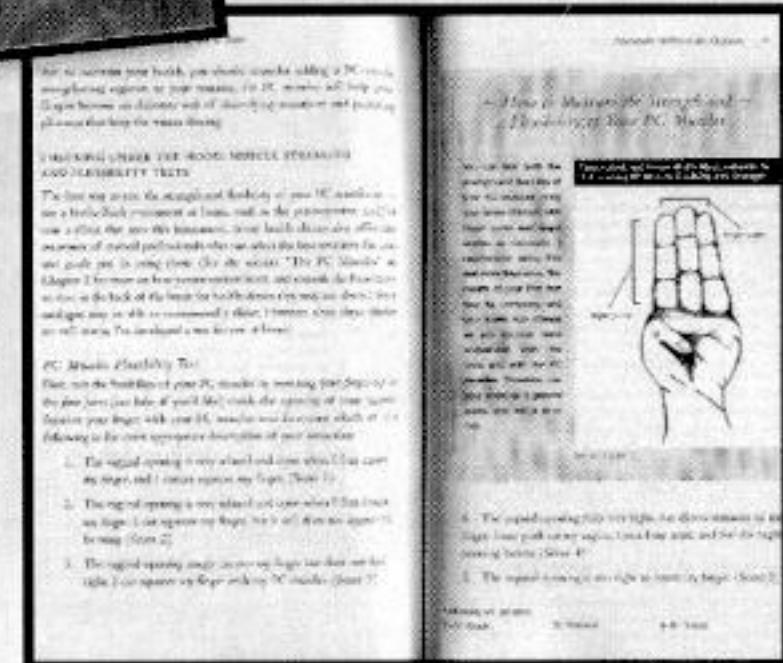
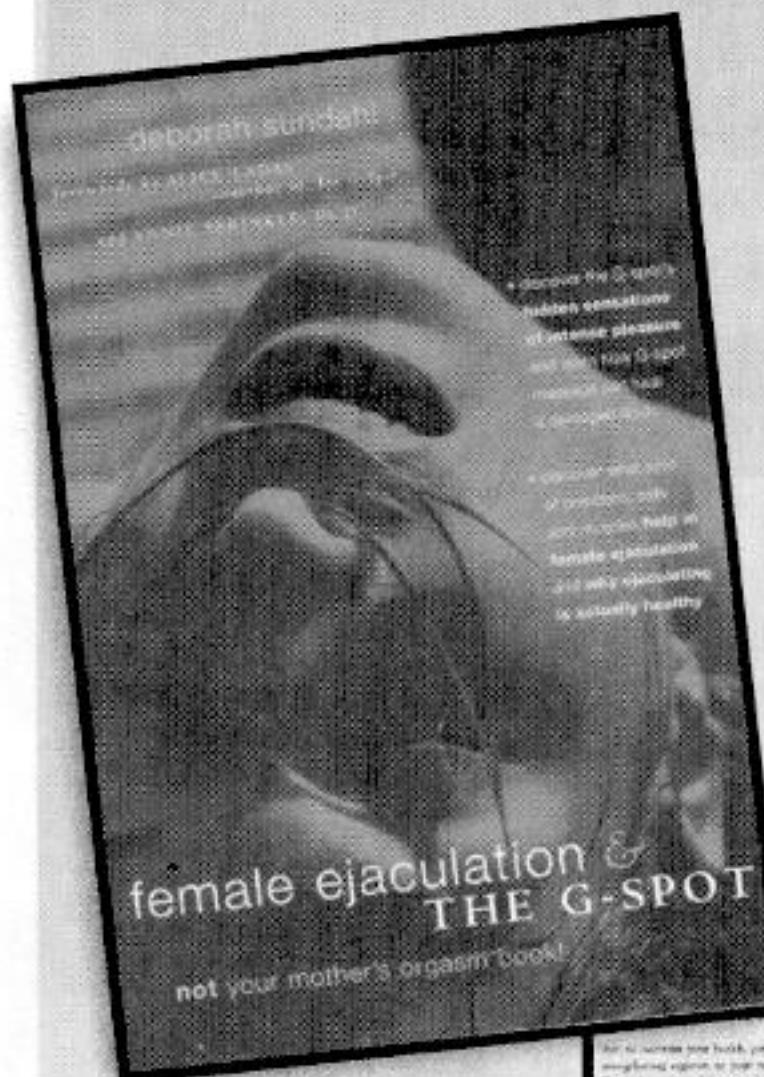
Bob Coulter got into the voyeuristic thing like nobody's business after dedicating himself for a while to producing music for artists such as the **B52s**, **Red Hot Chili Peppers** and **Keith Richards**. His talent for finding talent, his dedication to perfecting and strengthening it, and his interest in promoting it from an indie point of view, came from a web page (crazybabe.com) that was actually created in 1999 with the intention of making fast, easy money. He soon gave himself up to his passion for a medium that allowed him discourse on all his thoughts and worries: photography. Backed up by swell models (as they say), Coulter began capturing still lifes of humanity and flesh and post-producing his images on Photoshop. Immediately his work became a body of one charged with intention, provocation and hard rock. In **Crazy Babe**, a heavy book with close to four hundred powerful pages, you can enjoy tight pussies, bouncy breasts, precise piercings, fishnet stockings and a ton of asses to stoke your desire. Coulter is a rabble rouser who likes framing his girls in affected, wild gestures, in hotel rooms, in lurid bathrooms, in improvised seedy sets and outdoor neighborhood theaters. The models are all professionals from cable television and free of prejudice, so the photographs take on an exaggerated tone of filthiness, and the book's effects, far from relaxing, are exalting. It's impossible not to fall into temptation after flipping through the pages of *Crazy Babe*.

CRAZY BABE
Bob Coulter
Goliath Books

FEET ON THE NET

Around ten thousand photos of feet are contained in this site, dedicated to one of the most extensive, and yet most poorly understood fetishes on the planet. The site's administrators have put up a warning that the page doesn't deal with material explicitly sexual or adult, that it only involves feet, and that those who like it or don't like it should ask questions. One doesn't always go there to look people of the same sort in the eye. It took me a while, as a boy, to understand why my brother became a different person when he went to the doctor: far from being scared by the doctor, he was fascinated by the patients' slippers. About three hundred amateur models, on board to show themselves off, are here in sections. There is also a part dedicated to candid photos captured without the model's knowledge, which stands out as a world of suggestions that goes much farther than the moment itself.

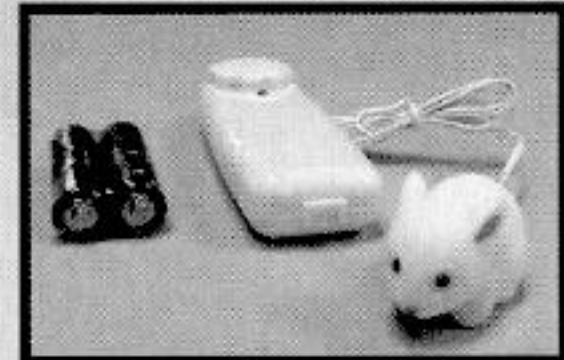
www.summerheat.net



LIKE THE WATERS OF SPRINGTIME

Female ejaculation is still a cryptic mystery to most men and women. Actually, the problem is that nobody really knows where the G-spot is: some people believe that it's the clitoris, others think that it's the hood, and others think it's all a myth. The exact coordinates of the G-spot were discovered by the curious doctor **Gräfenberg**, who found it in the posterior-superior wall of the vagina. And if you ladies would like to experiment with ejaculation, it's not that women have sperm but it's also not that it's an emanation of built-up fluids as some believe: specific sorts of orgasms are produced according to different clitoral and vaginal conditions, so you should first locate the G-spot around the ridge just behind a woman's urethra. **Female Ejaculation & The G-Spot**, by the specialist Deborah Sundahl, introduces the subject in a practical manner and stands up for its virtues. In Chinese Taoism, it's called Marea Yin, in tantric terms, it's all about the divine nectar, and one illuminated text has referred to it in terms of out-of-body experiences. Don't kid yourself, though, it's a sure thing that this fluid, which many have thought was urine, spurts out during moments of extreme pleasure. What do you know about the Bartholin glands, the Skene glands and the female prostate functions? You need this book. It even features a prologue by the wild woman **Annie Sprinkle**. Load up your batteries and get wet.

FEMALE EJACULATION & THE G-SPOT
Deborah Sundahl
Hunter House Publishers



TOYS R FUN

And now we'll wrap up this section with some irresistible sweets. This is about a web page with adult *mangas*, **Dragonball** merchandise, clothing, hardware and canned food, pornographic DVDs and mattresses graced by the impressive figure of the actress **Hitomi Hayasaka**. In short, everything that appeals to the adolescent in Japan - like kiddie condoms and Hello Kitty vibrators (totally legal) - that perks up even the most modest soul, and that appeals to the coolest girls in the city. The images on the site are no more than thumbnails; visiting the site is highly recommended, as is casting an eye on modern day Japanese culture. Give that silly girl of yours a present.

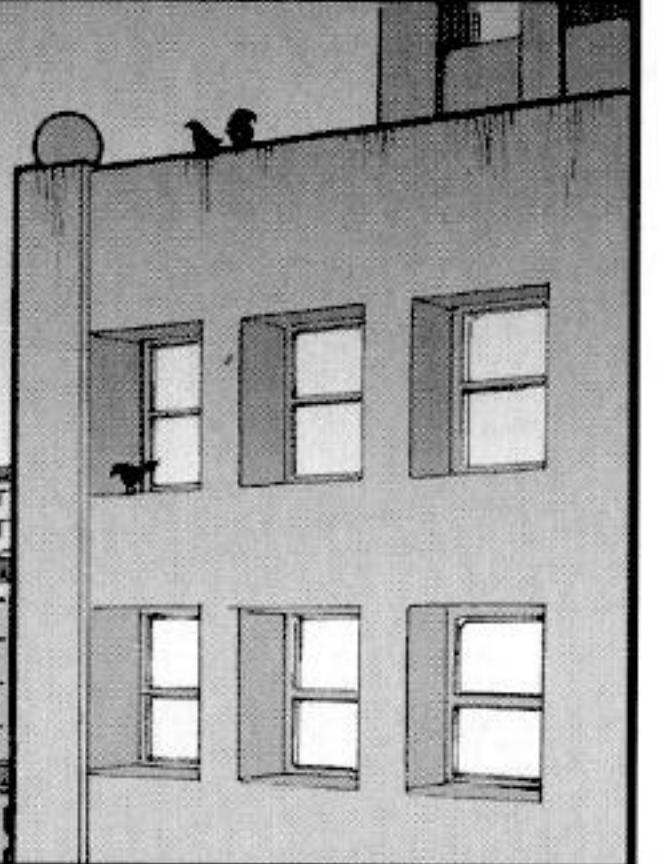
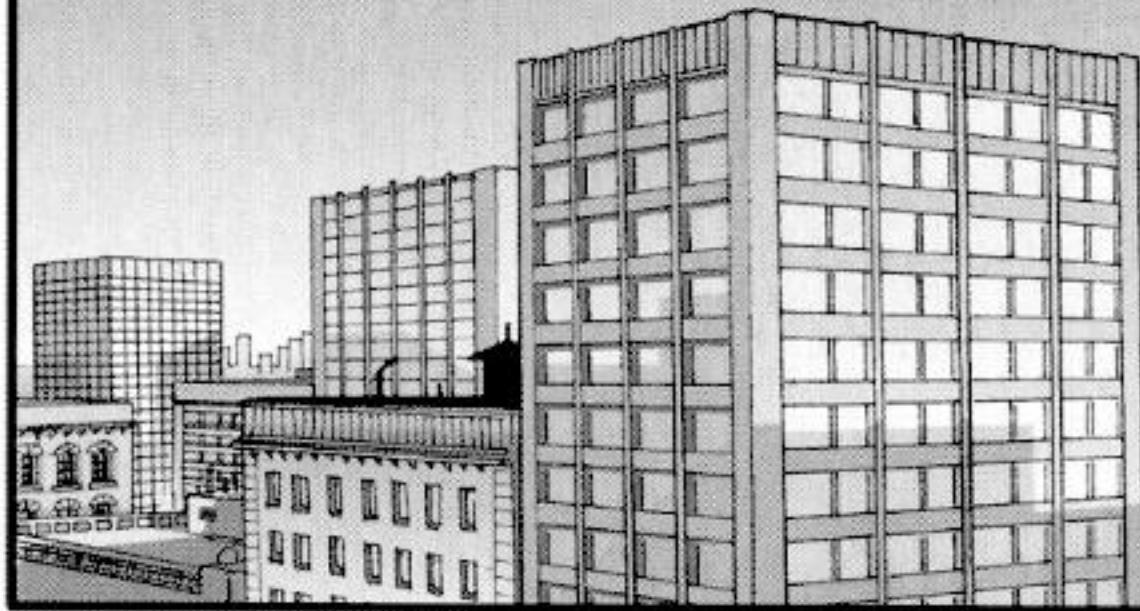
www.jlist.com/R/ADULTTOYS/

YES,
YES, FUCK
ME HARDER!
GIMME ALL
THAT COCK!

Nerea

By: Brito & Val

YOU WANT
IT DEEPER?



YES,
I WANT
IT ALL!
FUCK
THE HELL
OUT
OF ME!

YOU
ASKED
FOR IT!

TAKE IT!
IT'S ALL
YOURS!

YES, MORE,
GIMME
MORE!

SPREAD
YOUR
PUSSY!

IT
CAN'T BE!
IT CAN'T
BE SOOO
BIG!



AAAAAHHHH!

UNNH!

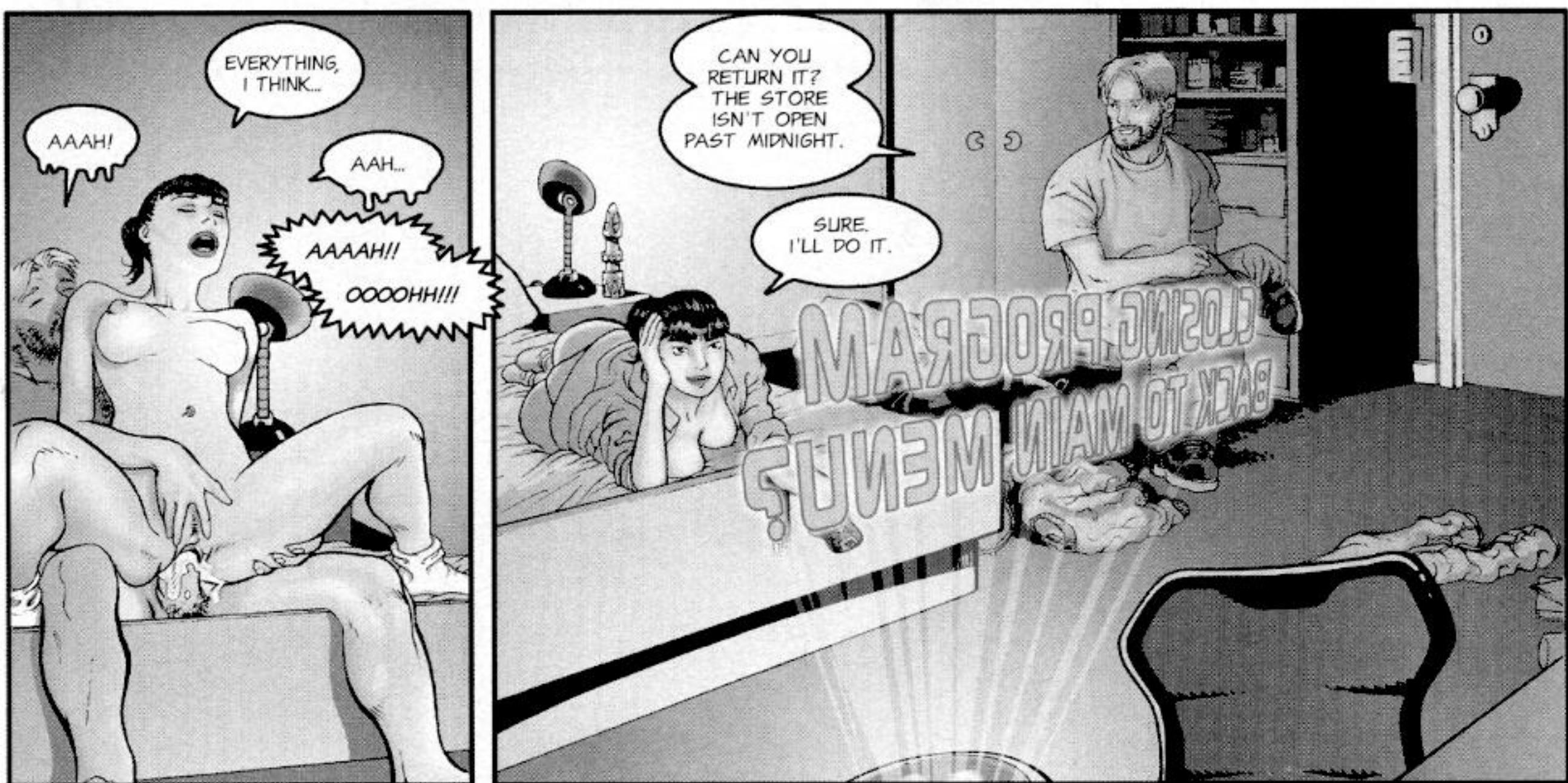
YOU LIKE IT?

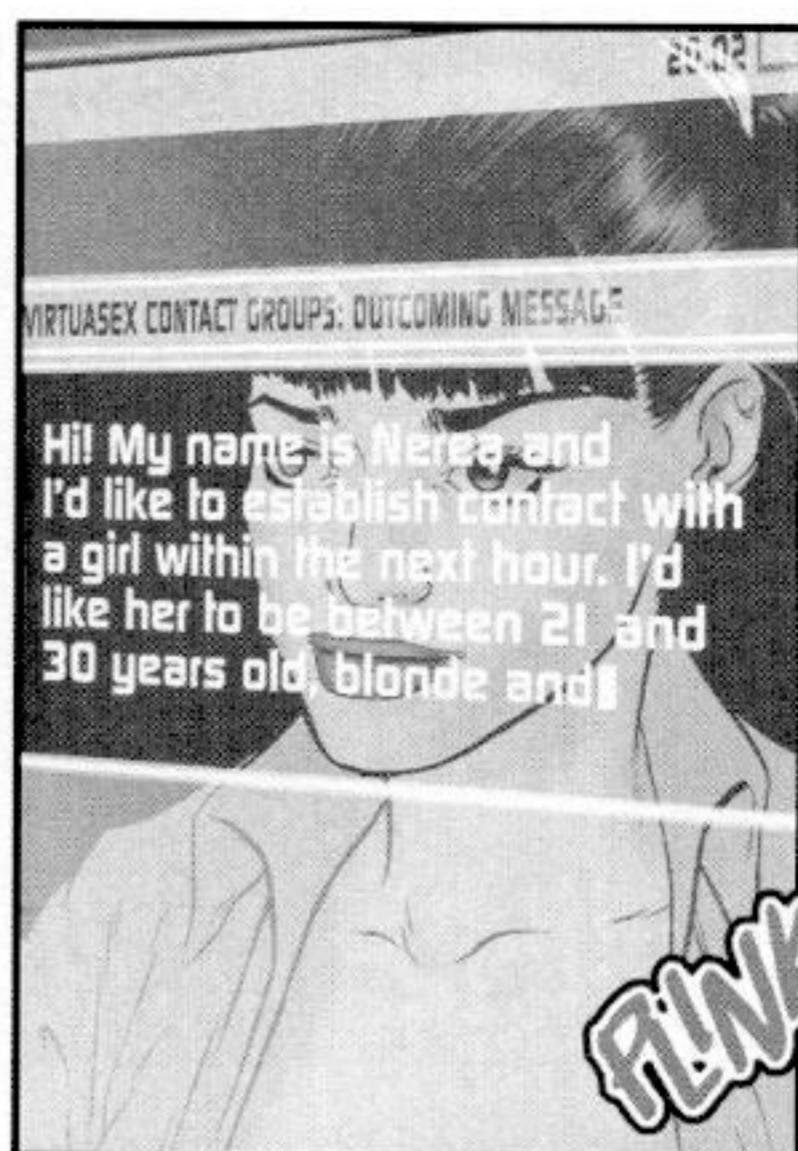
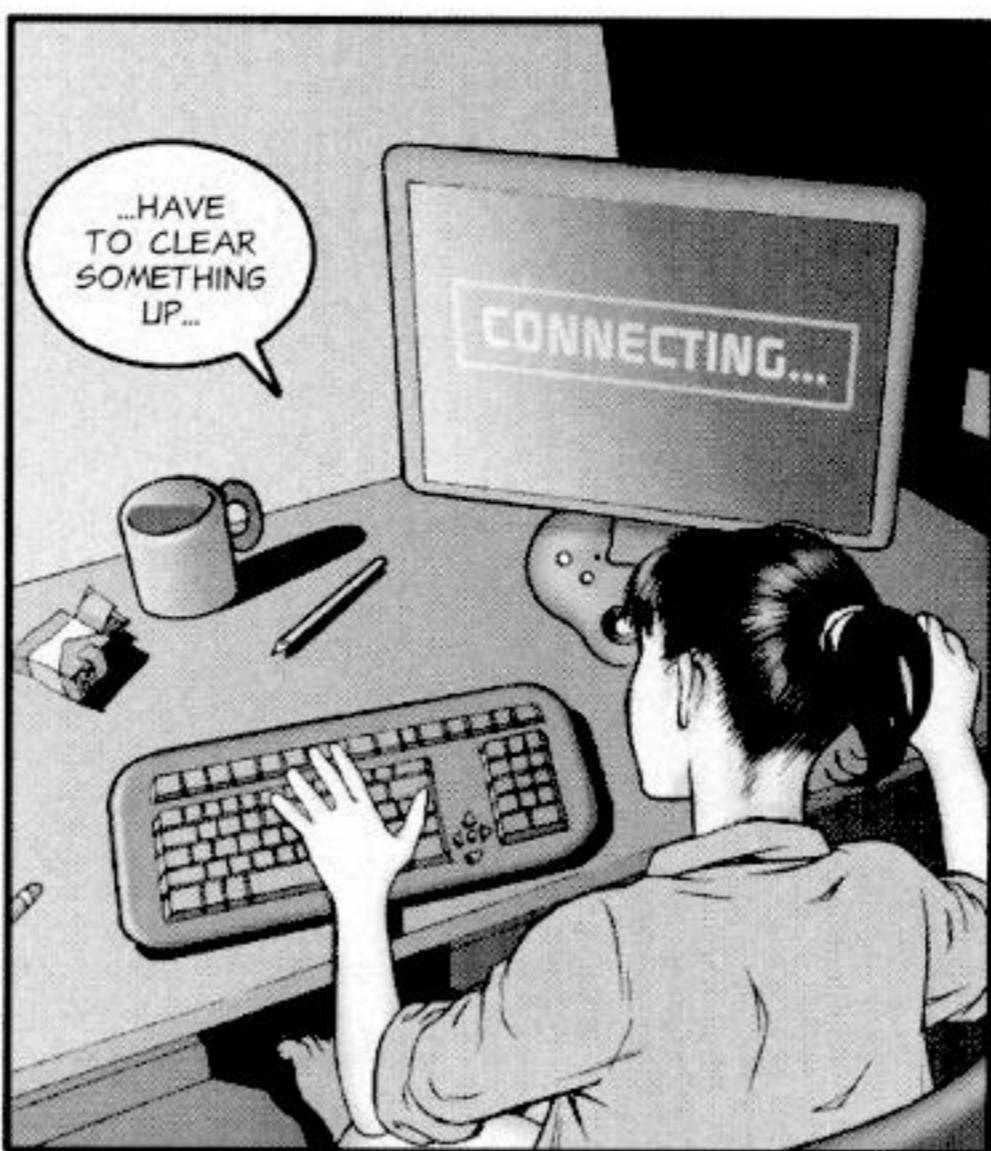
MMYESSS...

WHAT
DO YOU LIKE
THE MOST?

OHHHH...

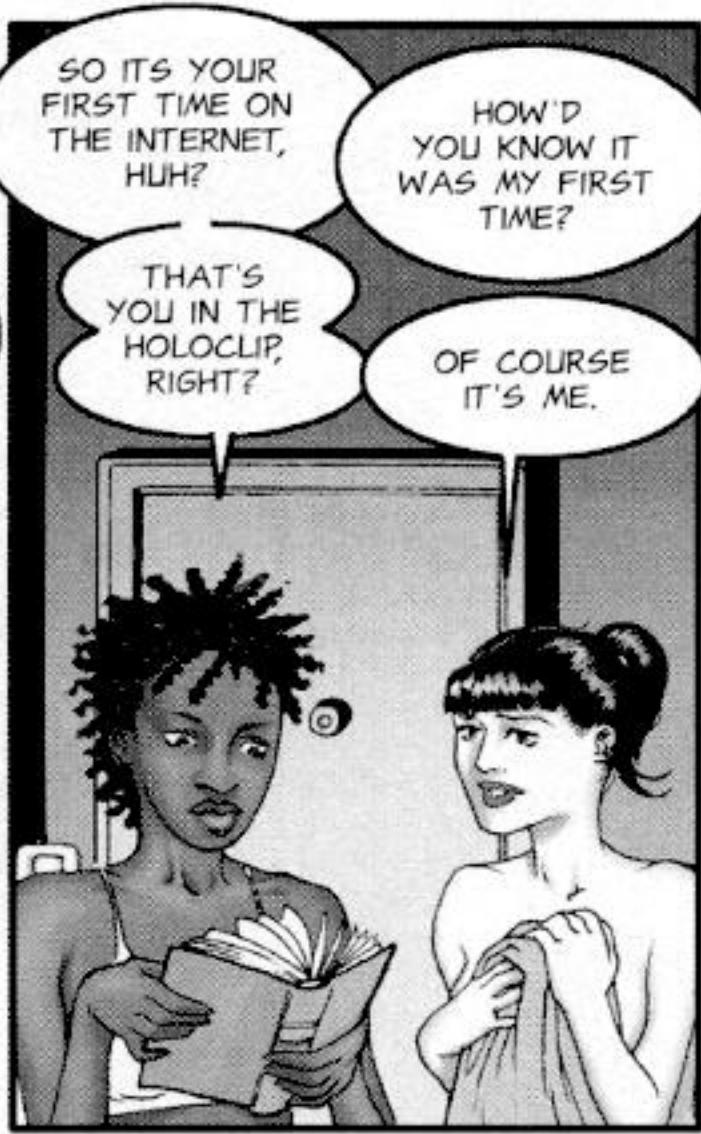


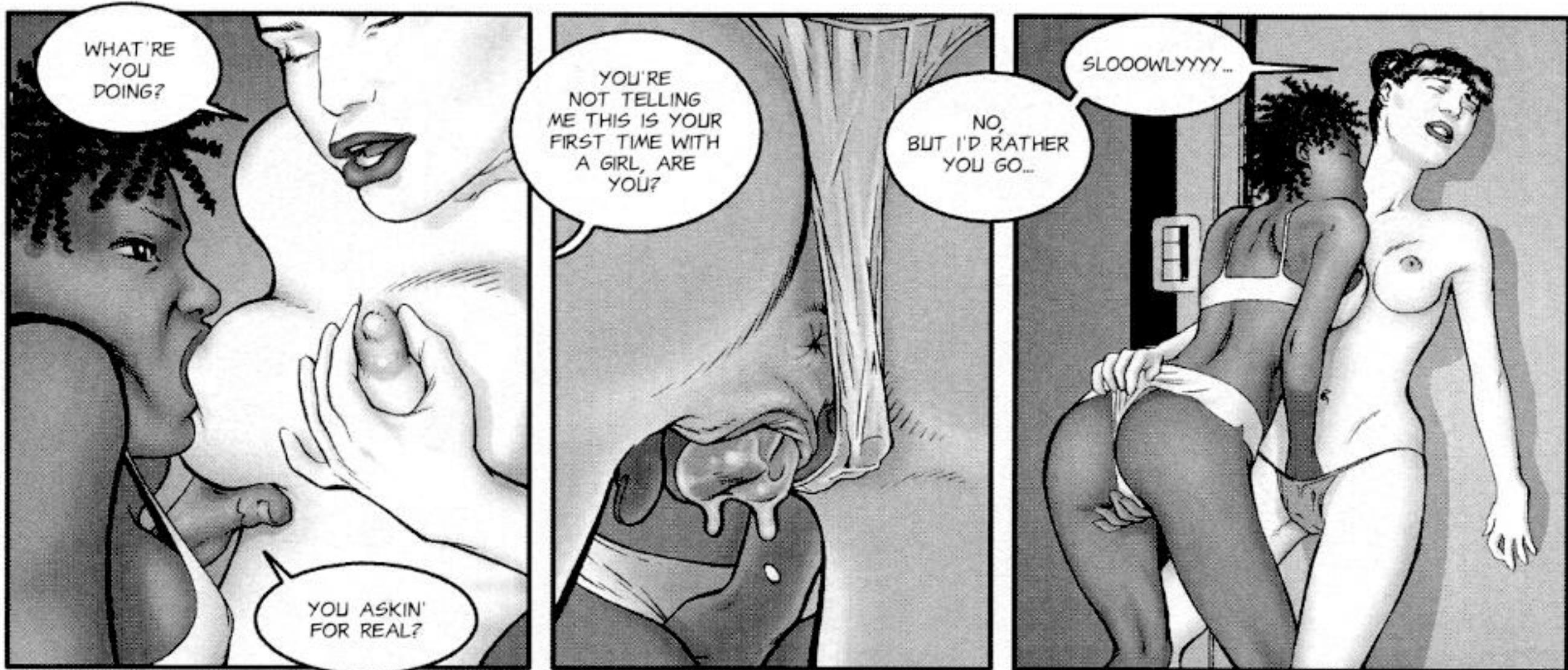


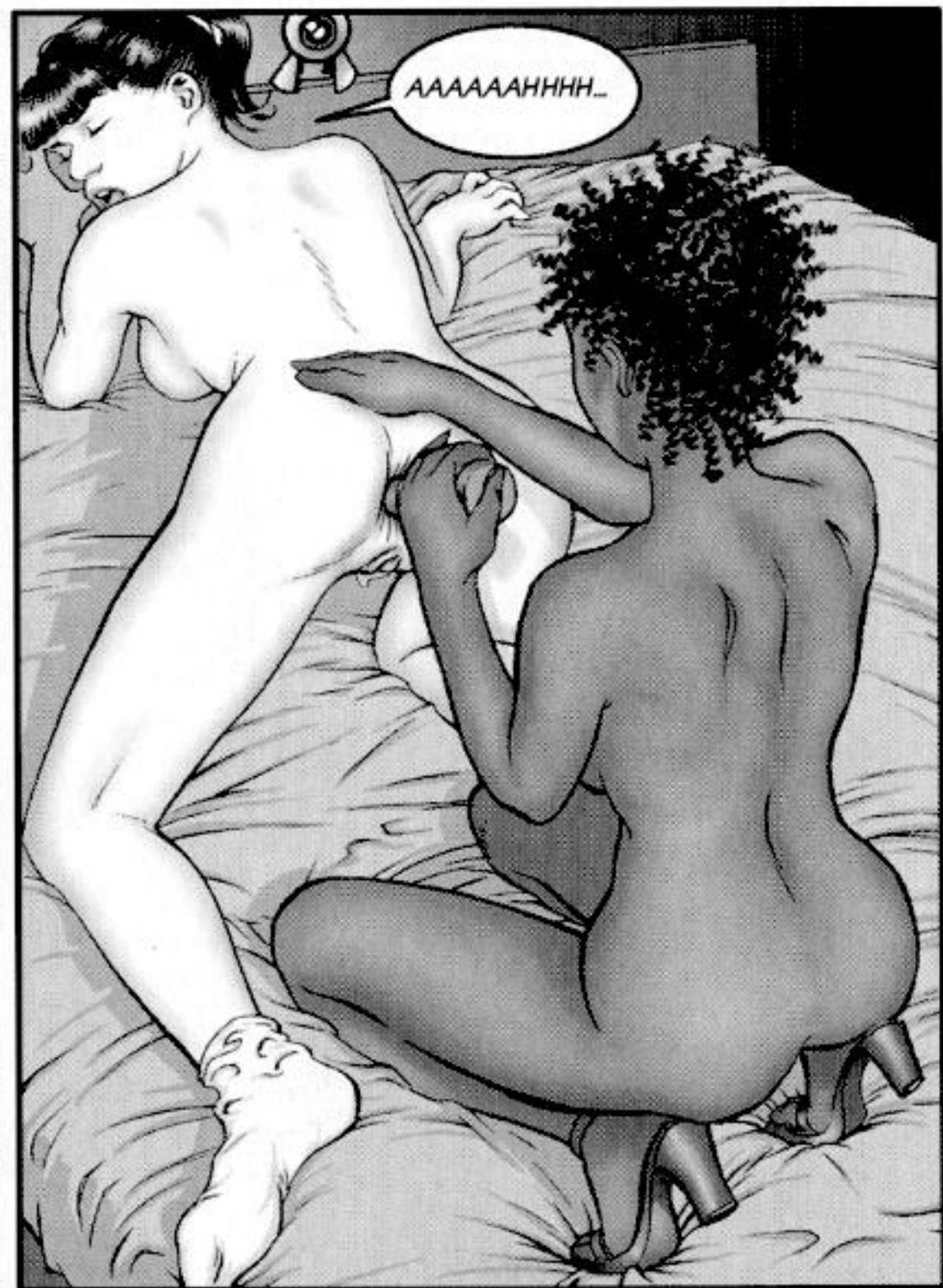


RAWK!













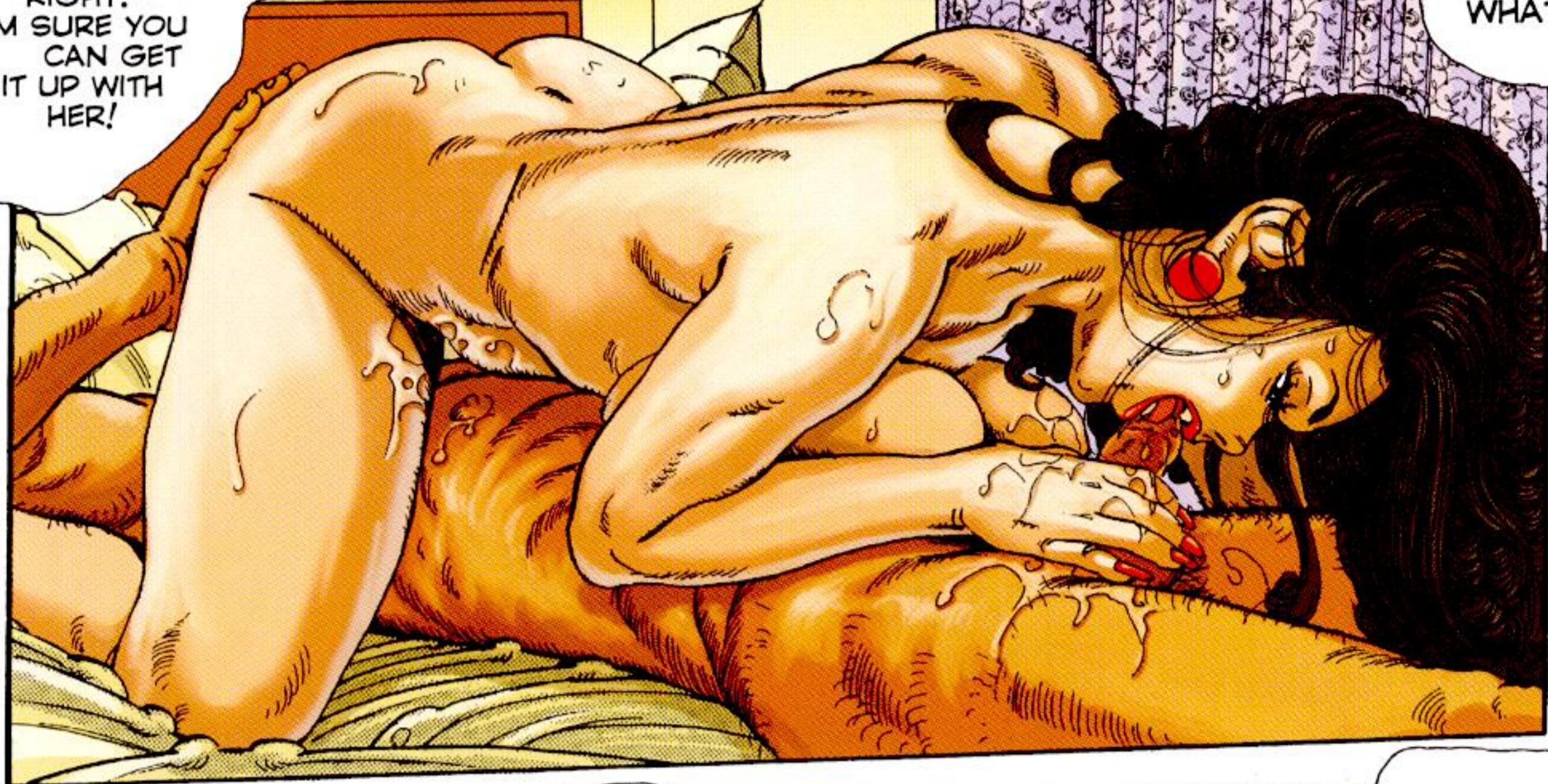
M I S S D D

Cheating on Reiko

CHIYODA TOMO

NO WAY,
RIGHT?
I'M SURE YOU
CAN GET
IT UP WITH
HER!

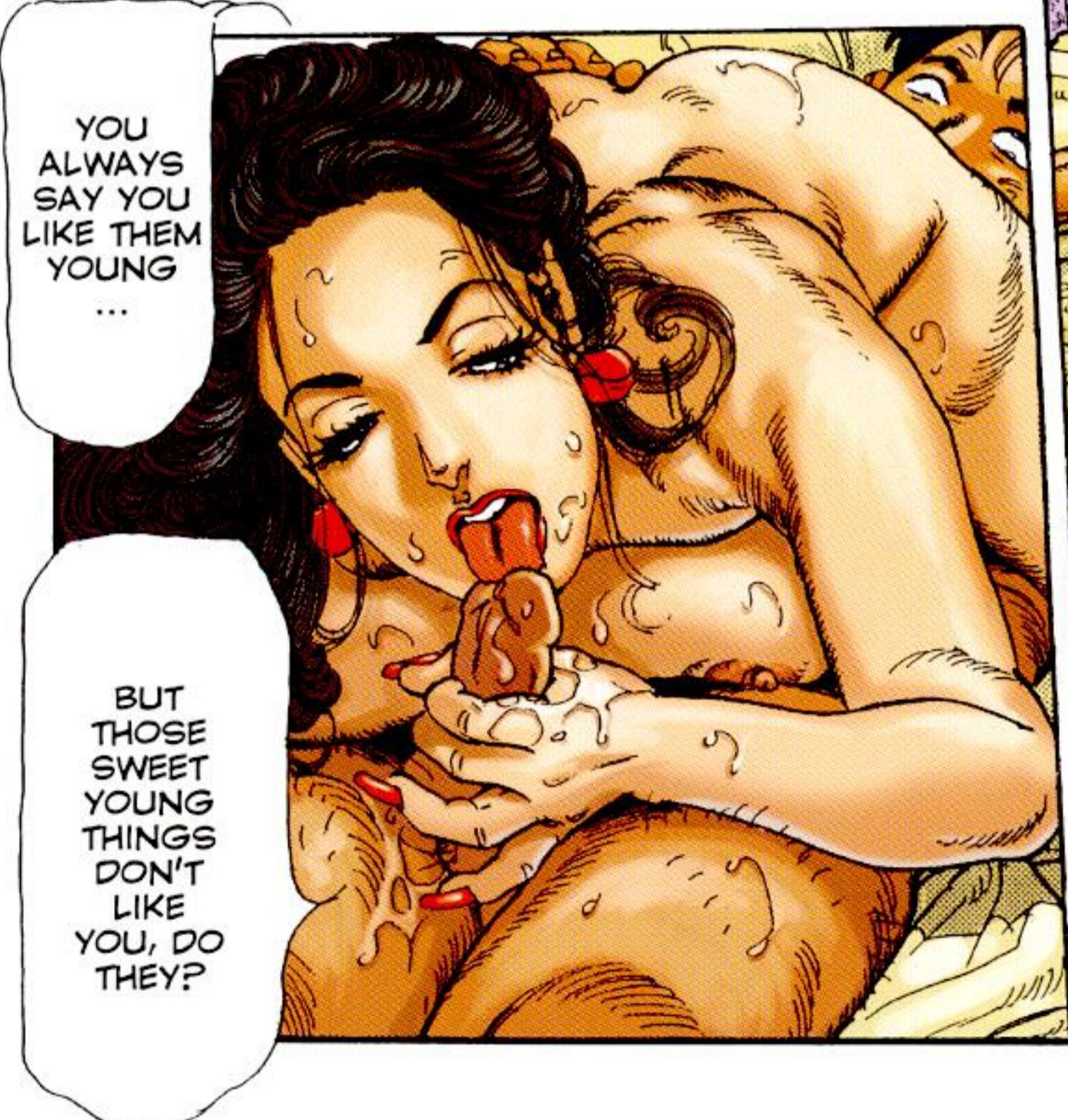
AH...
WHAT?



WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?
THERE IS
NO "HER,"
I'M JUST
TIRED...

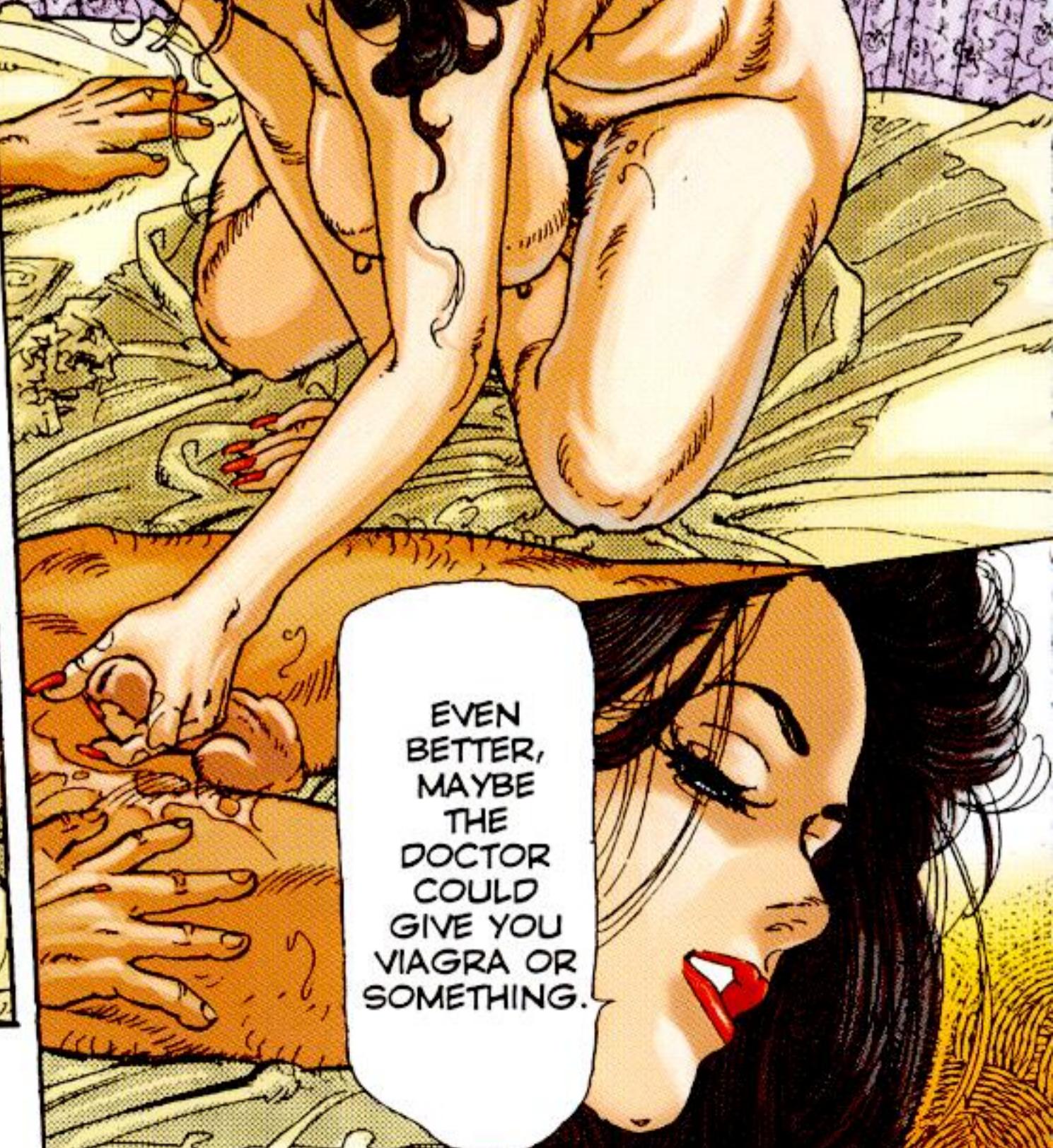
AHH...
AHH...

MAYBE
YOU
SHOULD
GO
FOR A
CHECK
UP
...

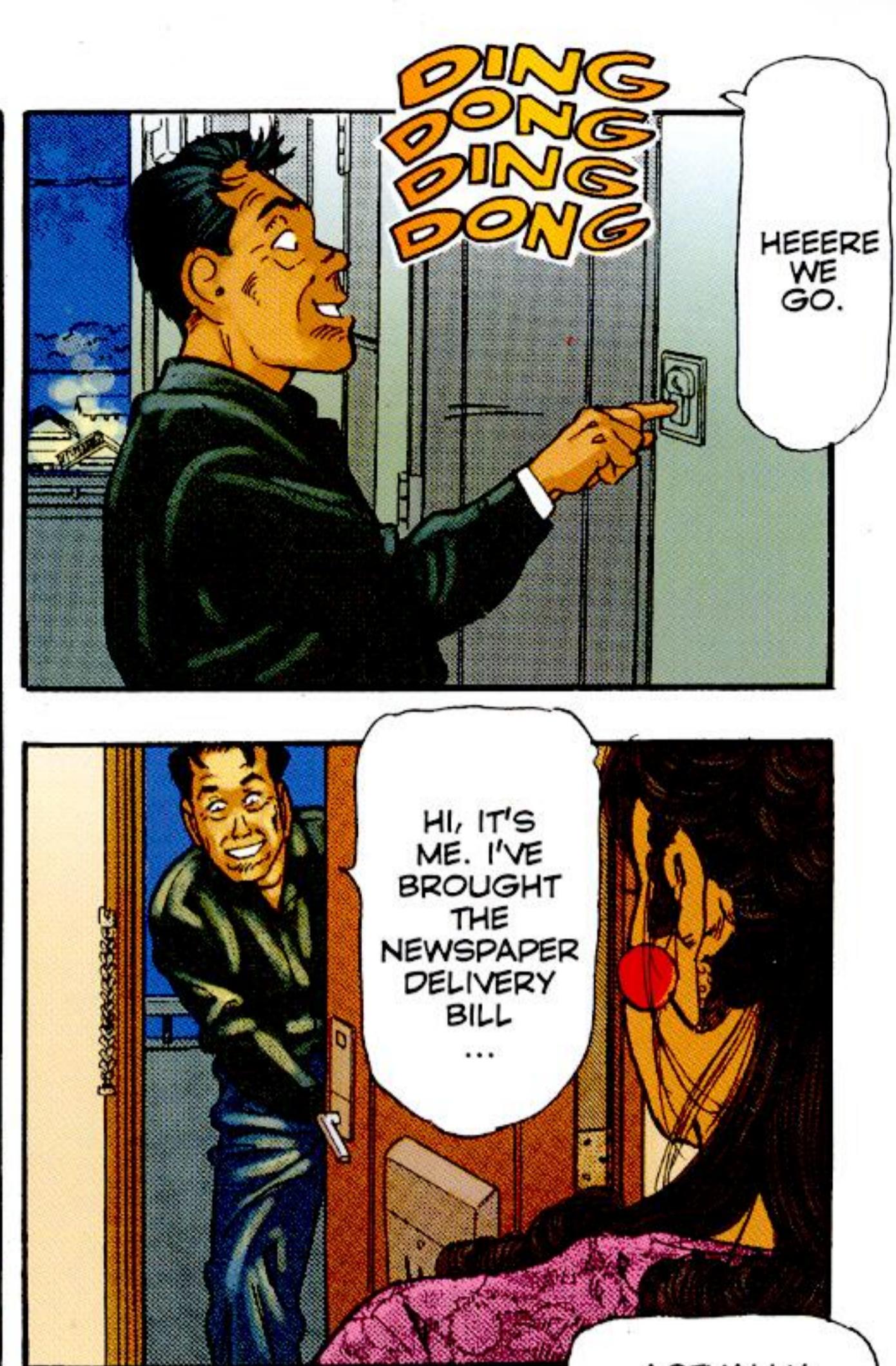
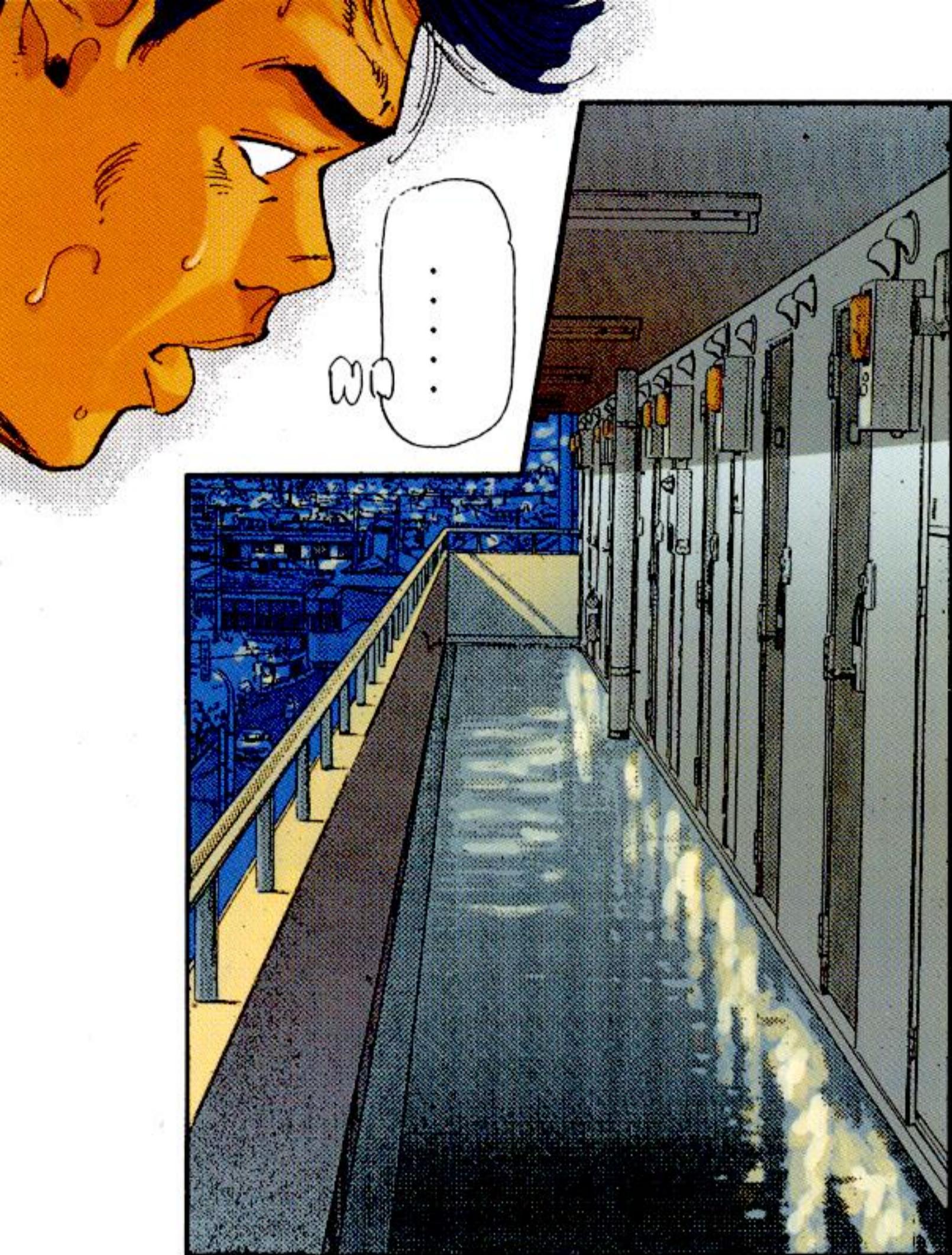


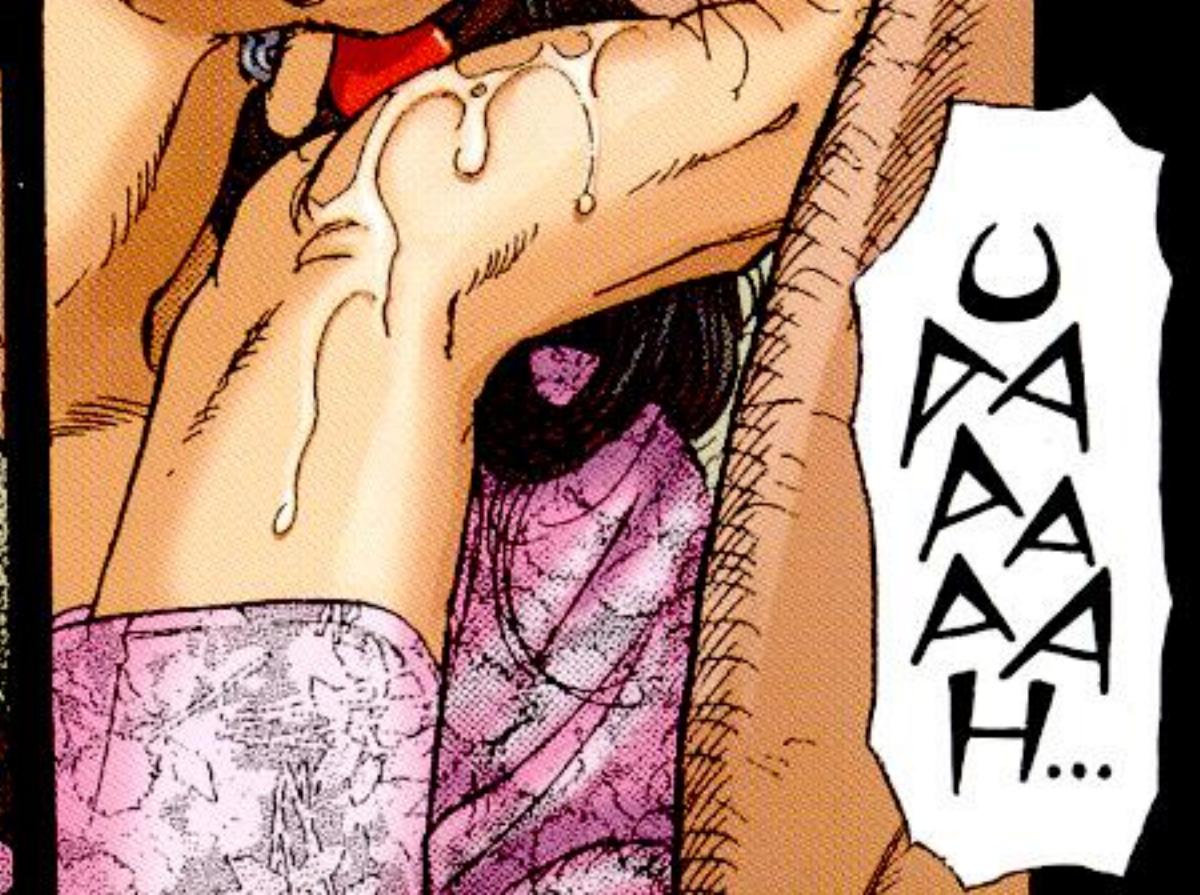
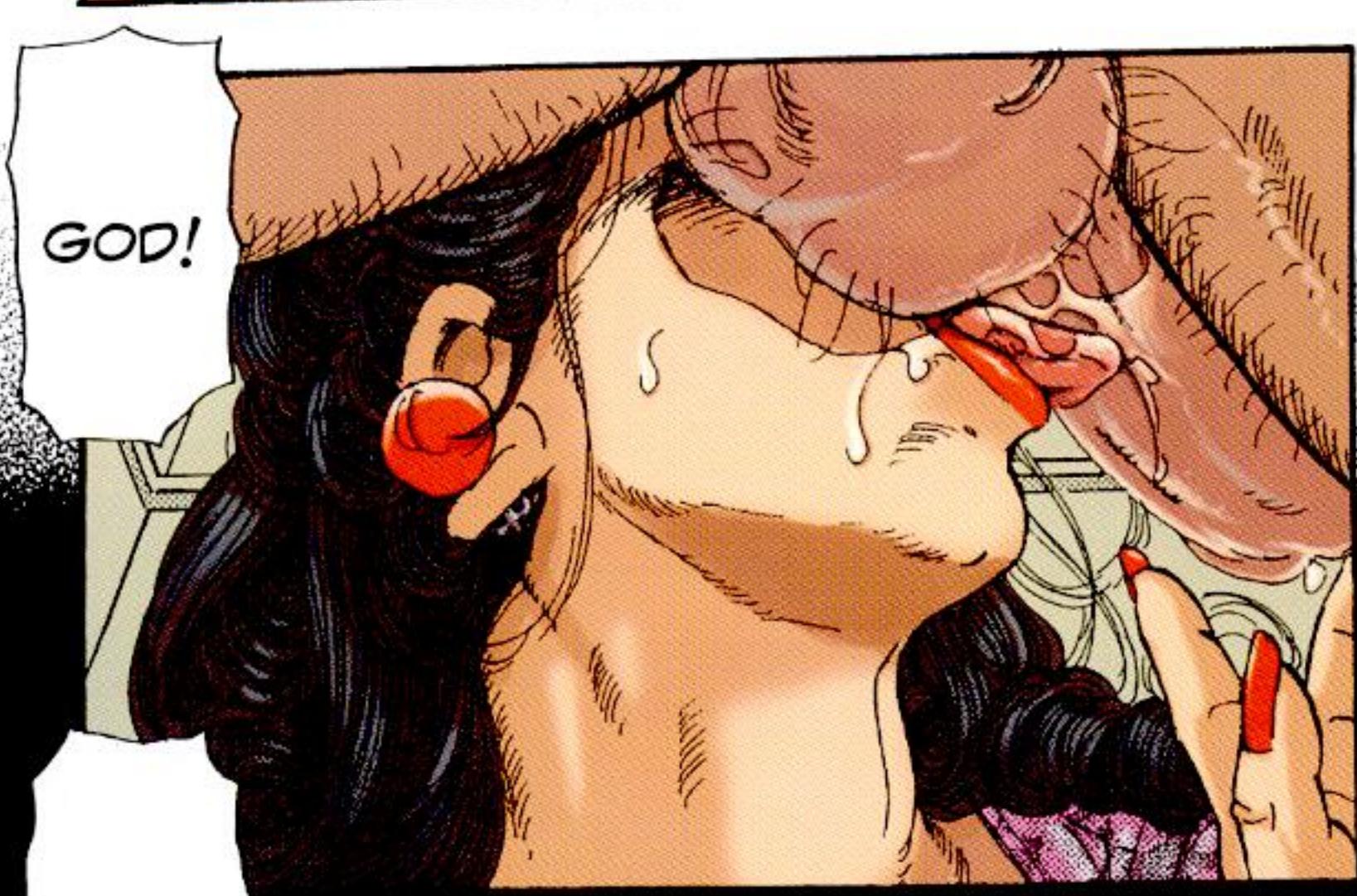
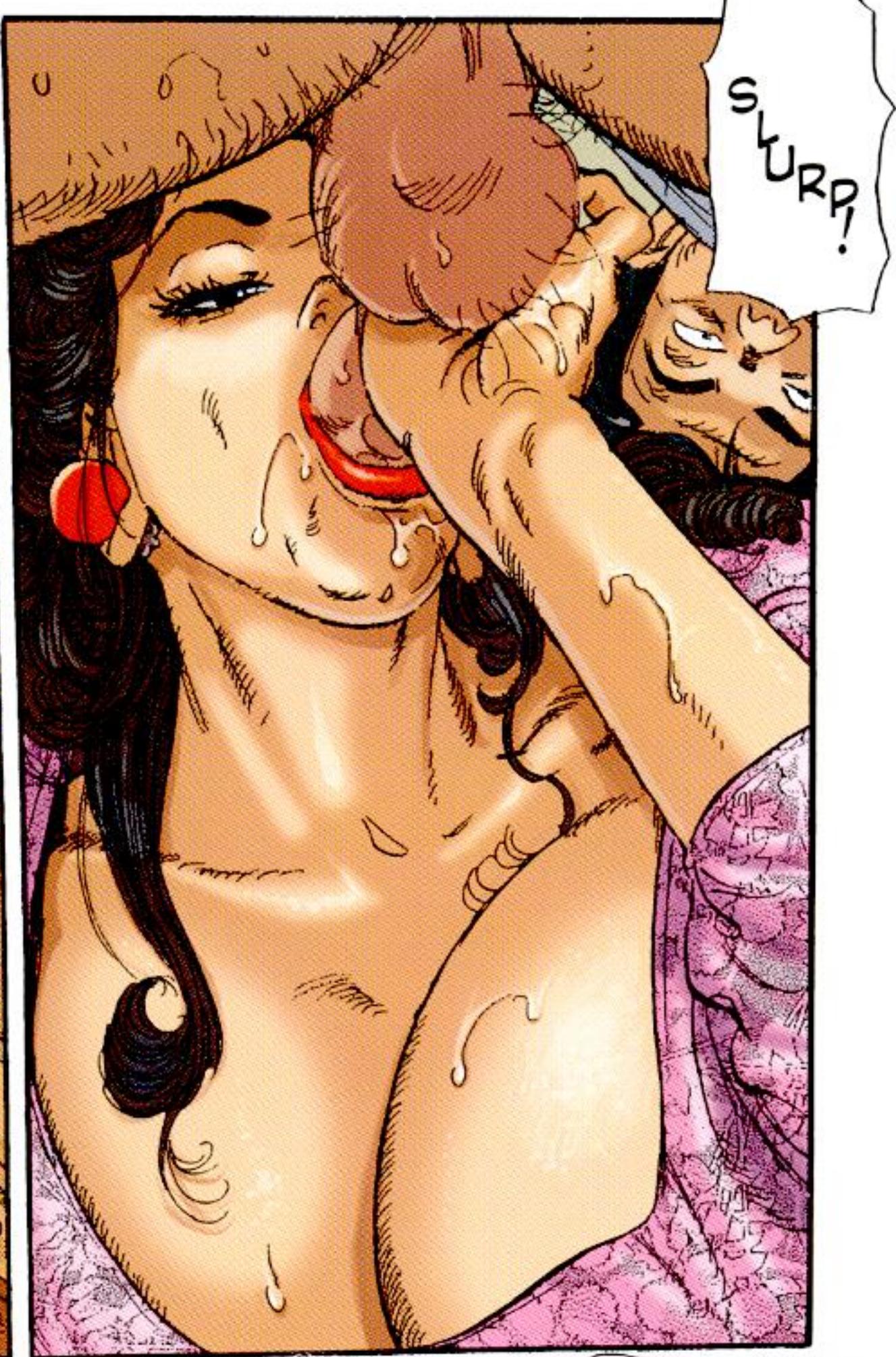
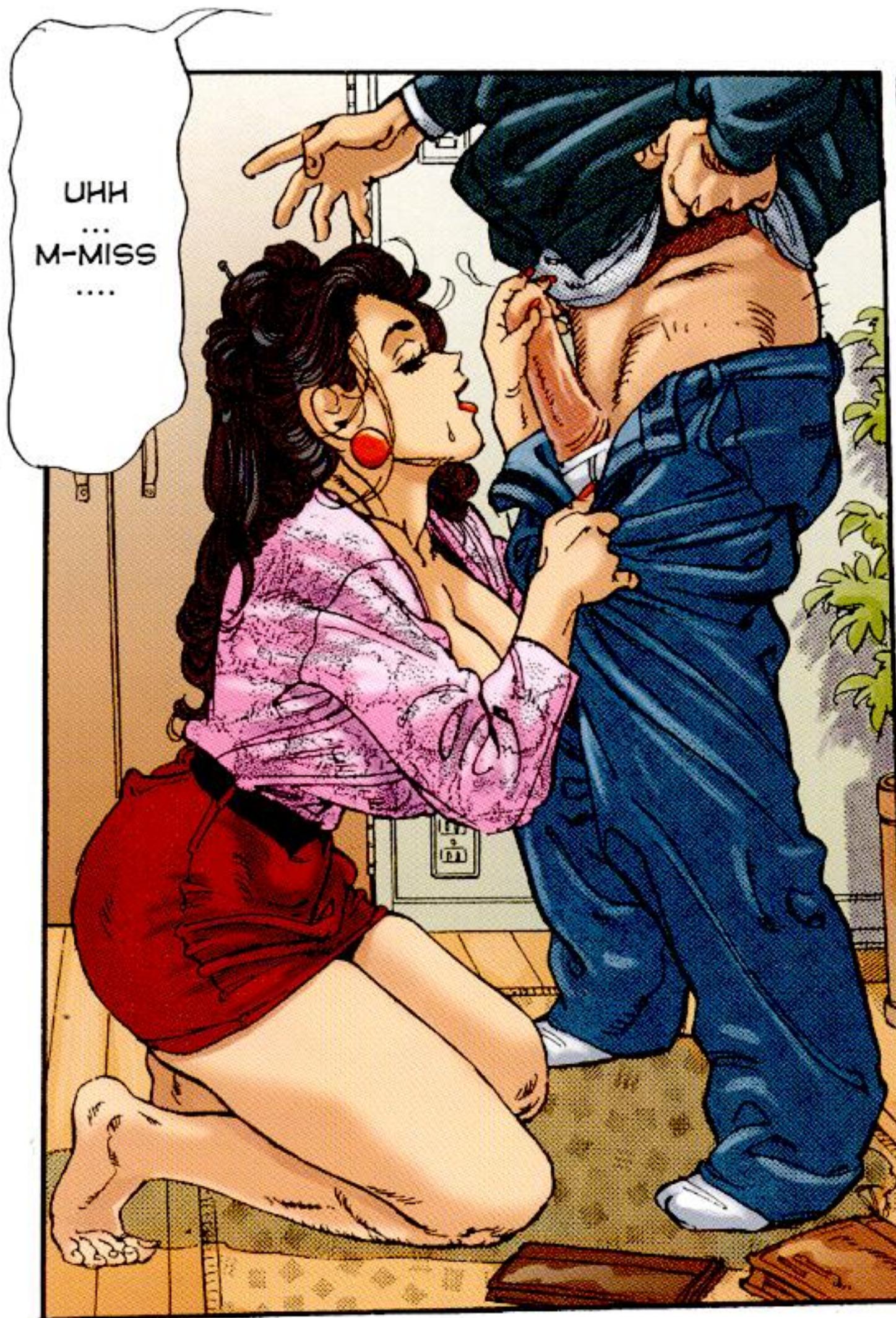
YOU
ALWAYS
SAY YOU
LIKE THEM
YOUNG
...

BUT
THOSE
SWEET
YOUNG
THINGS
DON'T
LIKE
YOU, DO
THEY?

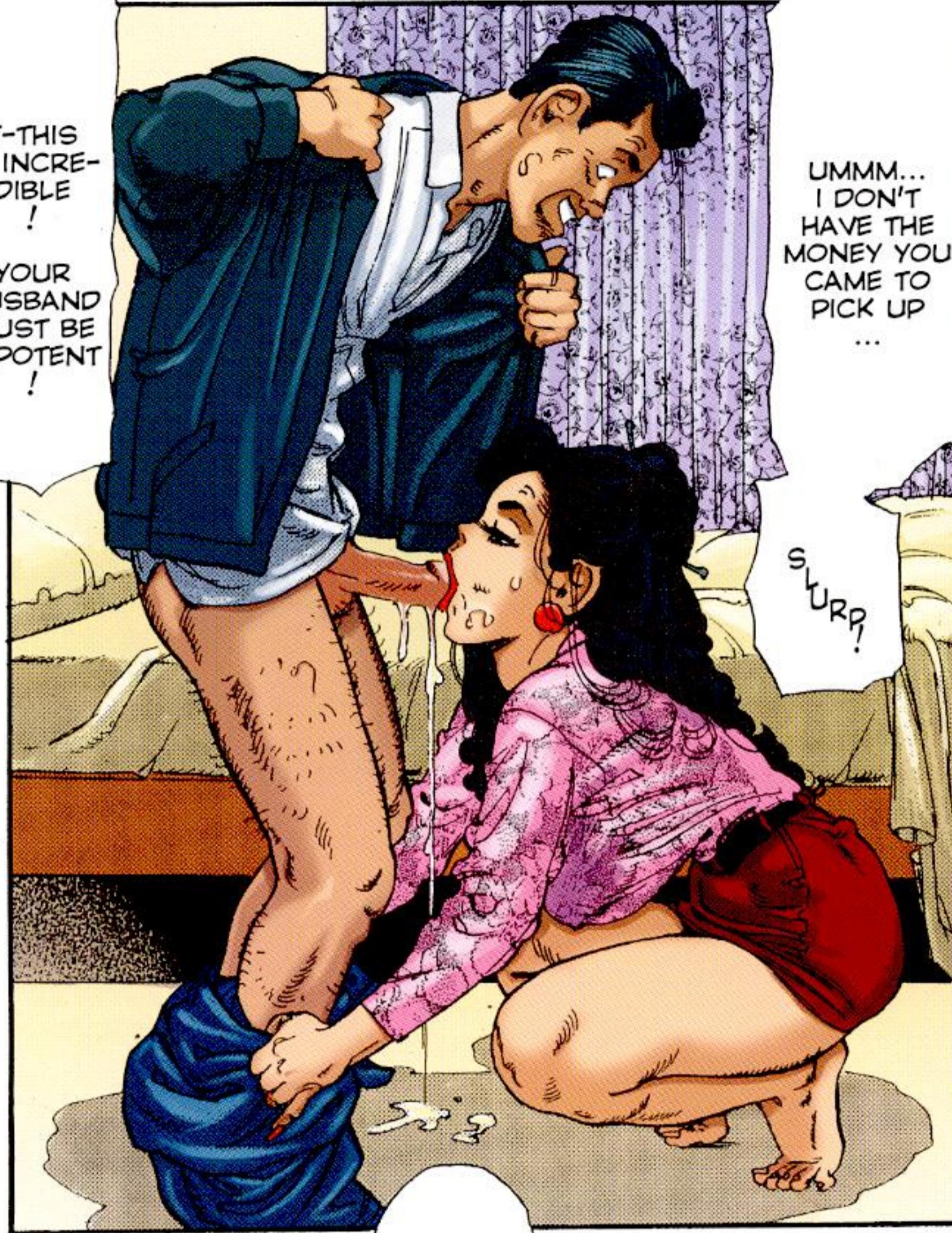


EVEN
BETTER,
MAYBE
THE
DOCTOR
COULD
GIVE YOU
VIAGRA OR
SOMETHING.

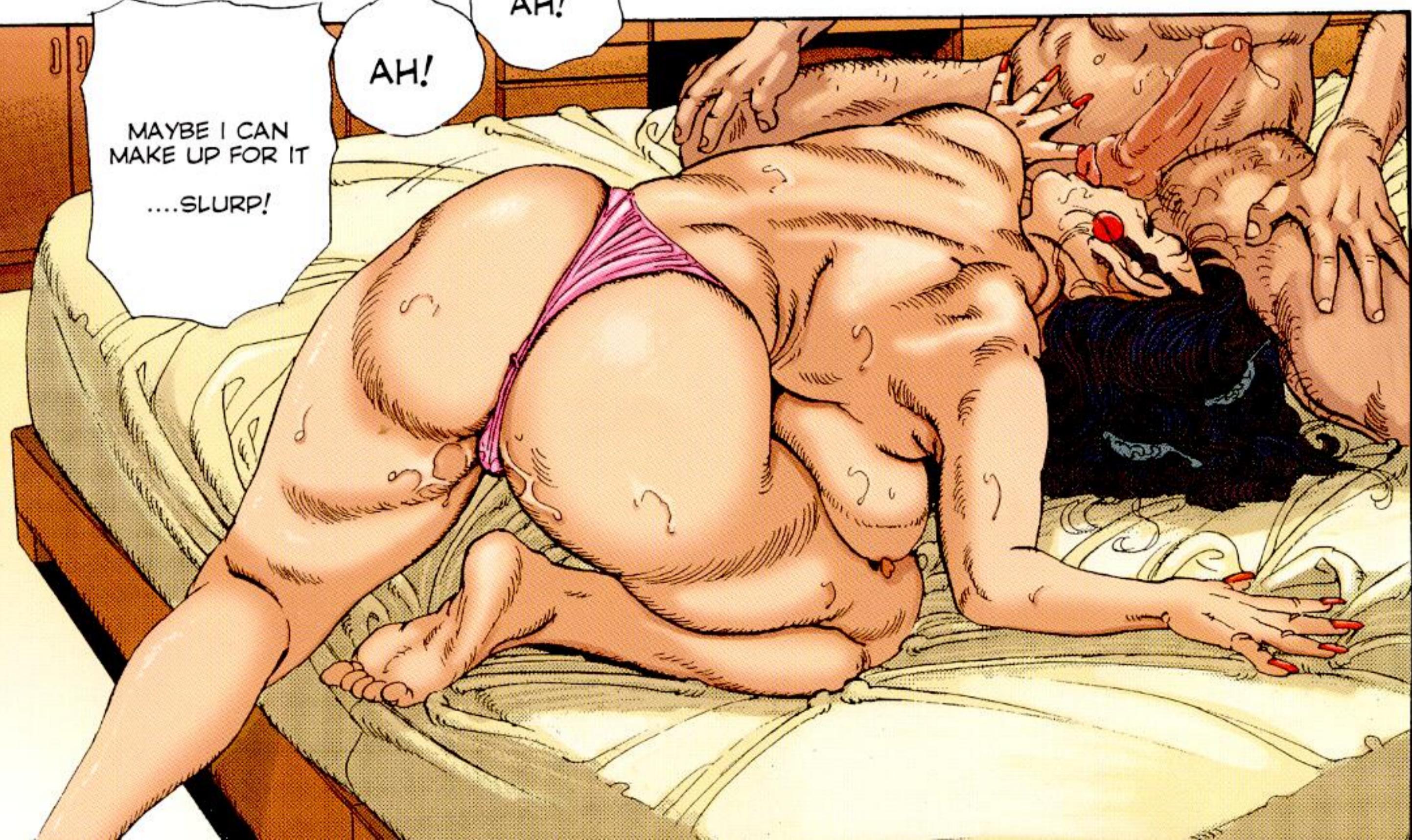




T-THIS
IS INCRE-
DIBLE !
YOUR
HUSBAND
MUST BE
IMPOtent !



MAYBE I CAN
MAKE UP FOR IT
....SLURP!



SLURPS
SLURPS
SLURPS...

WRP...

OH!

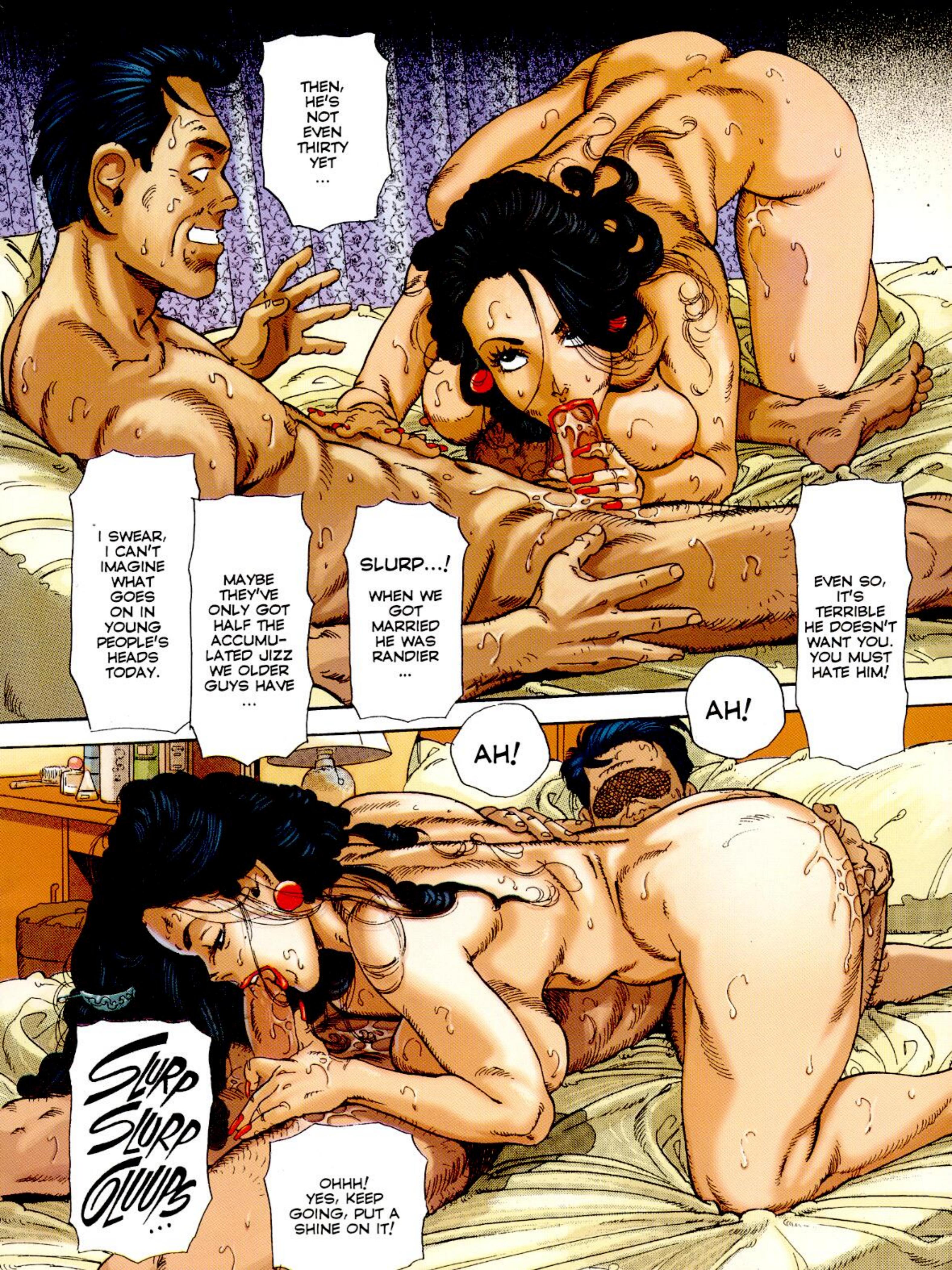
AH!

YES
...
FOUR
YEARS
...

OH....!

YOUR
HUSBAND
IS YOUNGER
THAN YOU,
ISN'T HE?

OH!



THEN,
HE'S
NOT
EVEN
THIRTY
YET
...

I SWEAR,
I CAN'T
IMAGINE
WHAT
GOES
ON IN
YOUNG
PEOPLE'S
HEADS
TODAY.

MAYBE
THEY'VE
ONLY GOT
HALF THE
ACCUMU-
LATED JIZZ
WE OLDER
GUYS HAVE
...

SLURP...!
WHEN WE
GOT
MARRIED
HE WAS
RANDIER
...

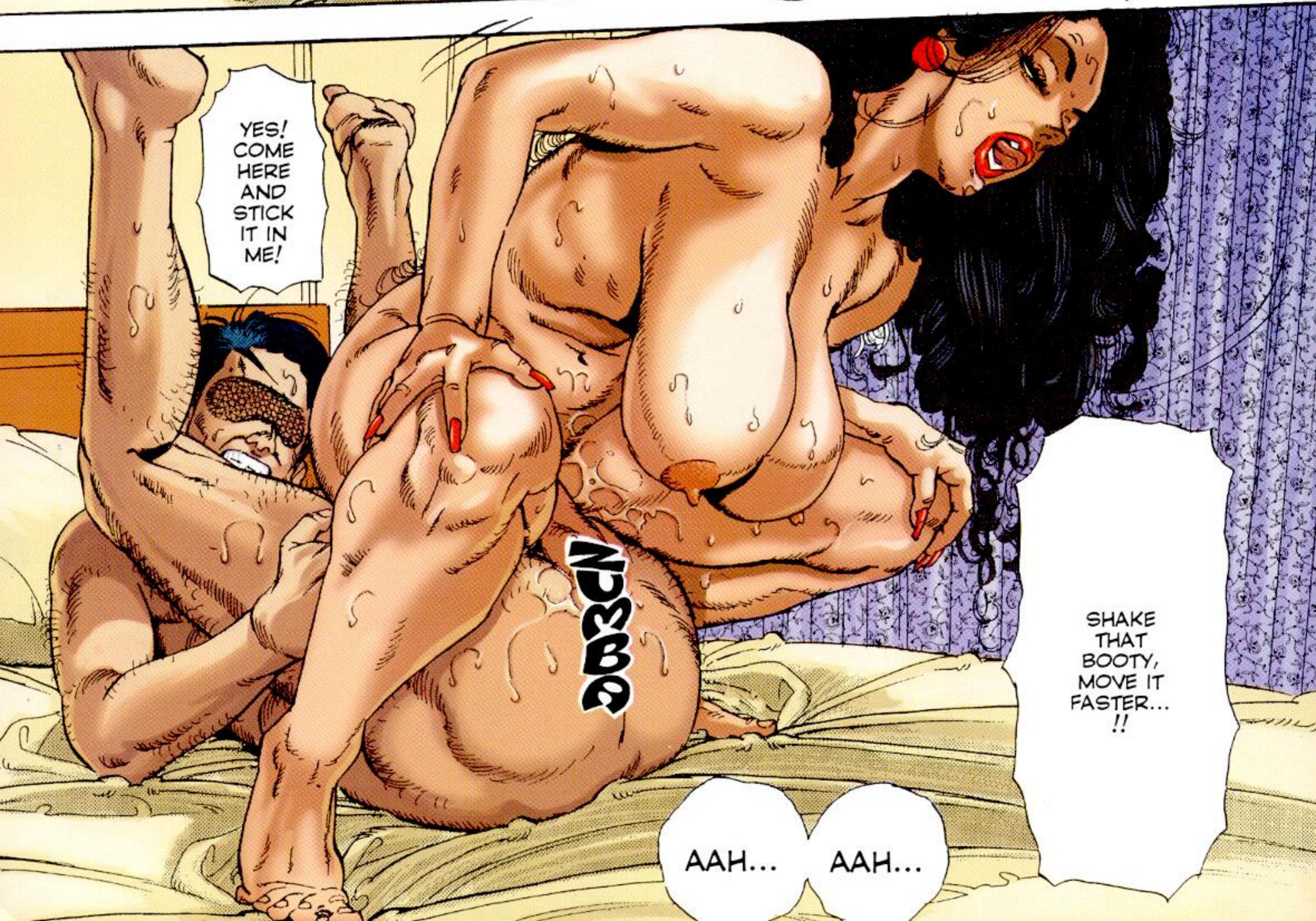
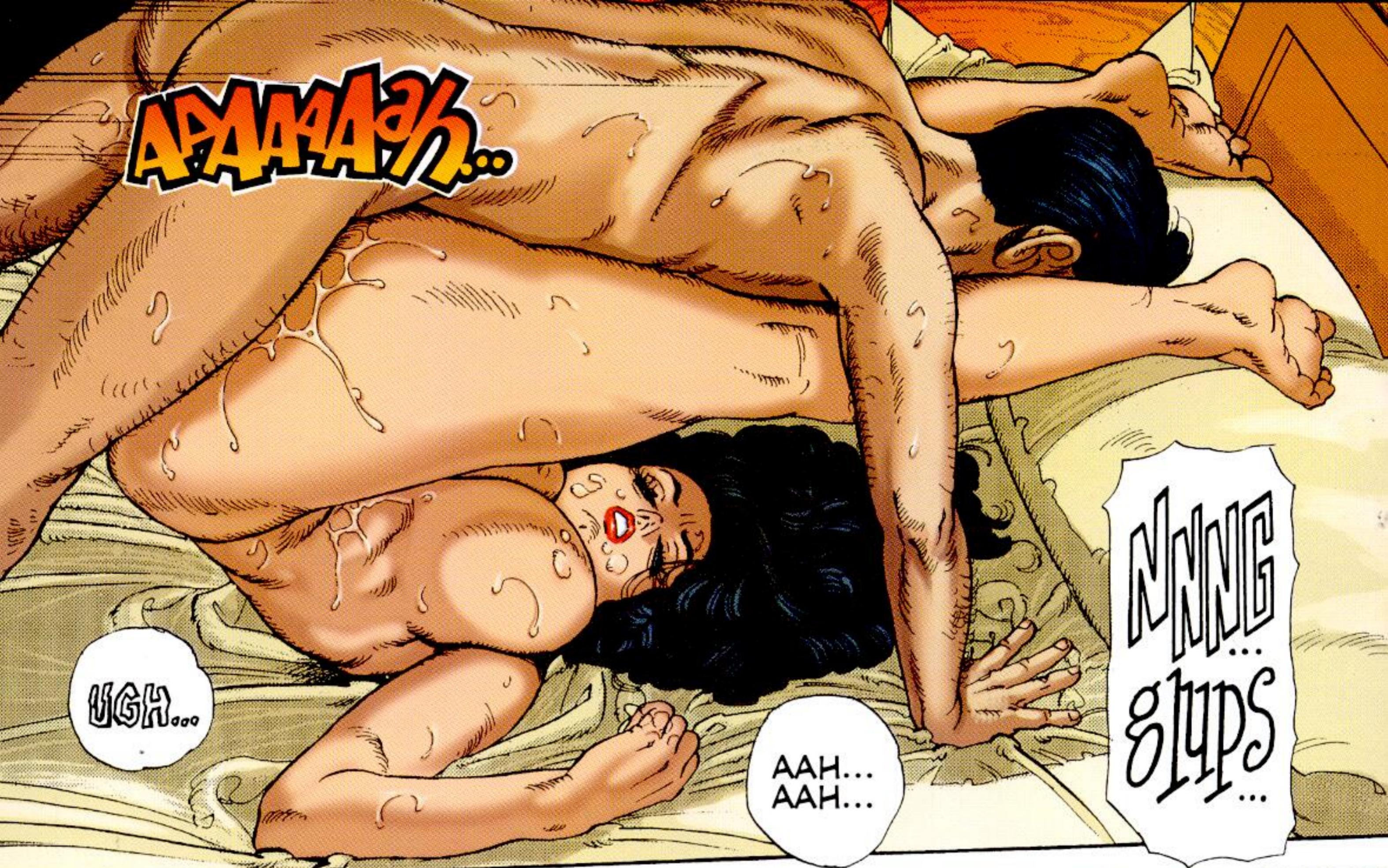
EVEN SO,
IT'S
TERRIBLE
HE DOESN'T
WANT YOU.
YOU MUST
HATE HIM!

SLURP
SLURP
QUUPS
...

OHHH!
YES, KEEP
GOING, PUT A
SHINE ON IT!

AH!

AH!



OH, YES...

WOW, YOU'VE
GOT EVERYTHING
A MAN COULD
WANT!

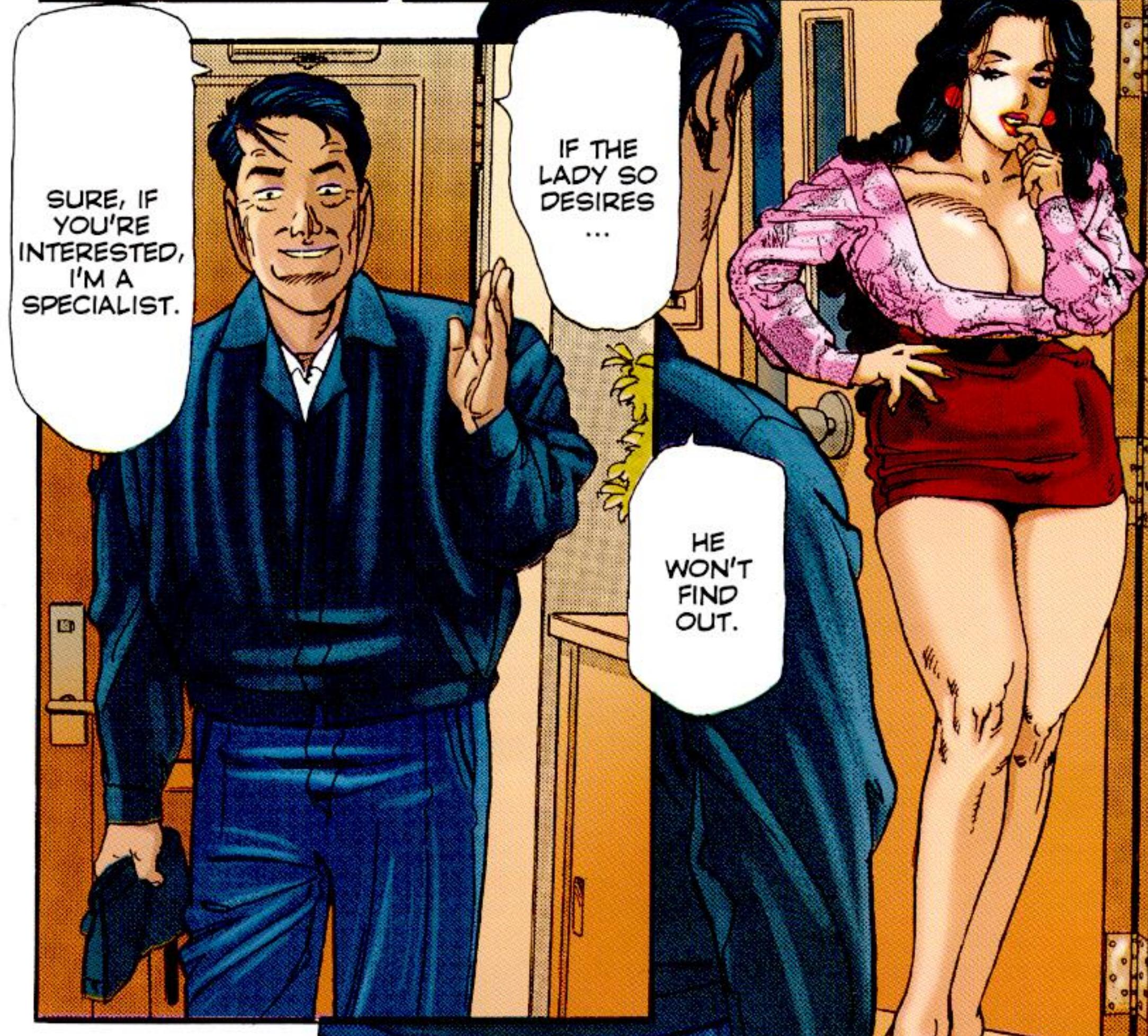
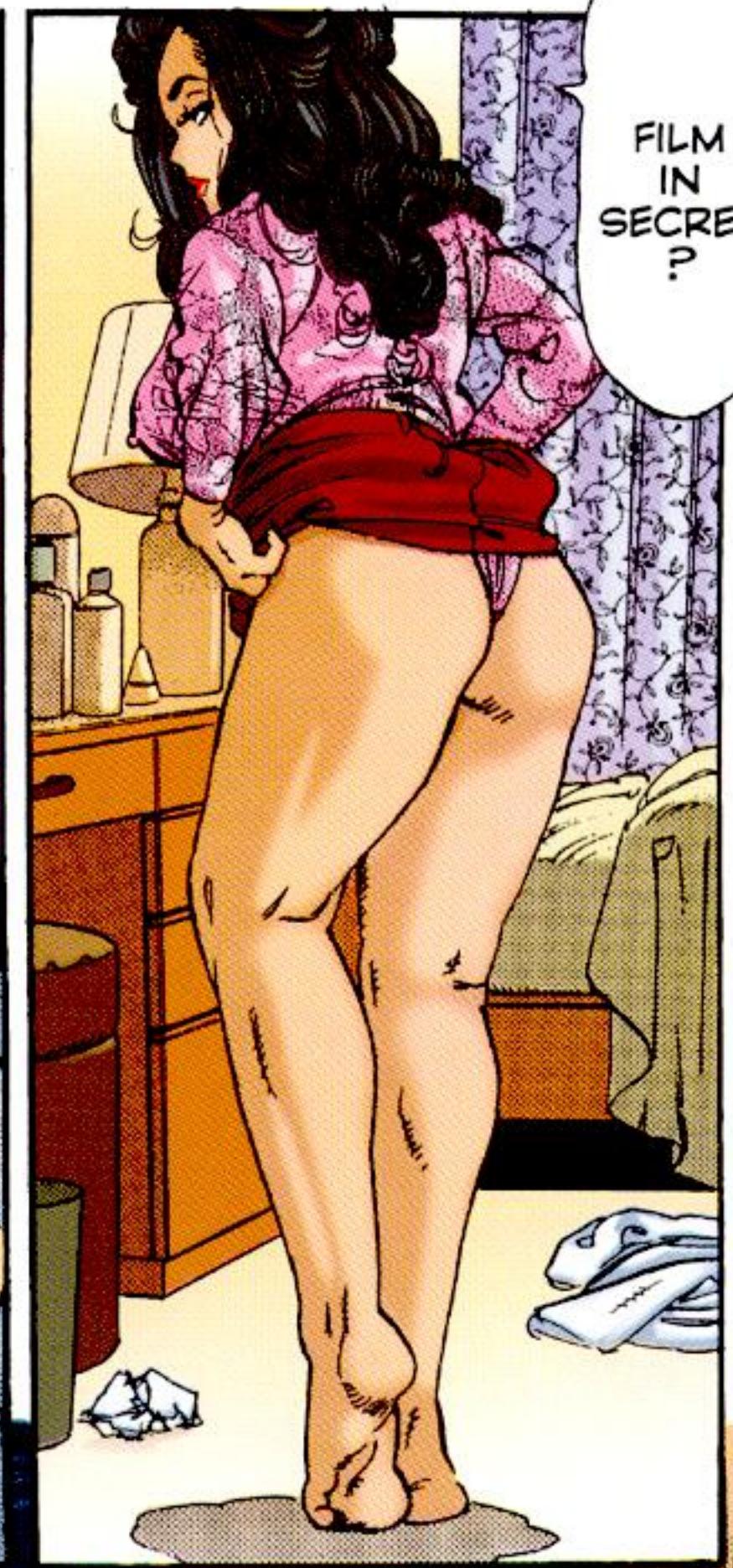
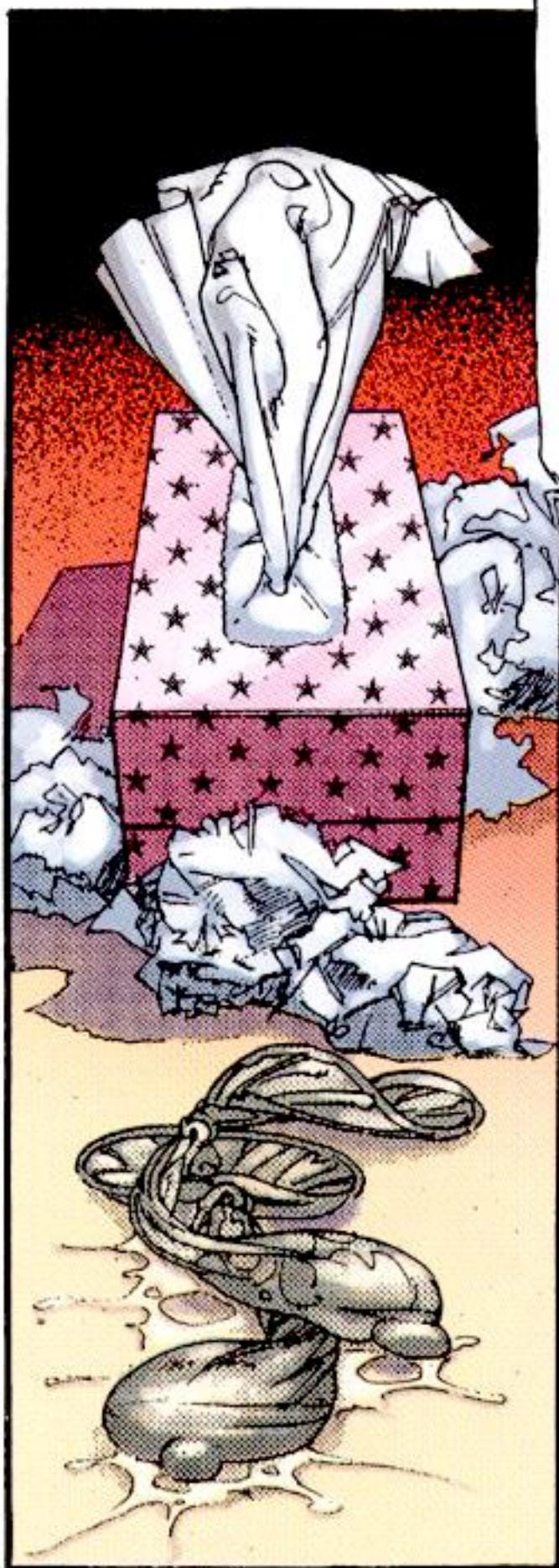
YES,
YES...!

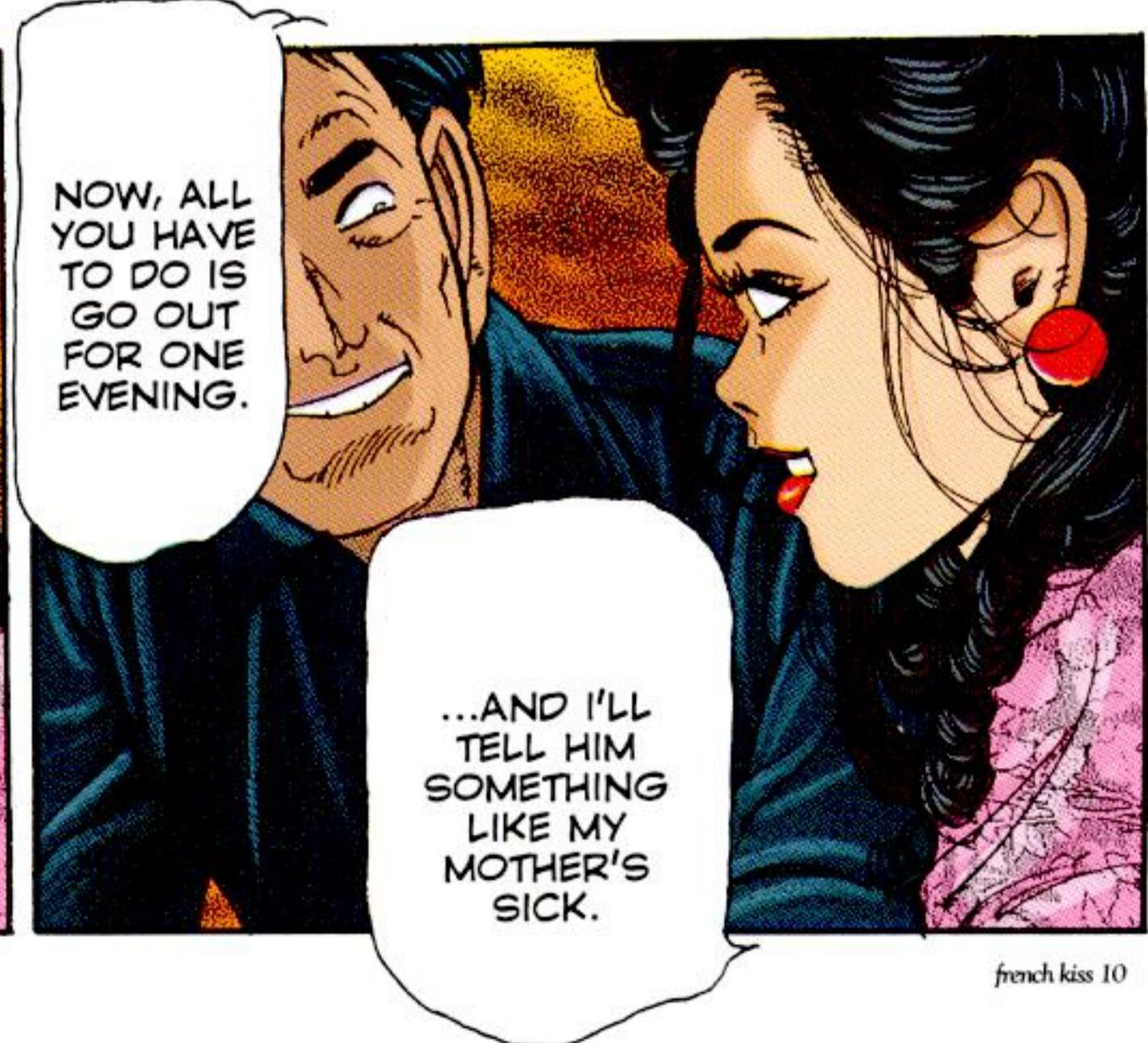
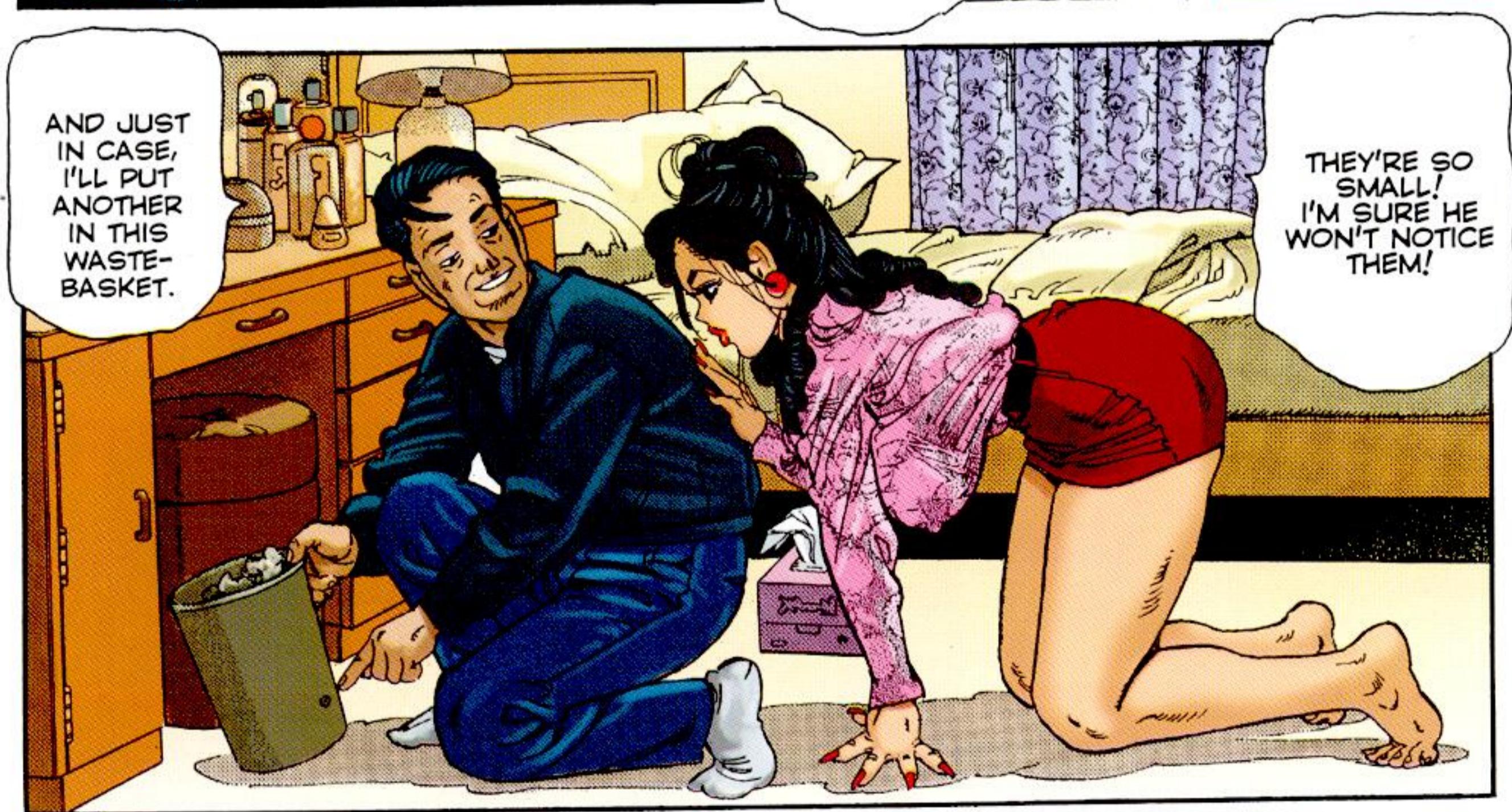
MY
GOD!

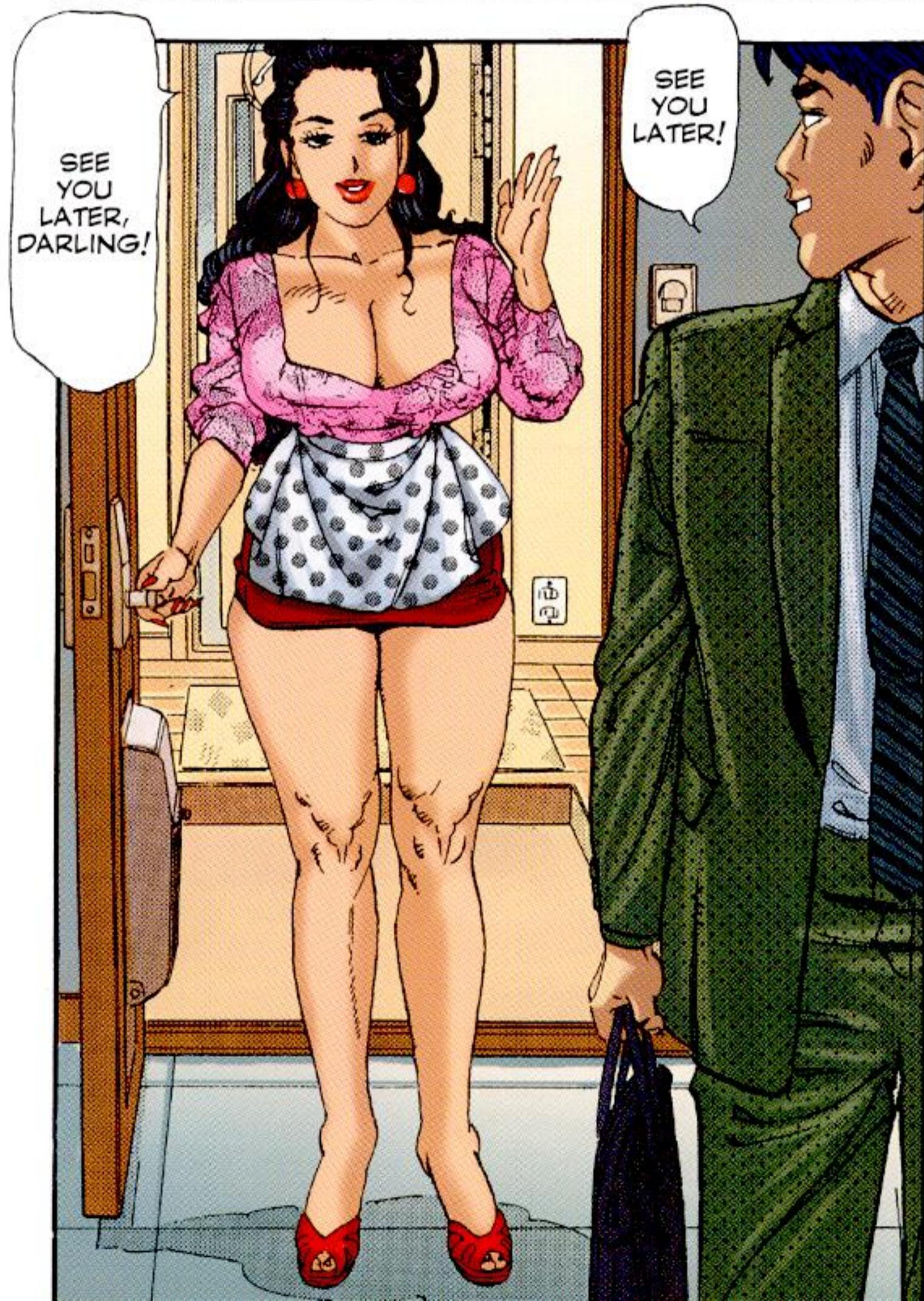
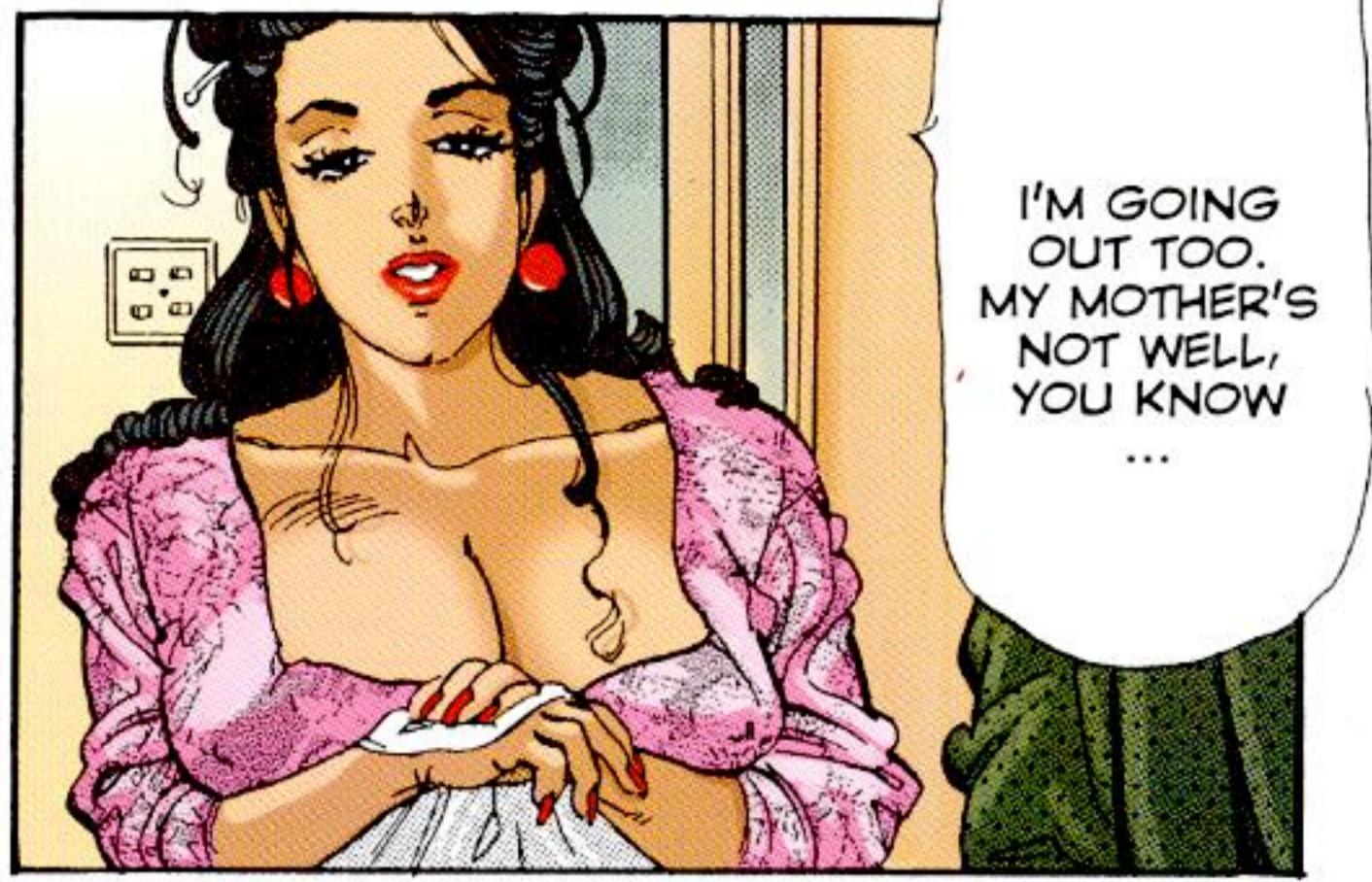
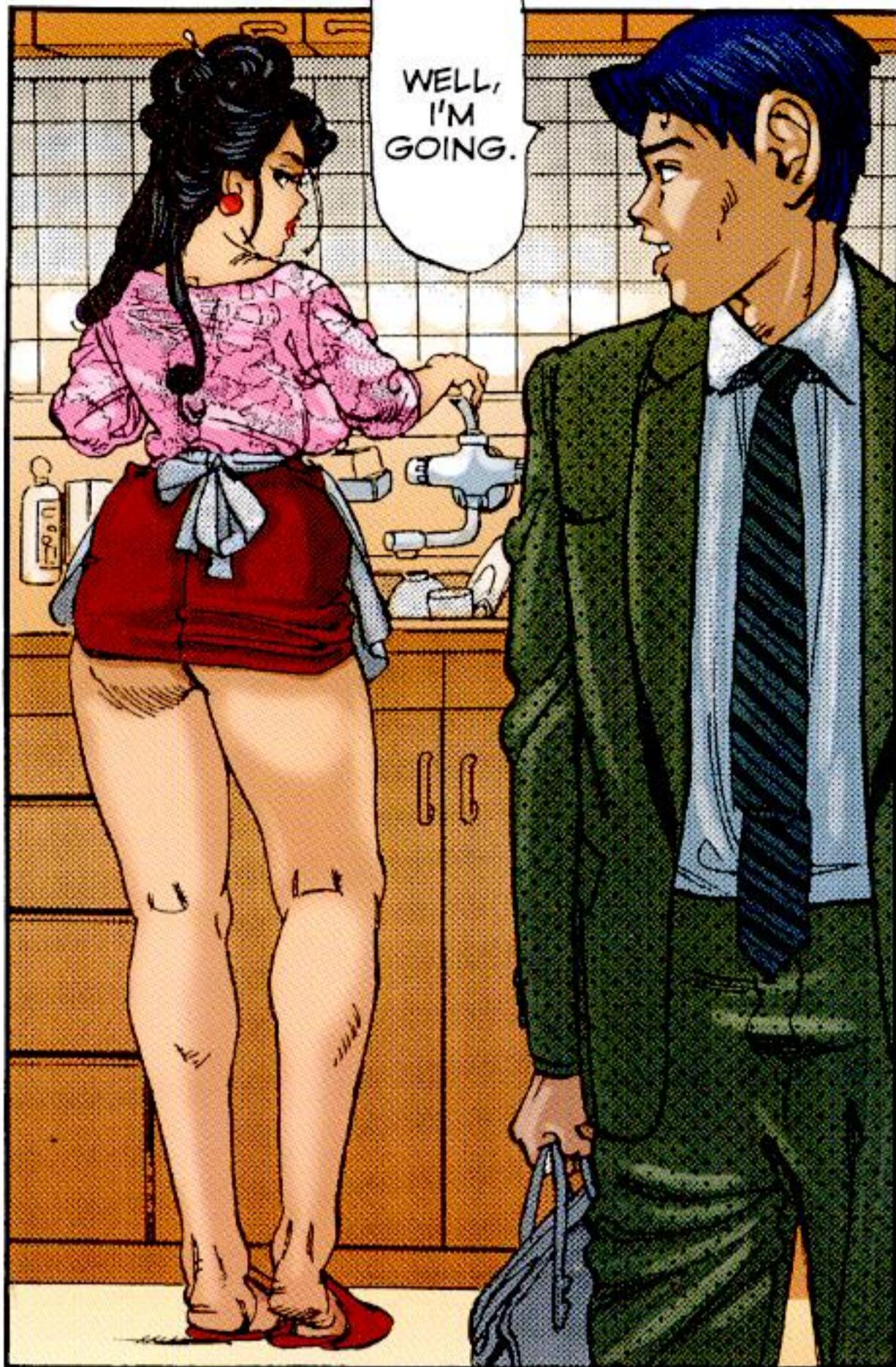
OH, DON'T
STOP....
DON'T
STOP...
YOU'RE
SO DEEP!

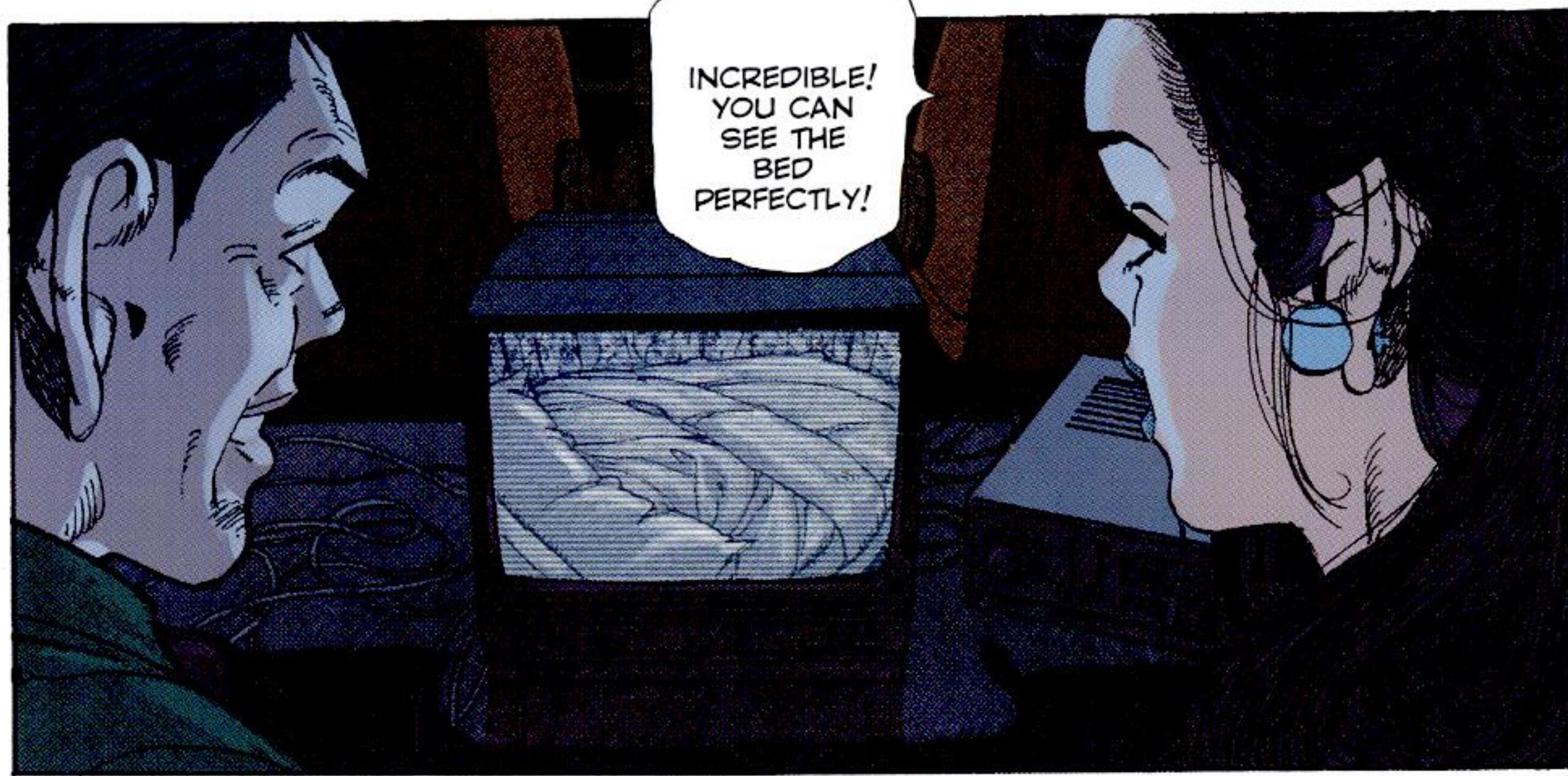
OH,
OH!

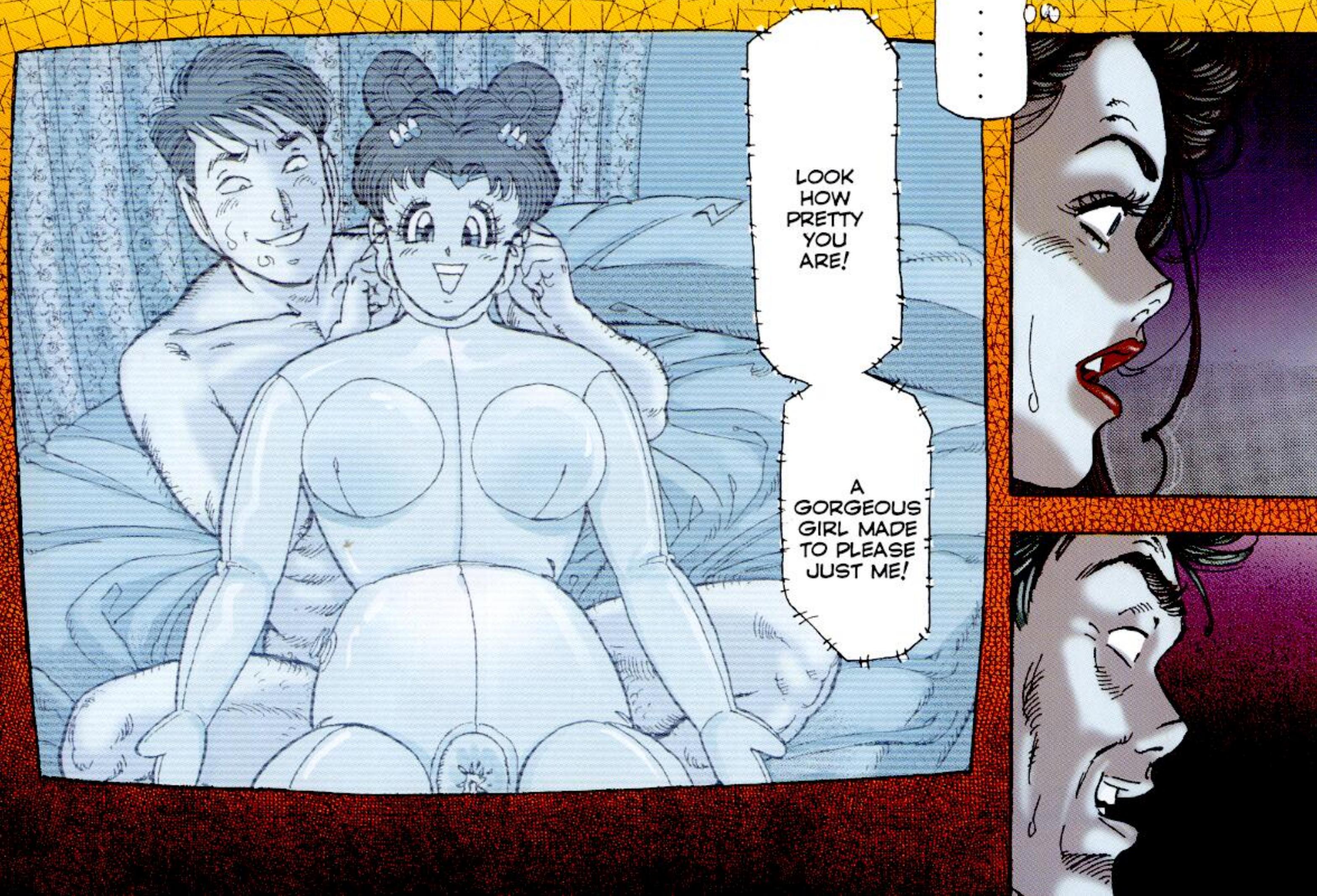
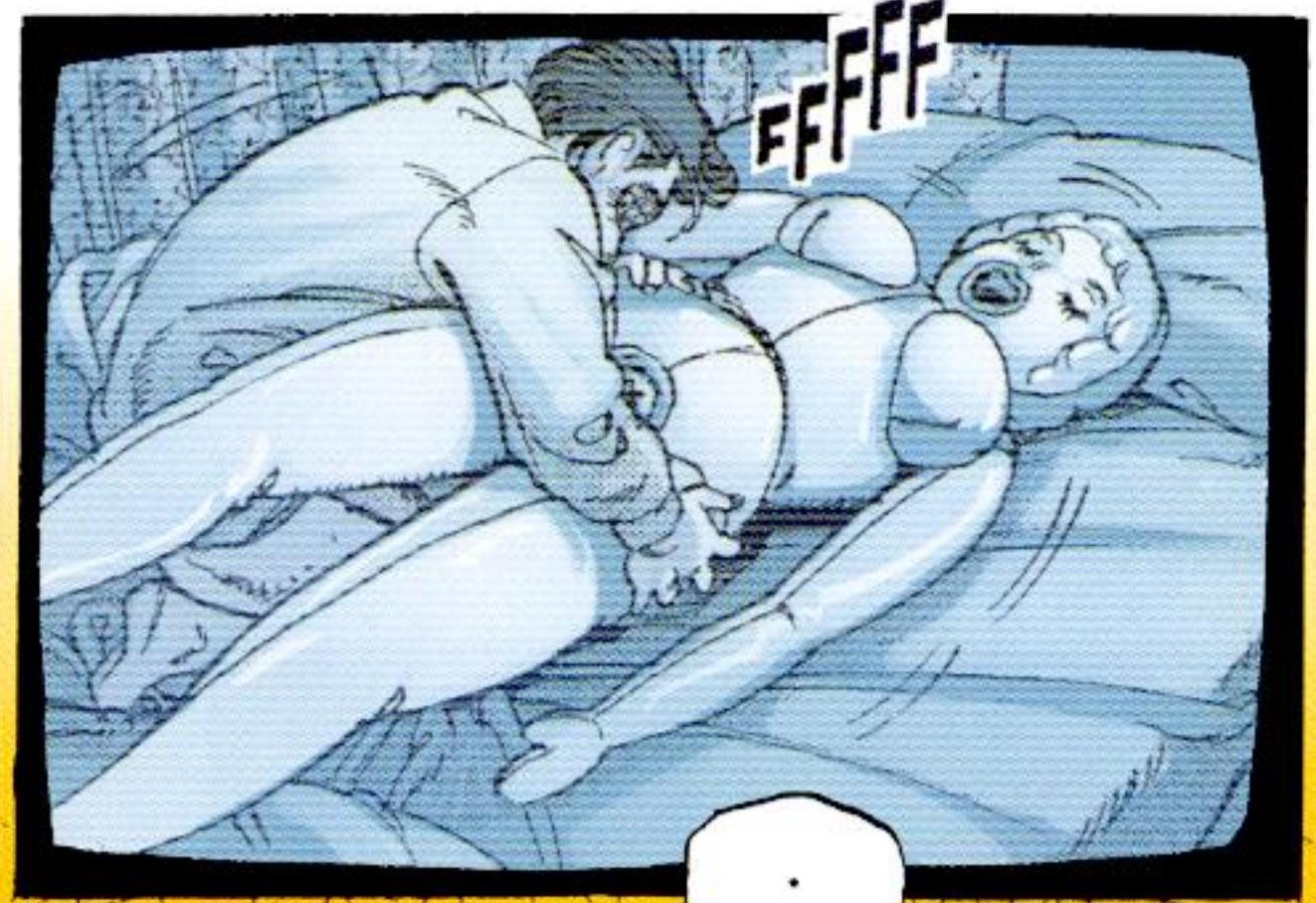
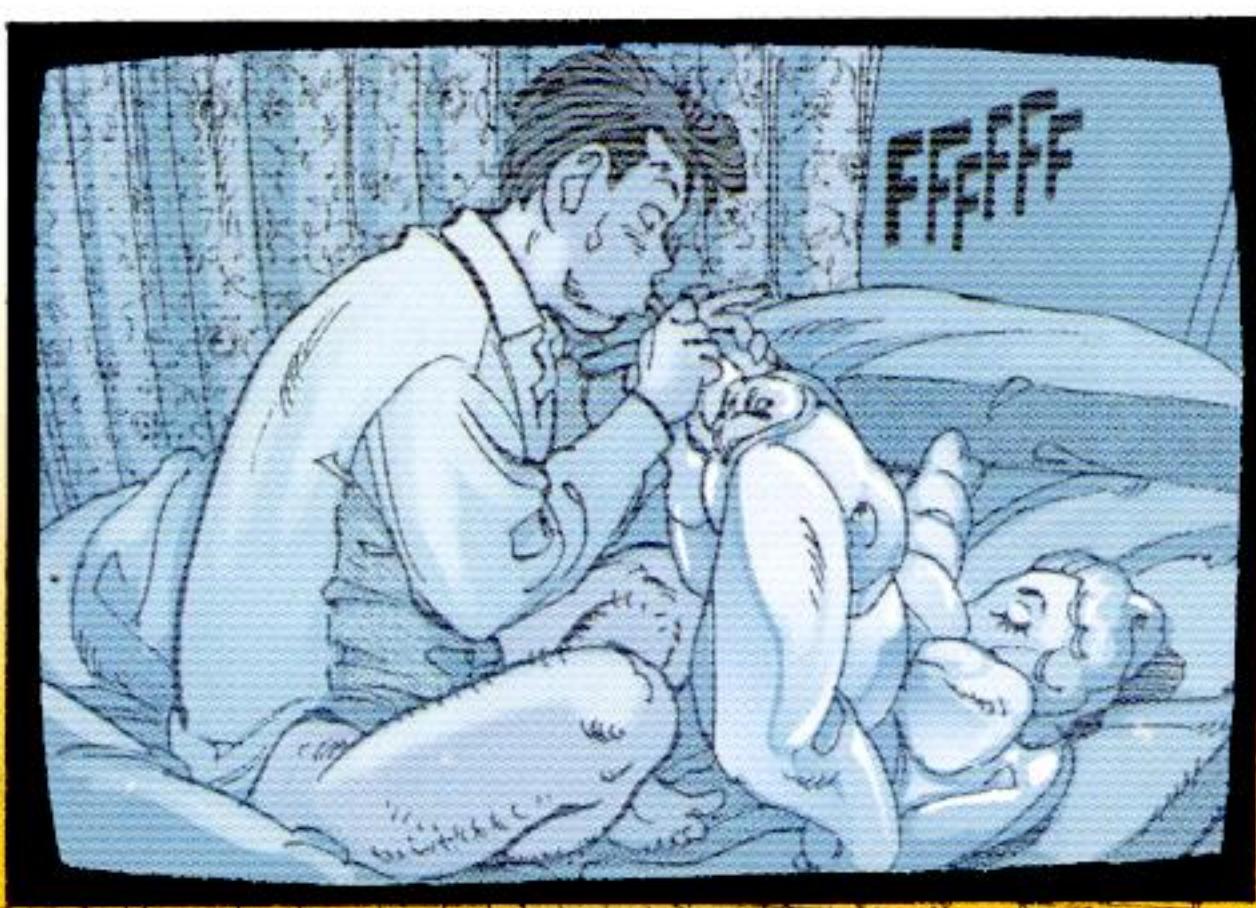
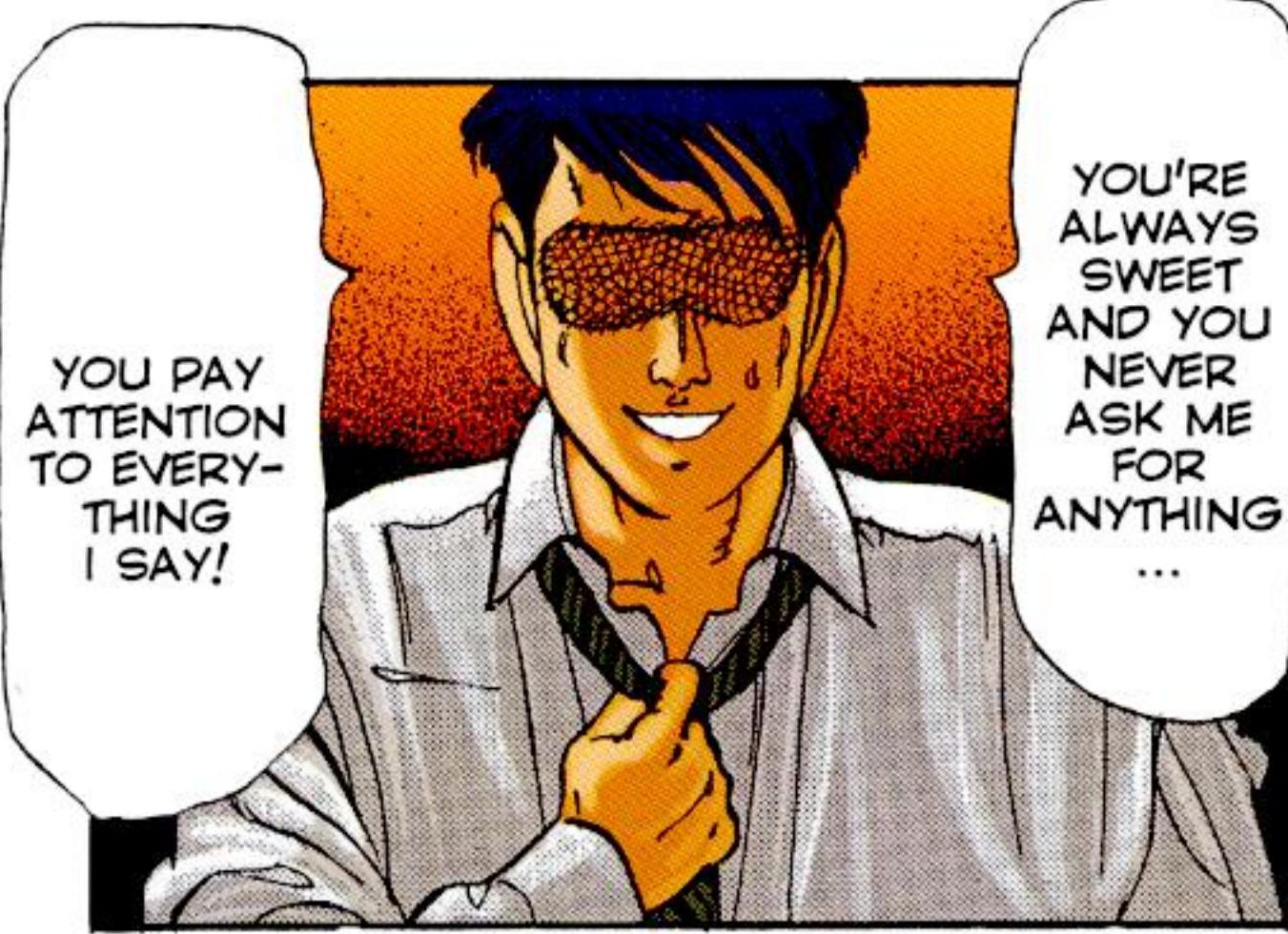
ah
ah
ah:

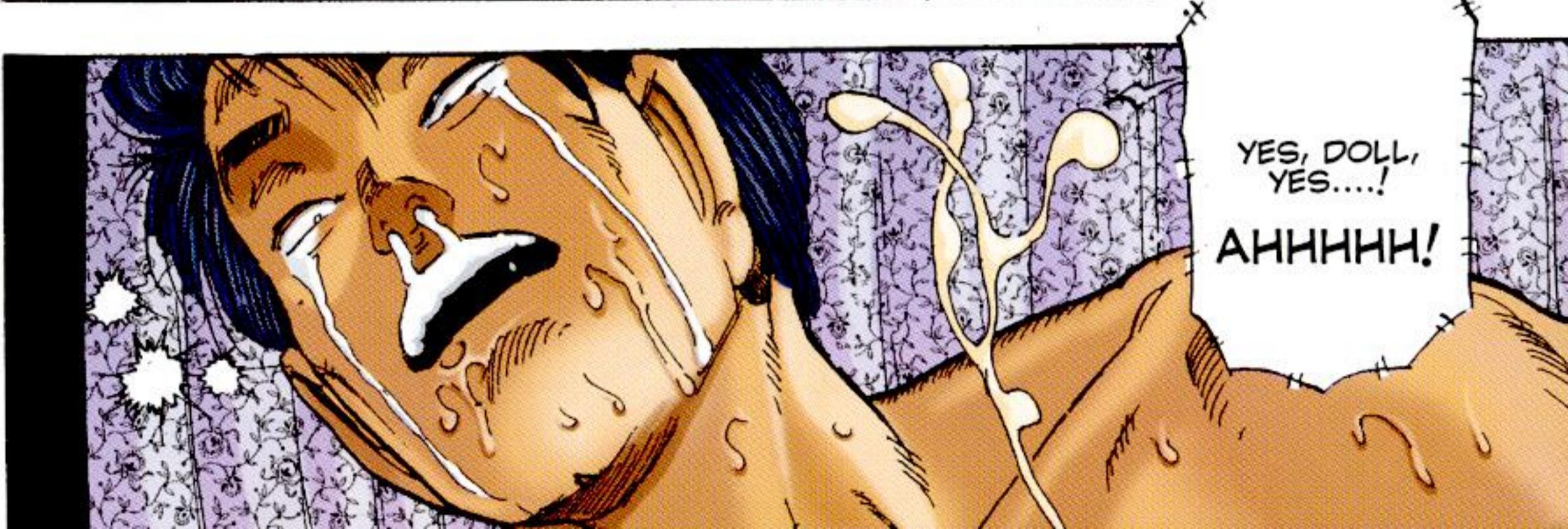
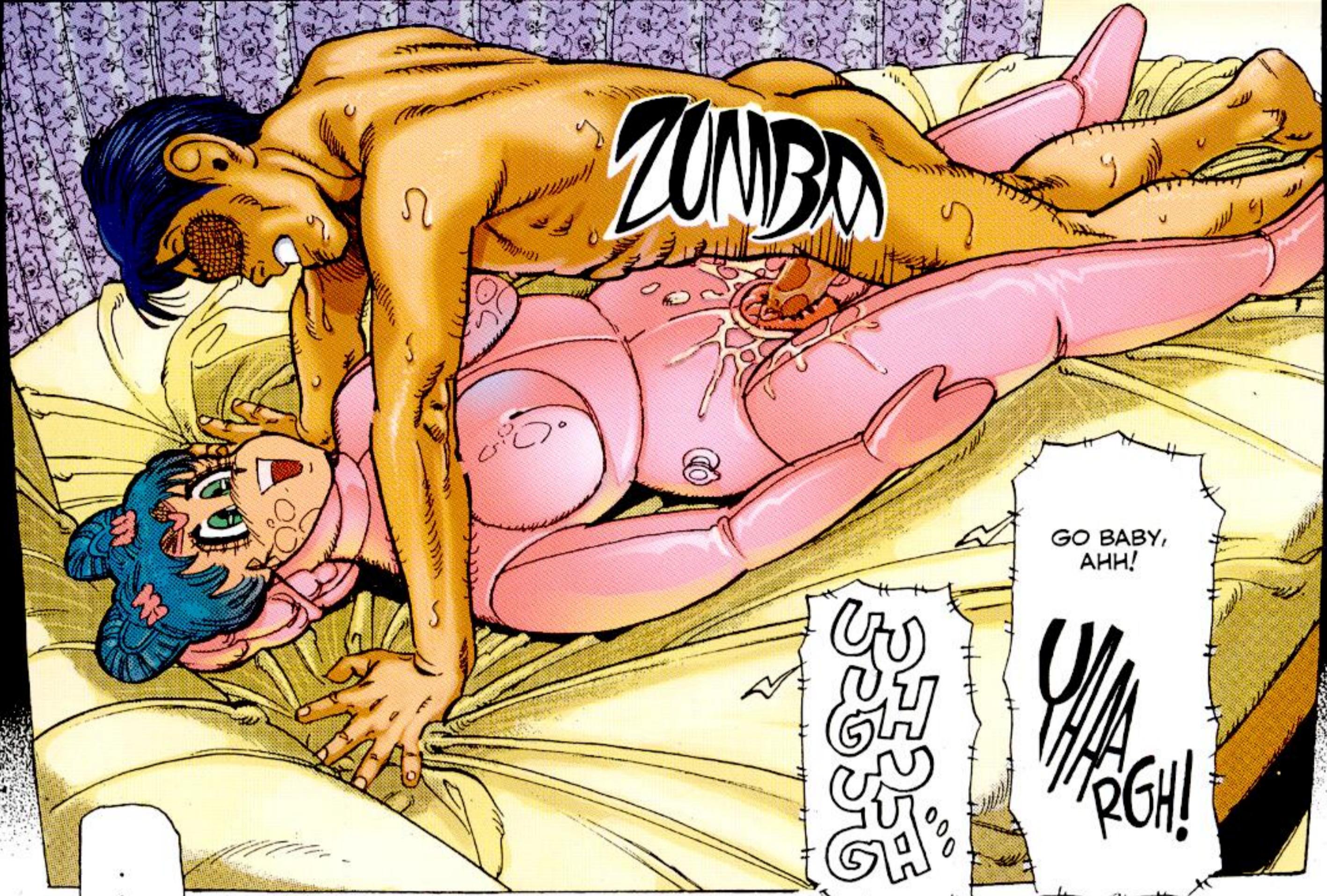


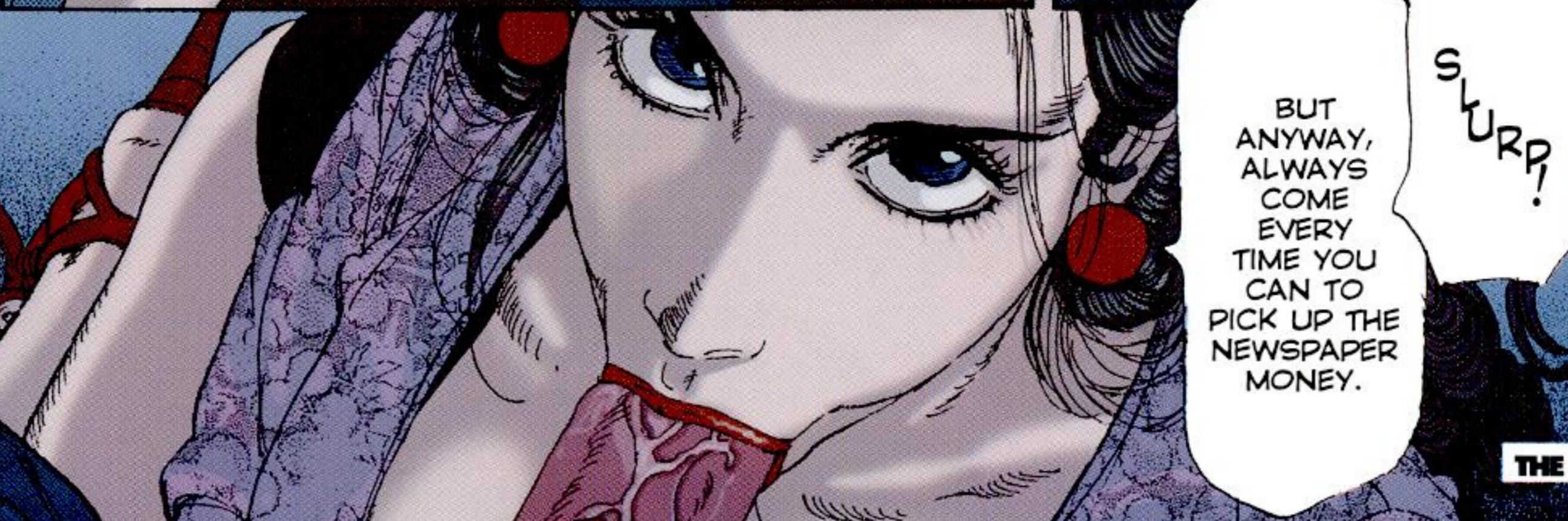
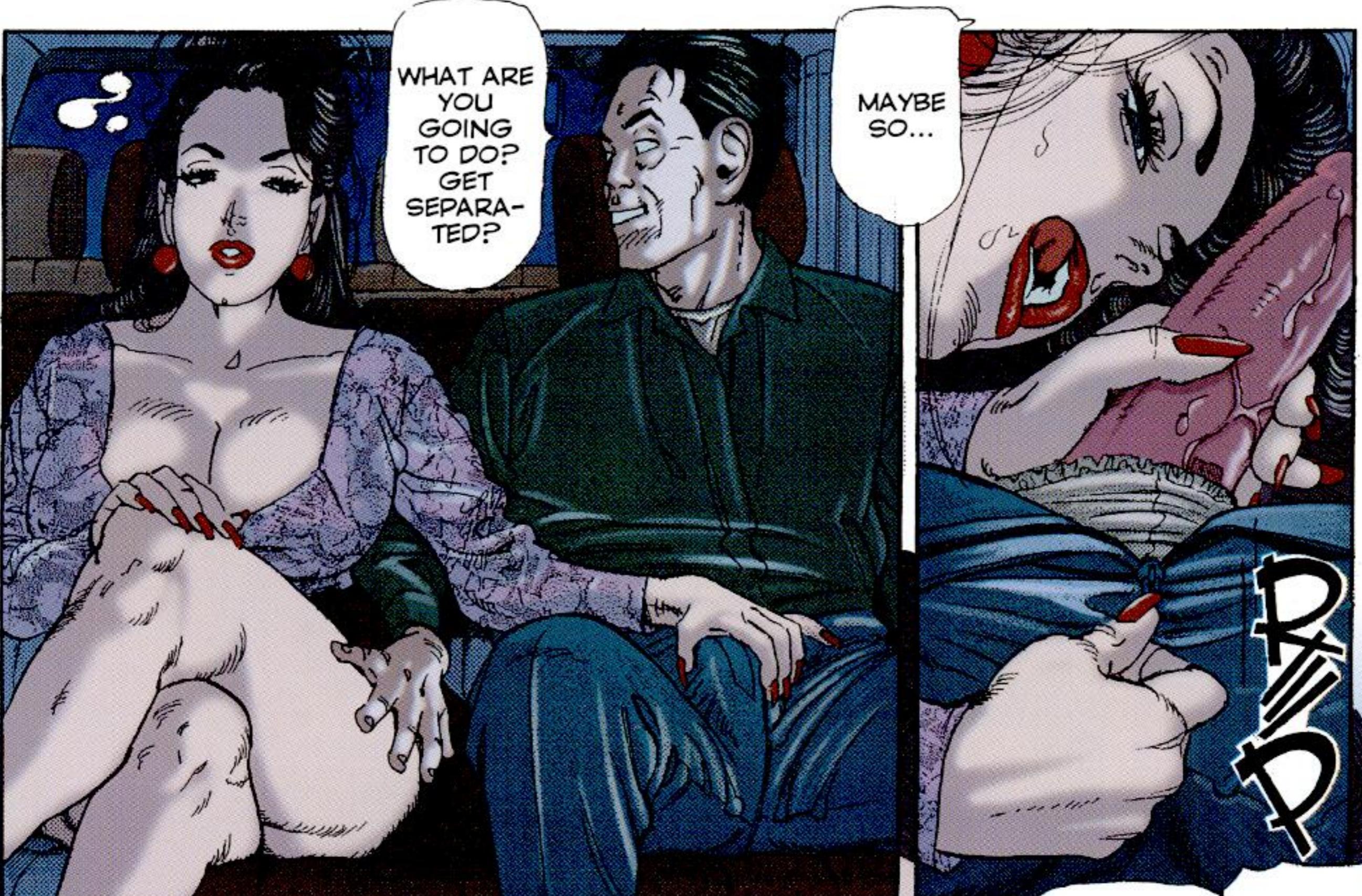
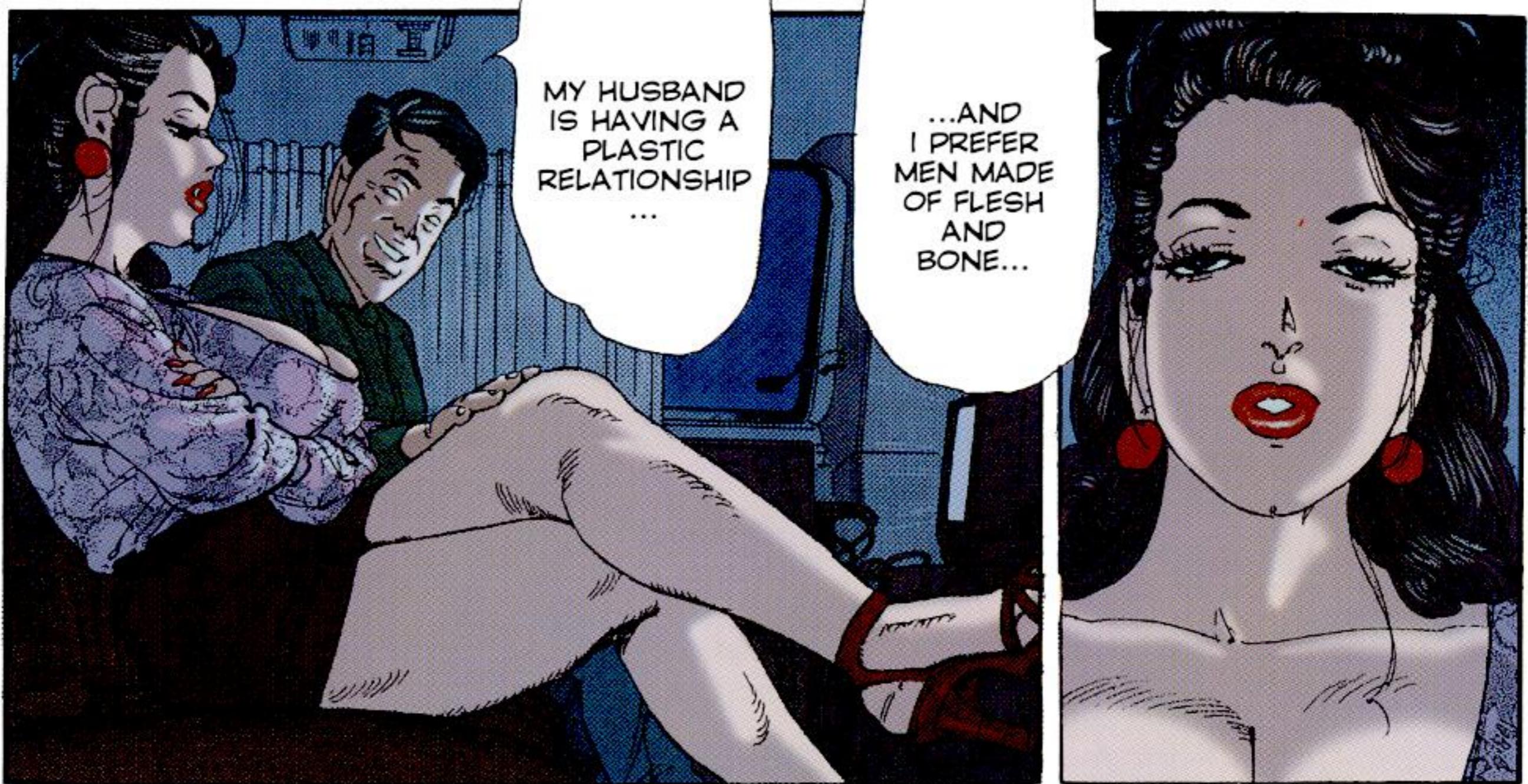












"Just do me."
-Frankie Nitti

The doors shut before she could react. The subway car started moving, she stumbled along a few feet screaming, and we all turned around. And then we saw how her skirt flew off, stuck in the doors of the car she tried to get on.

Believe me, late at night, the New York subway isn't the best place to be wearing only underpants. Only five people saw what happened, from the opposite side of the platform. A group of three black girls, a middle-aged Latino guy and me. In fact, the three black girls were after me—not a big deal, really; they had me confused with a guy who was blackmailing one of their brothers—but luckily they got distracted by the unfortunate incident involving that poor girl.

She was an African-American beauty. She couldn't have been older than 18, for those of you who are counting. She was wearing a tight yellow shirt and a brown skirt that had gotten ripped off so dramatically. And a pair of white panties underneath which, even at a distance, you could make out a dense bush of thin black hair. The girl looked at us and immediately wet her pants from the shock. The hairs stuck to the damp white cloth and, caught up in the moment, I started counting them. The girl closed her legs like a frightened fawn and looked at us.

The Latino guy decided that that was enough and got in line for the exit to leave with a lasting memory for the evening. The three black girls forgot me for the moment and jumped over the tracks towards the accidental siren, who, with the song of her pee, provoked a fatal attraction within us...for her.

The girl tried to run away too late. There was already one guy blocking one of the exits, another blocking the other one, and the third in front of her, touching his dick as if he were trying to calm an animal. But in reality he was jacking it up.

They weren't kidding around. They grabbed her by the arms and ripped her panties off. I lit up a Lucky and sat down to enjoy the show. The girl was too surprised to react. The guys pulled out their dicks and only then did she move. But they had a good grip on her. No more trains were coming at that hour, and so the poor girl had no way of escape. They rubbed her titties, pushed her down on her knees and made her face the biggest dick; and the competition was pretty hard, I can assure you.

I didn't notice one of the black girls sneaking up

Shooting in the Subway

until she had her hand on the guy's dick. A shower of splinters fell on the girl's face like streams of cum. The girl had his dick in her hand. The guy had a stupid look on his face. The other guys' dicks shrank so much from the shock that it was impossible for them to get it up again. It didn't matter. The two other black girls took off running and left the poor guy howling and spurting blood. The asshole snatched his amputated dick from the black girl like he was a starving man stealing a hot dog, and started to run. The girl was still on her knees, as if her prayer had been answered.

From this same position, she turned her head and looked at me. She was nude from the waist down and clothed from just the waist up. Her top lip was shining with sweat and her eyes were wide with fear. Her bladder started to relax again. The stream flowed into several for a while this time, each stream running further than the one beside it. I didn't keep my cock in my pants, to see if something more would happen.

Her bush was wet like a billy goat's beard. She herself looked down at how she was dripping. Then she lifted her gaze up to meet my eyes and did something that completely caught me off guard. She smiled.

And then, slowly, she crouched down on her heels, without breaking eye contact with me, without stopping smiling. Her hand slid down between her legs, open like the waters of the Red Sea, her thighs separated and her asshole shining from the golden shower she'd just let loose. And then she started to masturbate.

I felt like an idiot, sitting there with my dick in my hand. I carefully kept it close to me, in case it had something to do with her sudden onanistic

impulses. I suspected that it did, but not because of some coincidence: it really seemed like a personal fantasy made reality. I had doubts about pulling my cock out completely. I decided to wait and see how my rescued princess would do it.

She managed beautifully. With a malicious smile, legs separated, she exposed her pussy fully, with big black lips, stretched and shiny with pussy juice and piss, her clitoris sticking out like a probe searching for tactile stimulation. Her fingers played with it. Her dark eyes didn't break away from mine. I felt a bond between her pussy, her eyes, my eyes and my dick. I started to feel faint.

Her nipples stuck to her shirt, following the anguished tendencies of her clitoris. Her short-nailed, unpainted fingers went up and down her vulva. Her middle finger began short immersions into her slit, her tongue stuck out unconsciously from her half-open mouth. Then she stuck her finger inside and took it out, as if she were a rude English girl having tea. Her finger came out wet and then she put it in her mouth, licking it with her tongue to get a taste. She threw her head back in ecstasy. Then she closed her eyes while her hands quickened the pace of her fingering. She squeezed a breast through her shirt, as if she were grabbing her heart. Her legs tensed up and a frothy stream shot out of her onto the rails.

I closed my eyes and came. My whole body contracted in an unexpected paroxysm, my hands twitched and my gun went off.

When I opened my eyes, her body was stretched out in the middle of the platform, her pussy was facing me, and her face hidden against the wall. Her blood was mixed with the urine, but I didn't hang around to see what happened next.



X-tasy

IN THE WOODS

by Arino

OH FUCK! YEESSS! MAN,
CAN YOU GIVE HEAD!

NOT HAVING AN APARTMENT'S A
TOTAL BITCH, BUT...FUCKIN' IN
THE WOODS HAS ITS MERITS,
NO?...OOHH...AND I THINK IT
GETS YOU EXCITED.

DO THAT WITH YOUR TONGUE
AGAIN...OH, YES! I'M GONNA
COME REAL SOON...



YOU SUCK DICK
SO WELL!

I LOVE HOW INSATIA-
BLE YOU ARE.

...DID YOU HEAR
SOMETHING?

LIKE THUMPS...

DON'T STOP, I'M
COMING, I'M COMING...!

NGGL

SPLAT

OHHH...YOU'RE
FUCKIN' GREAT...

DID YOU HEAR
THUMPS?

YES, IT SOUNDED LIKE...

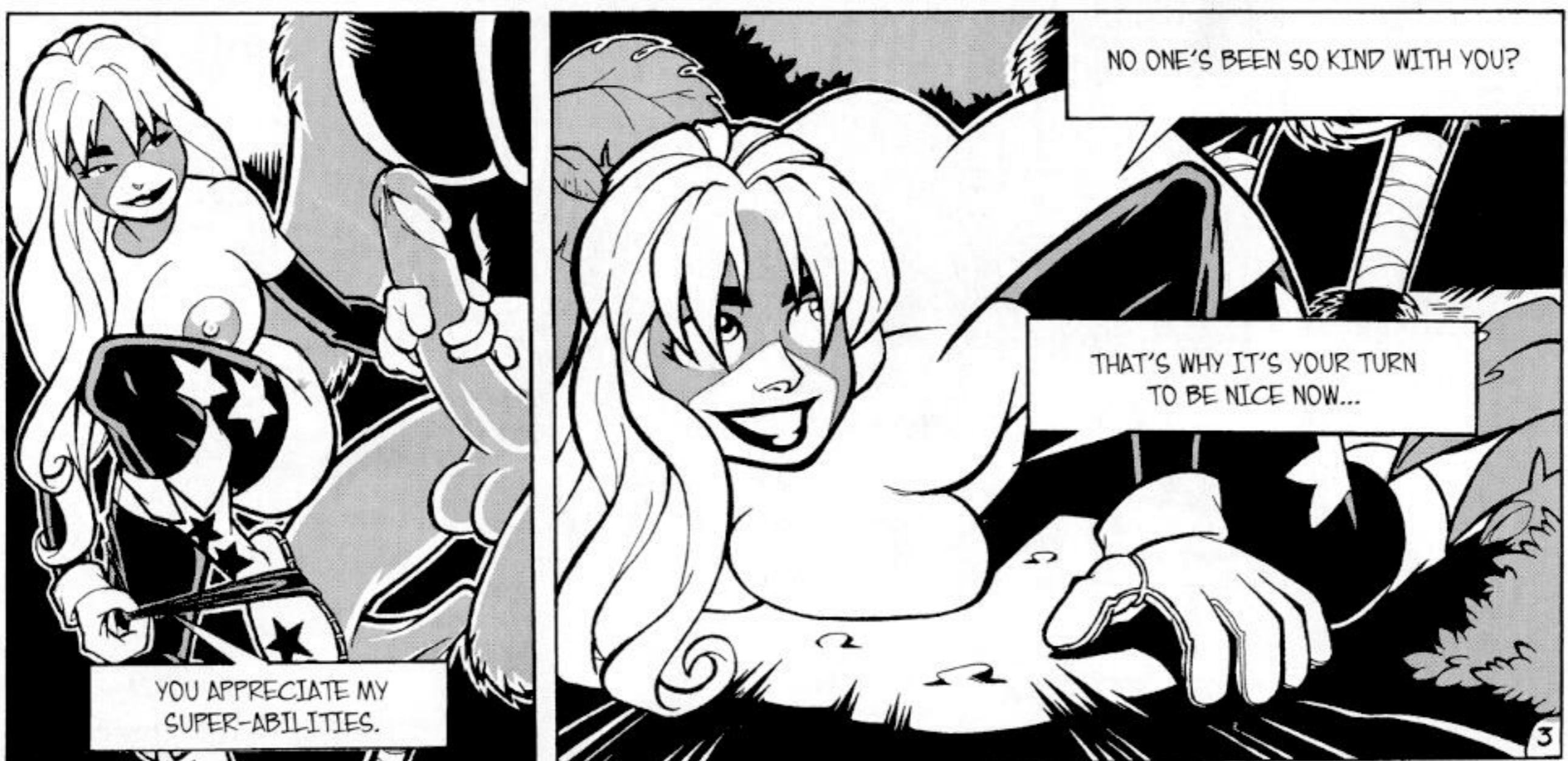
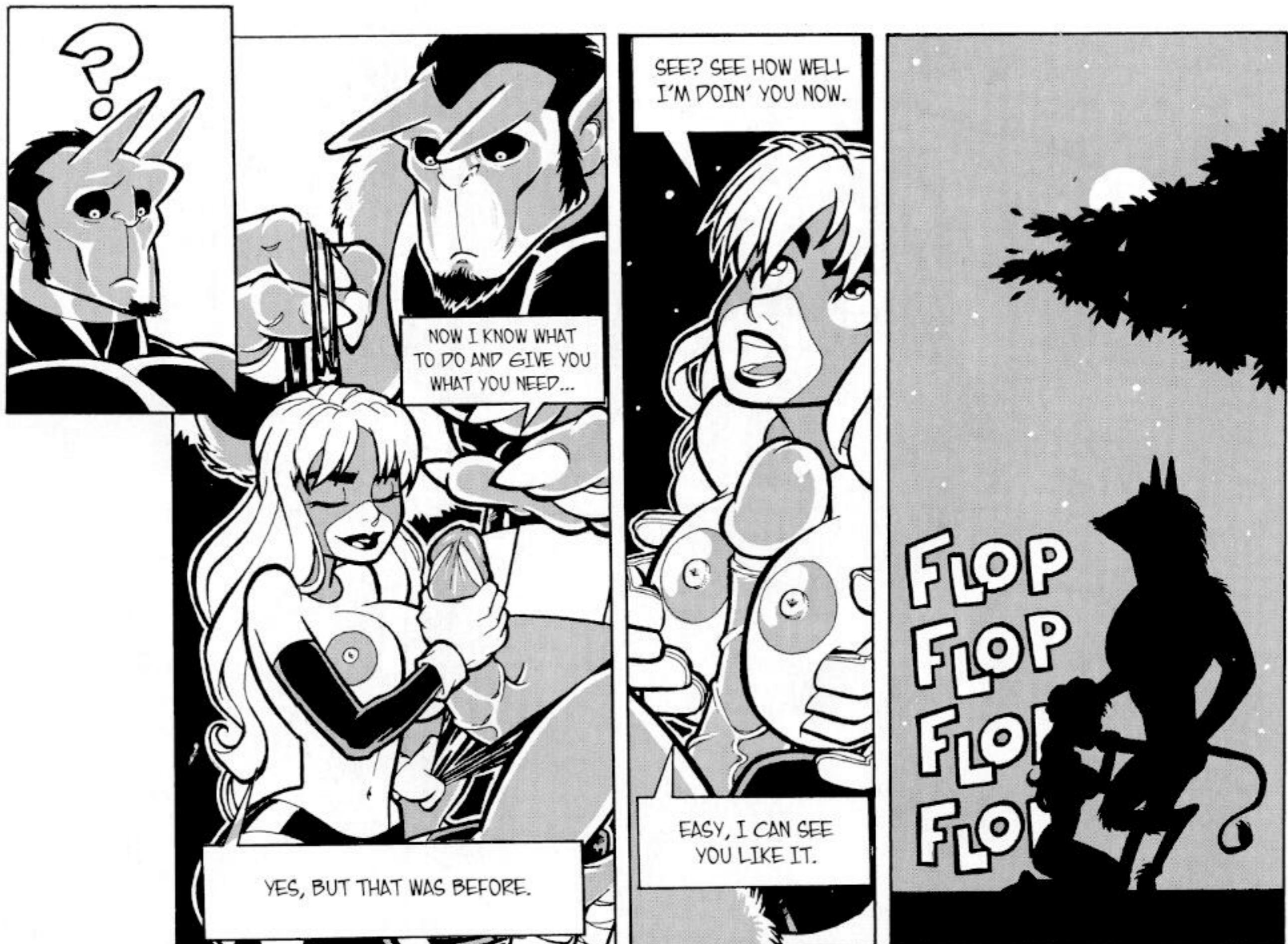


I CAN TELL YOU'RE
HAPPY TO SEE ME,
BUT YOU HAVEN'T
LEARNED ANY
MANNERS SINCE
THE LAST...

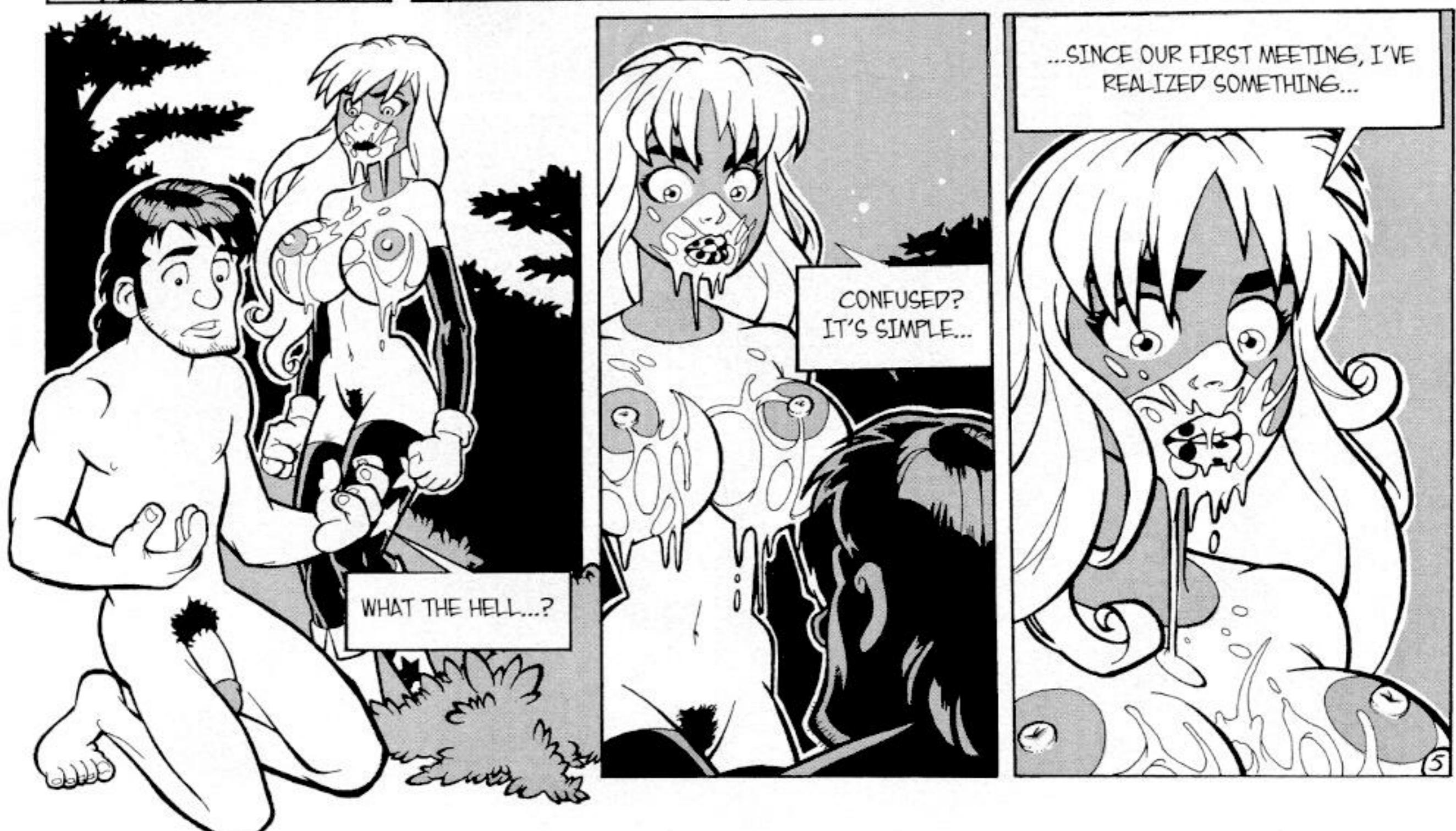
TIIIME...

CORNICO
REMEMBER GIRL, YOU
NAME XTASY.

AND...XTASY PUT
HURTIN' ON AGAIN!







YOU'RE NOT ALWAYS LIKE THIS. THE MUTATION'S DUE TO AN ALTERATION IN YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM.

THE ONLY THING YOU HAVE TO DO IS REVERSE THE PROCESS...

YOU CAN SEE IT'S TOTALLY LOGICAL.

WHEN YOU GET EXCITED YOU START TURNING INTO "CORNICO."

...AND YOU RETURN TO HUMAN FORM.

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO YIELD TO THE LAW...

...NOW THAT YOU'RE NOT A PROBLEM ANYMORE...

ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU THINK IT'S MADE OUT OF WOOD?

WELL, IT WAS FINE FOR A START, BUT I DON'T WANNA STOP HALFWAY...

ARINO'011

THE END

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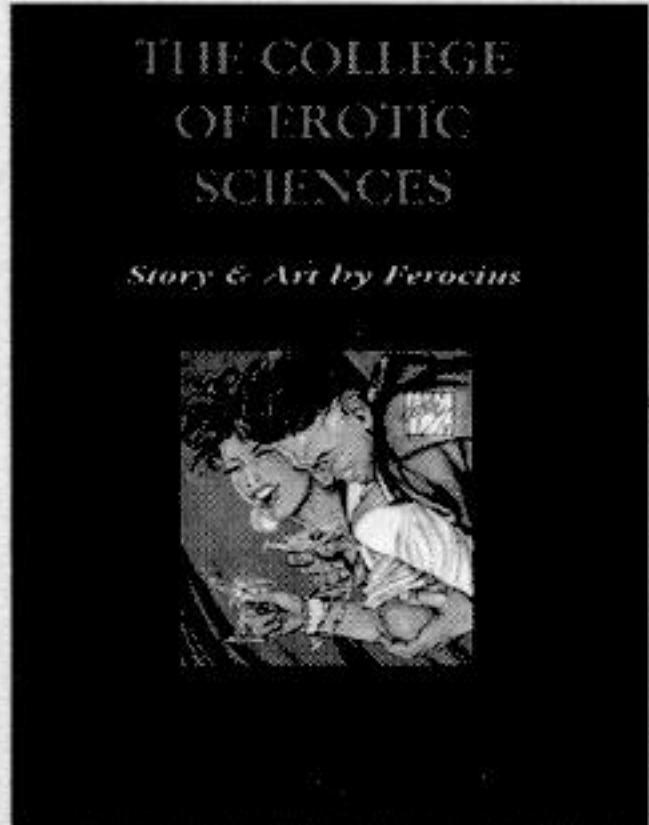
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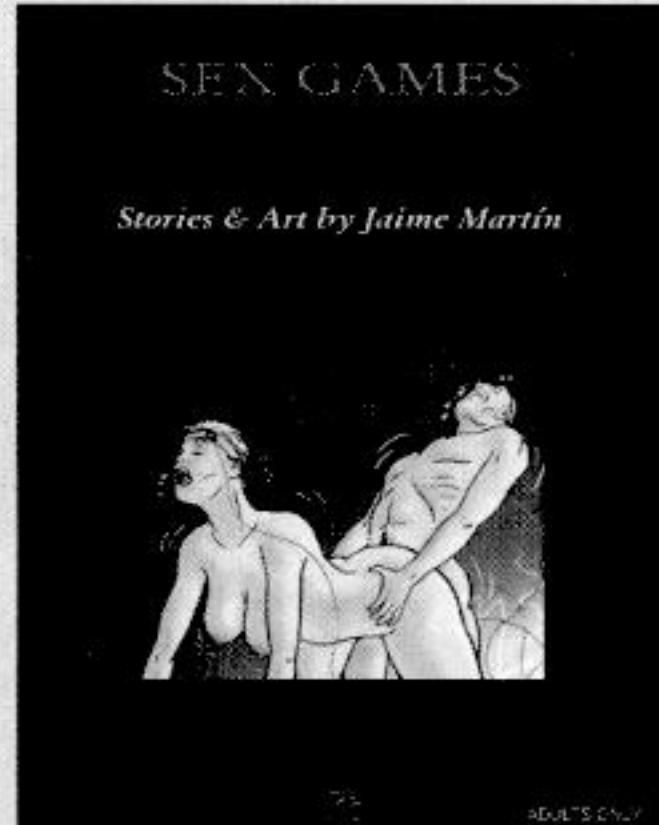
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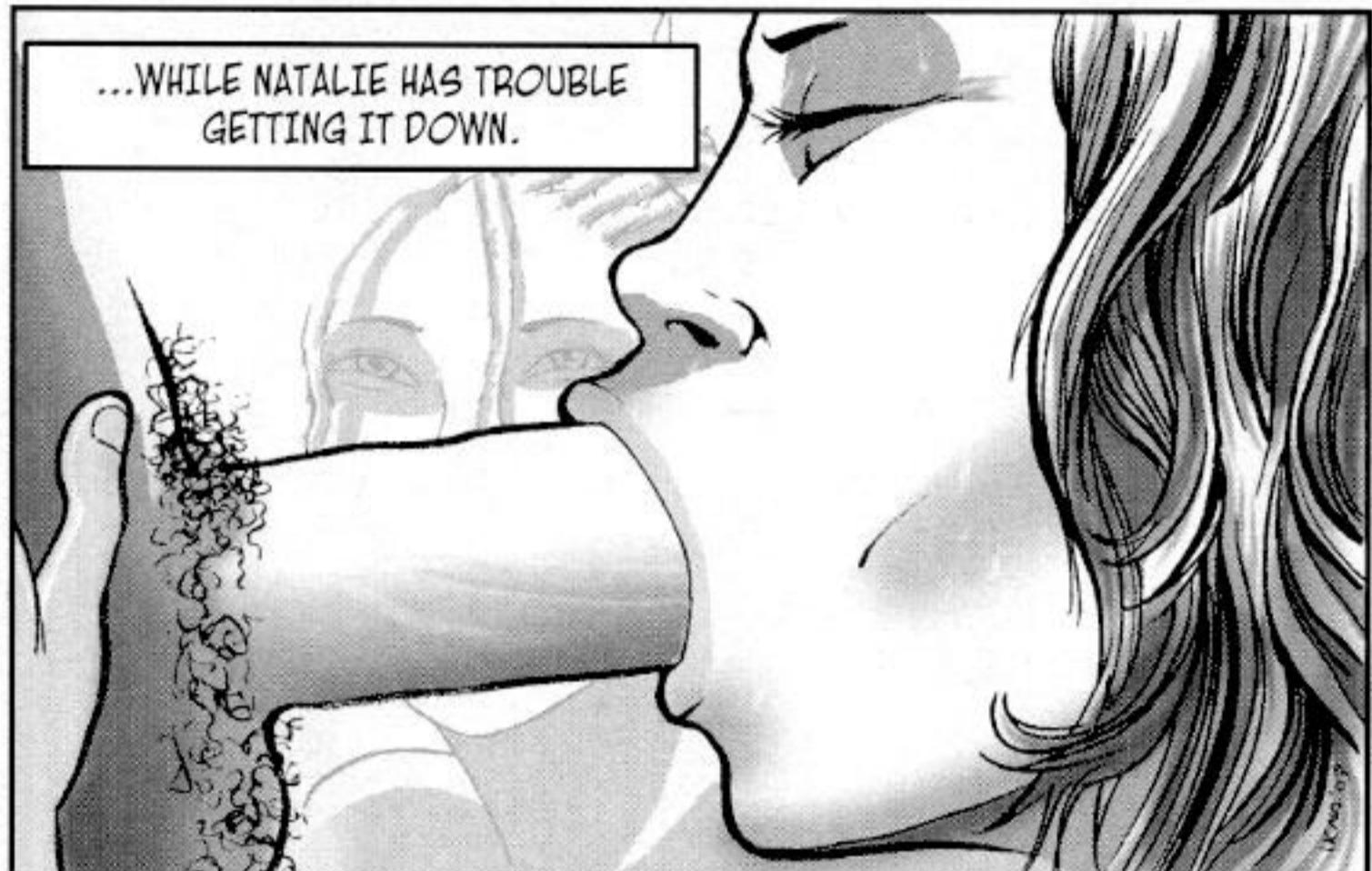
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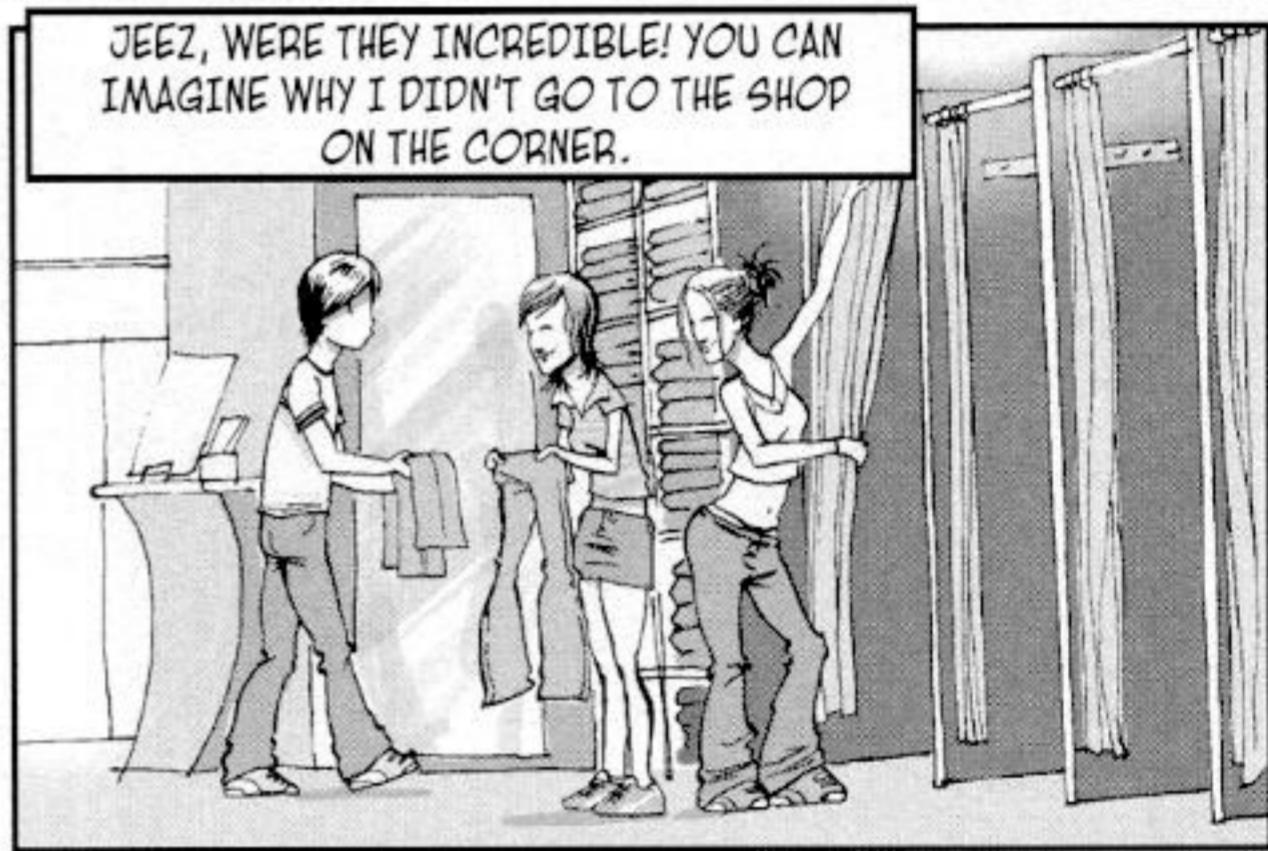
I HAD HALF AN HOUR BEFORE I WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET SYLVIA, AND I'D BEEN WANTING TO BUY A PAIR OF THOSE WORN-LOOKING JEANS THAT WERE IN STYLE.



I TOLD THEM WHAT I WANTED AND THEY LOOKED EVEN HAPPIER THAN BEFORE. THEY BROUGHT ME SEVERAL PAIRS RIGHT AWAY.



JEEZ, WERE THEY INCREDIBLE! YOU CAN IMAGINE WHY I DIDN'T GO TO THE SHOP ON THE CORNER.



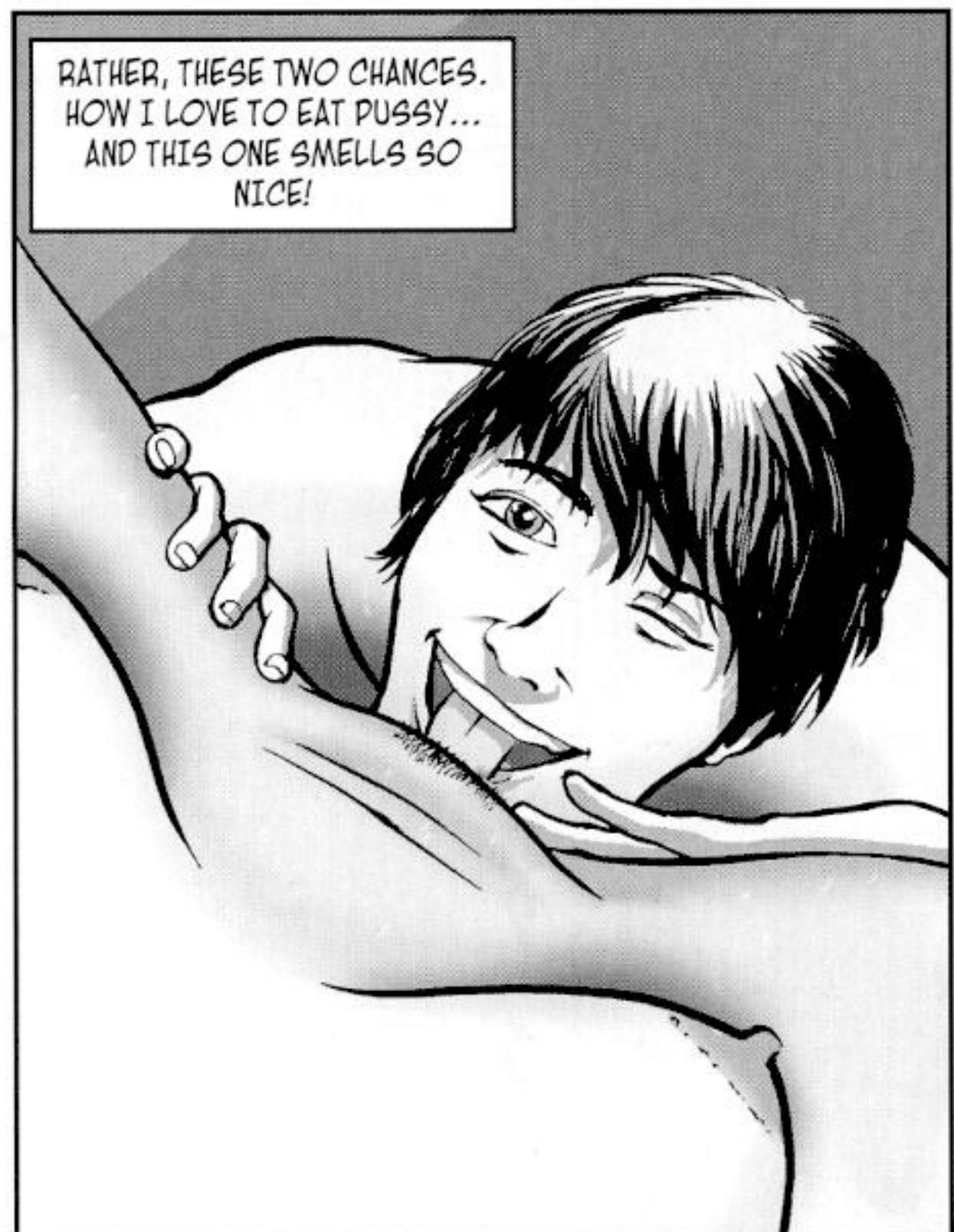
I WAS TAKING MY TIME. WHEN IT COMES TO CLOTHES, I DON'T LIKE TO RUN IN AND OUT...

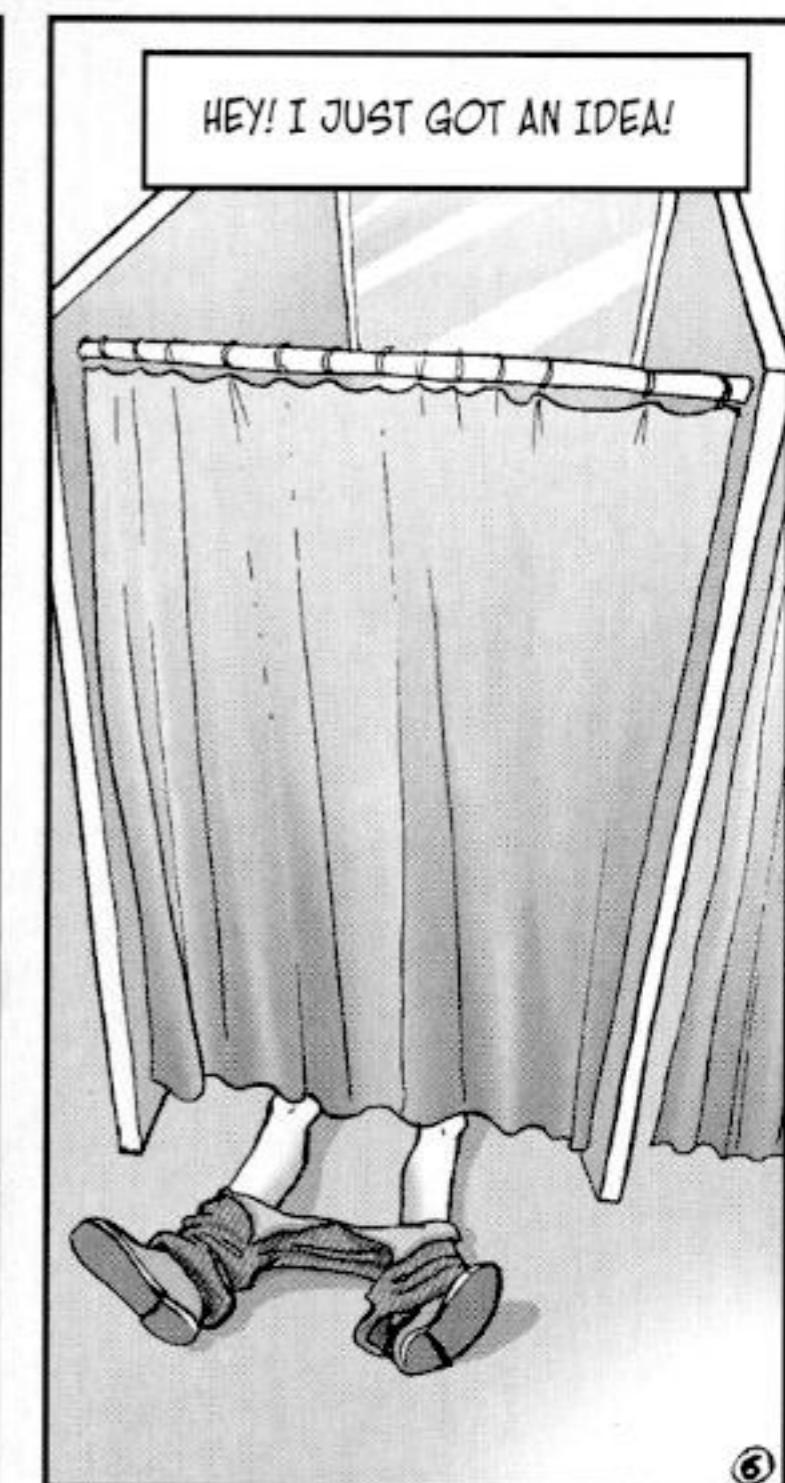


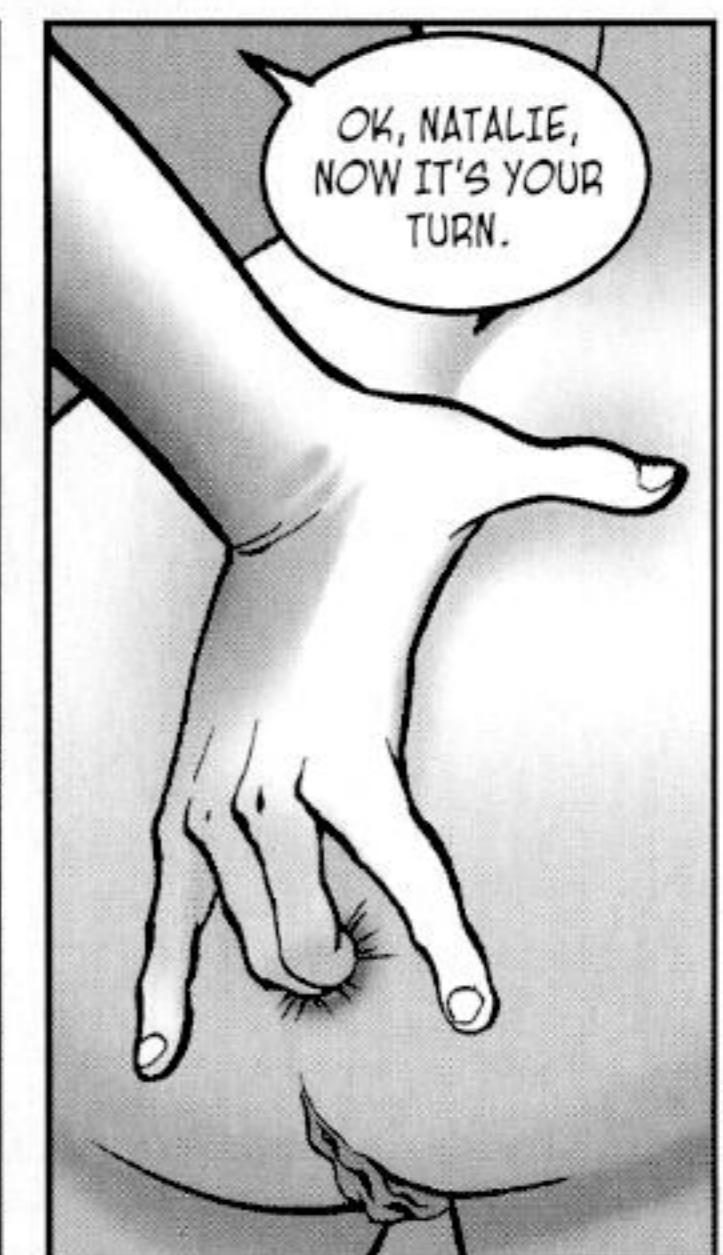
LITTLE DID I KNOW, THAT WAS WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT!

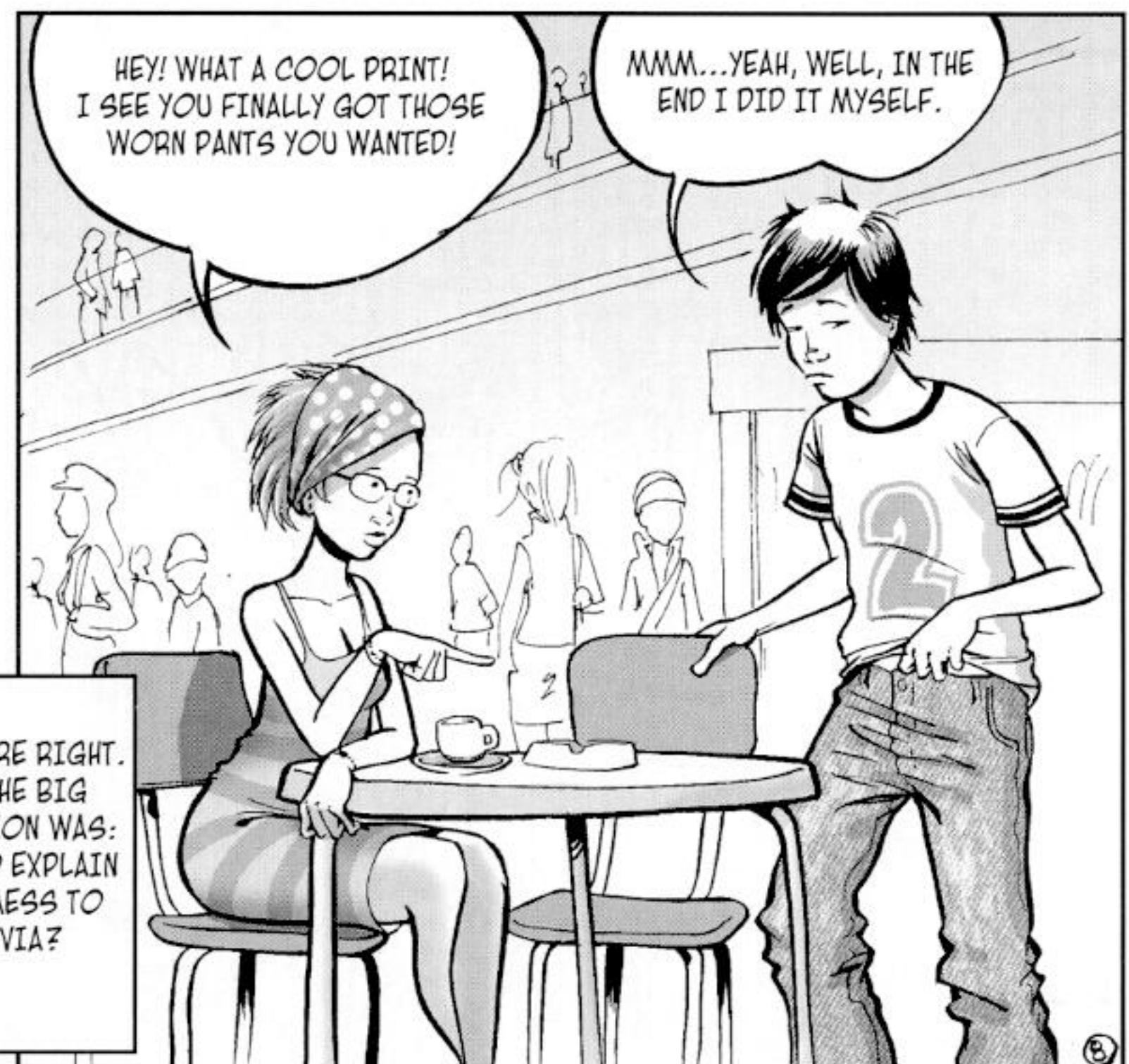


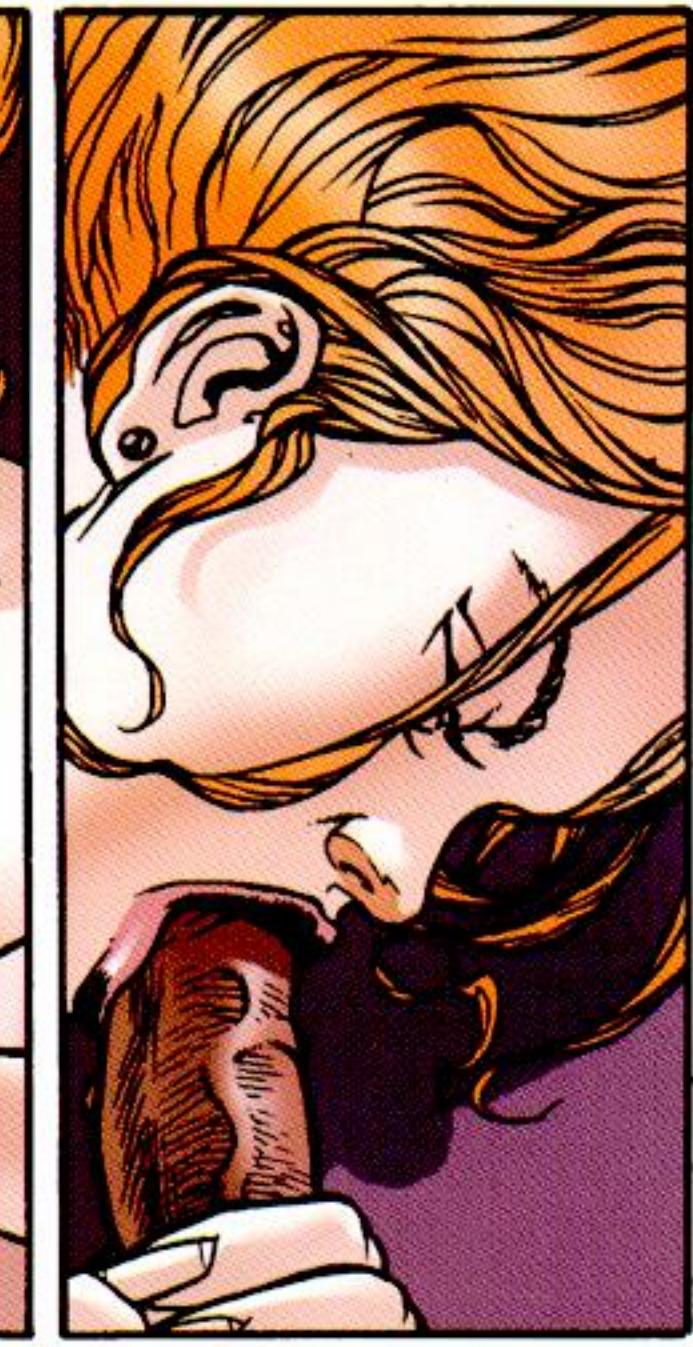


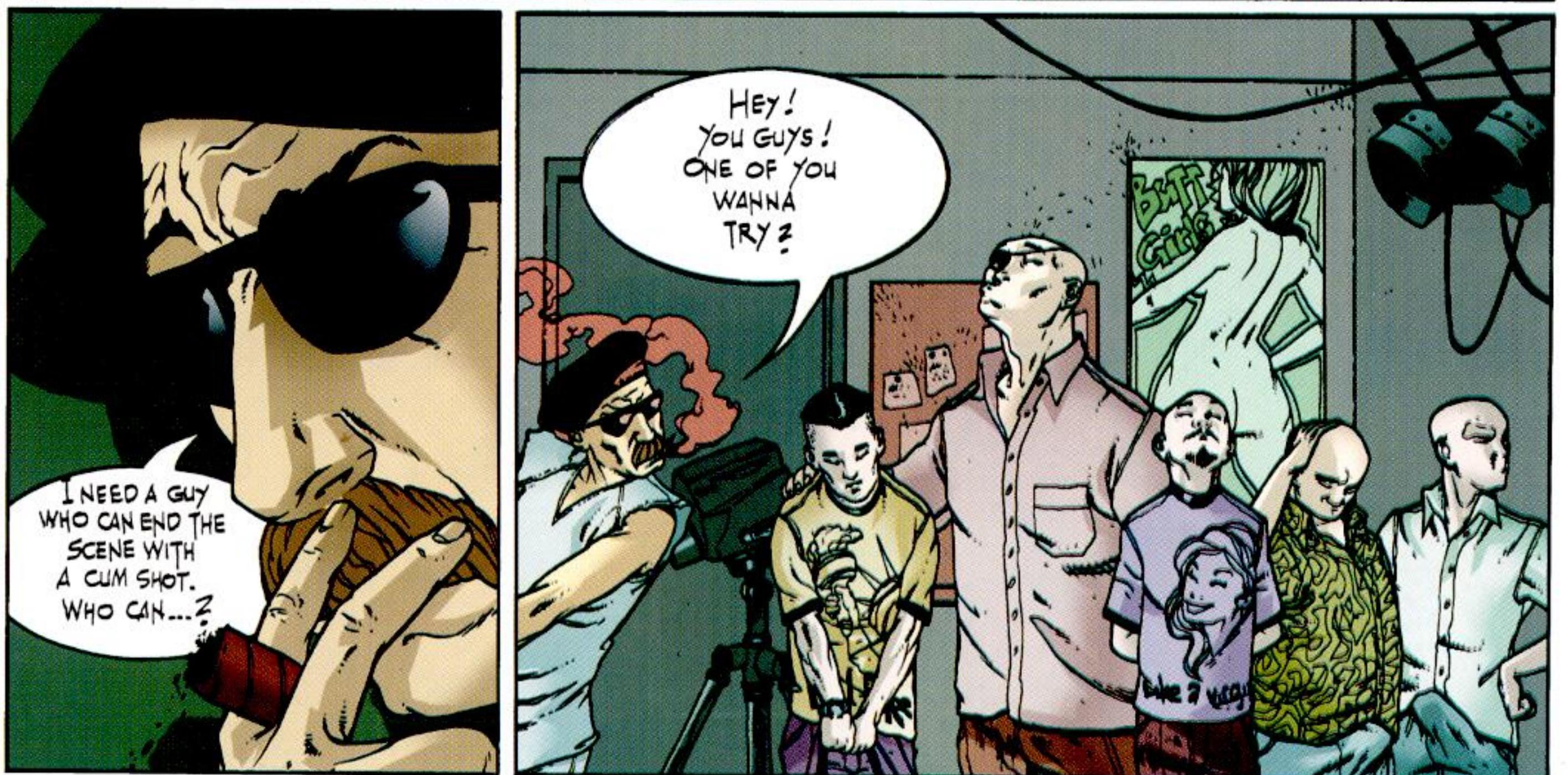


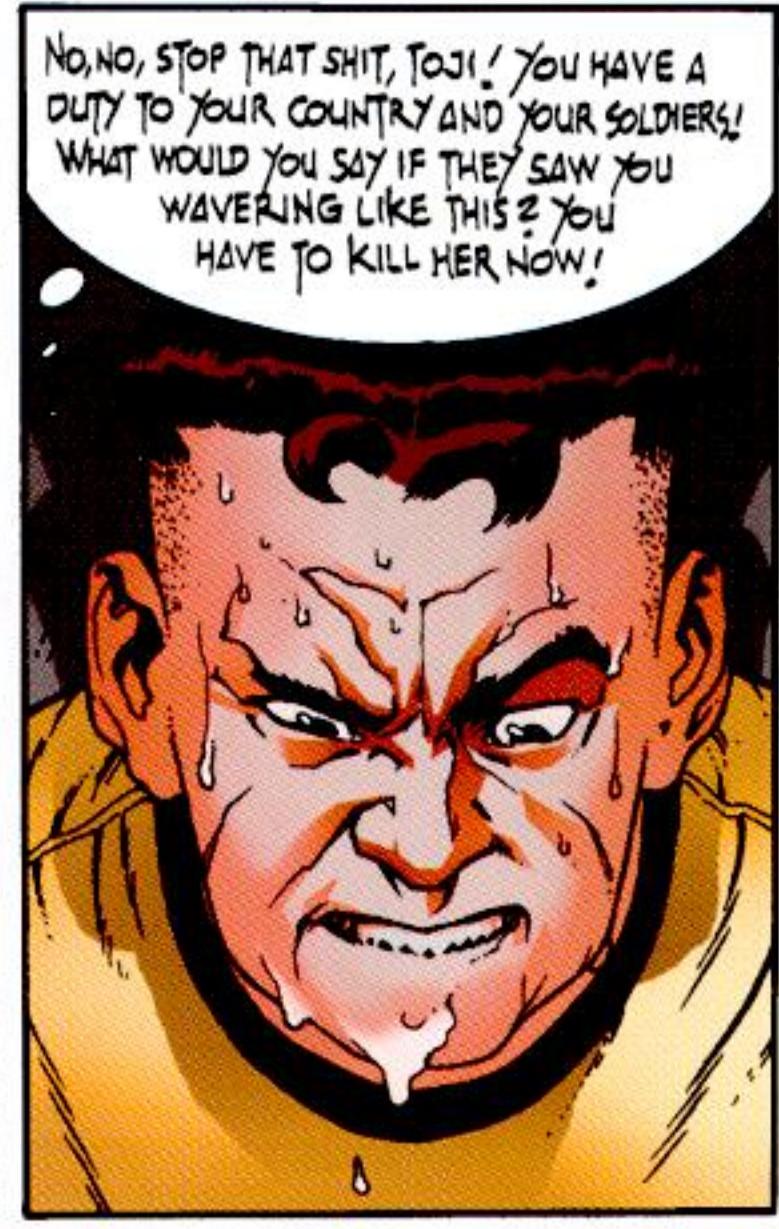
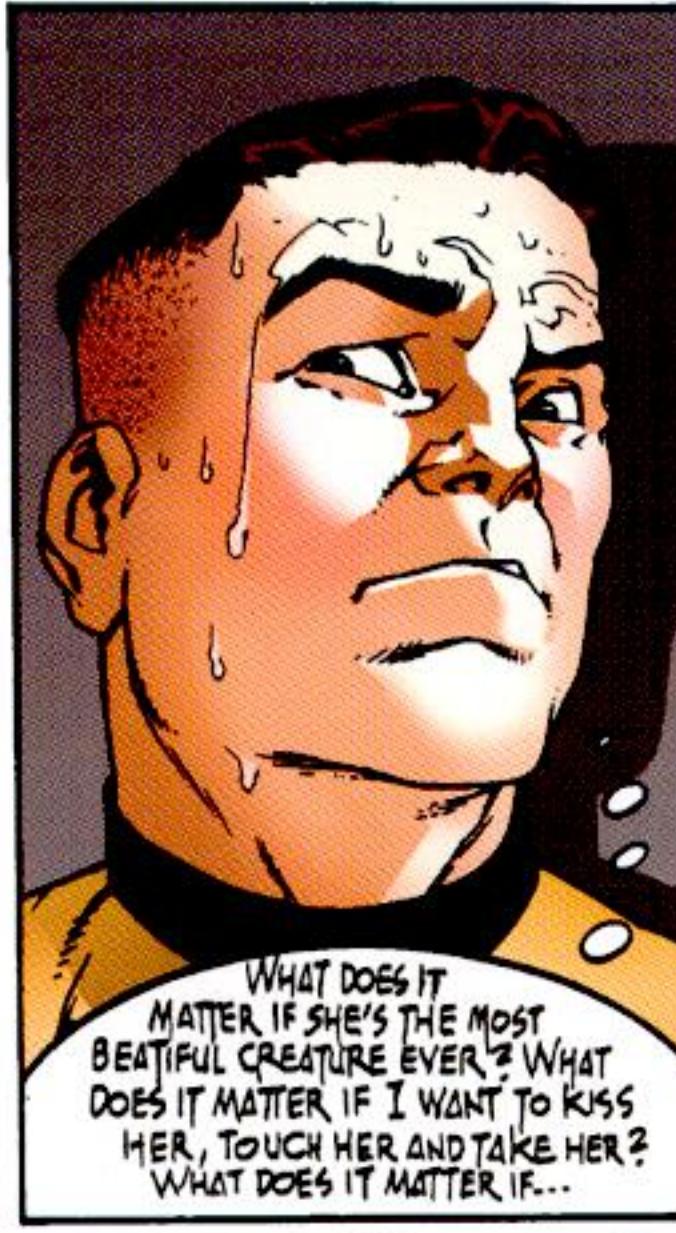
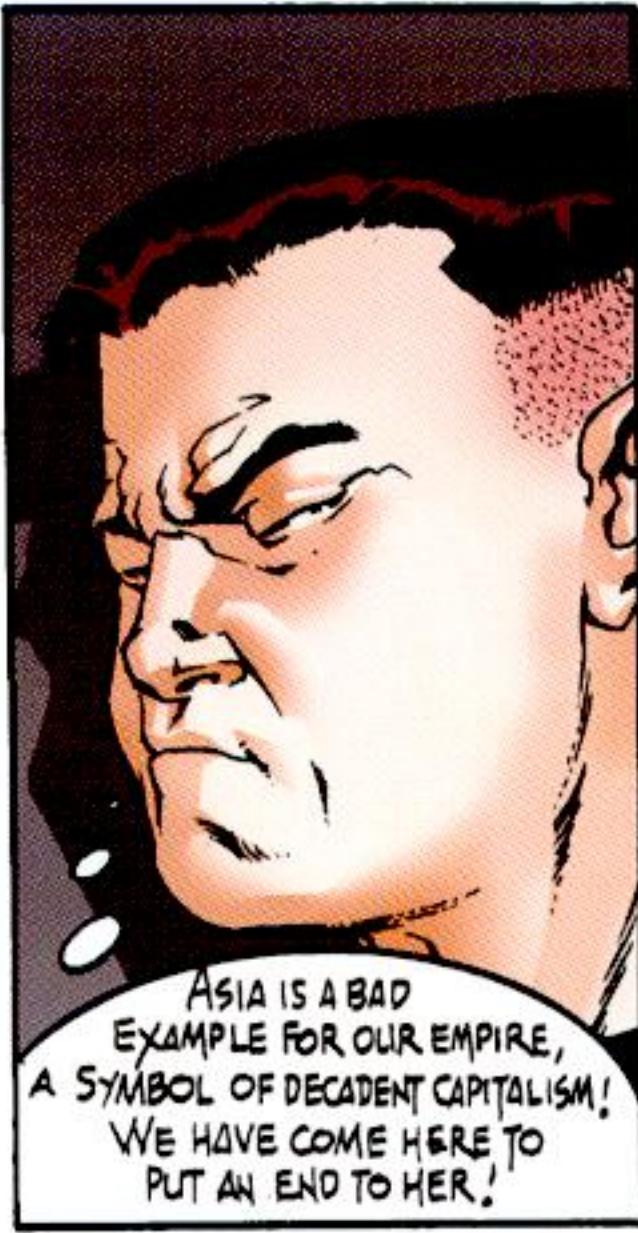




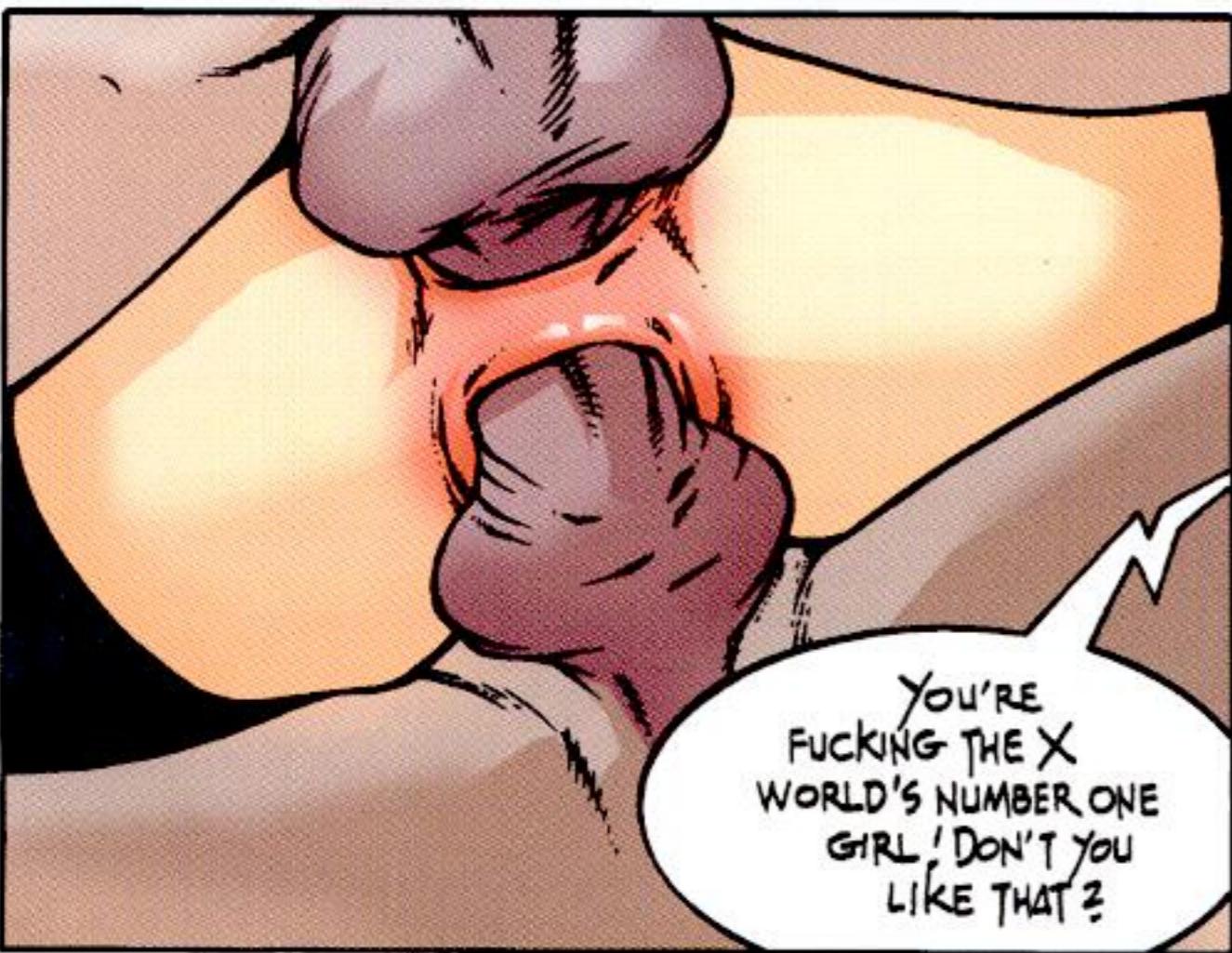
















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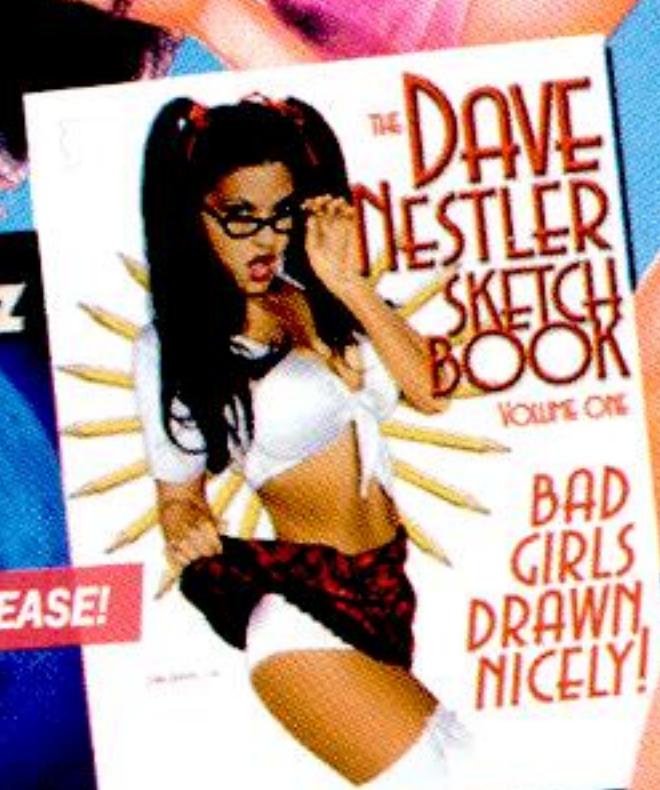
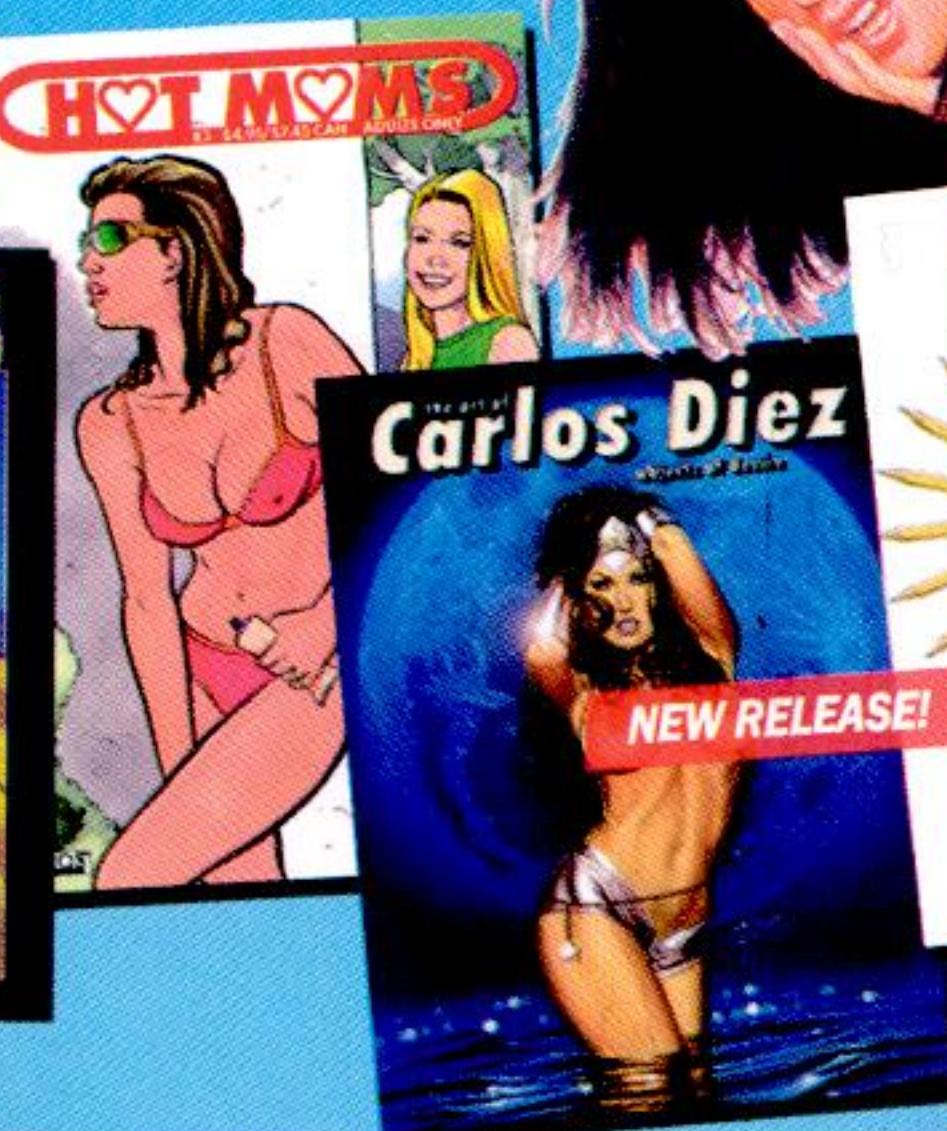
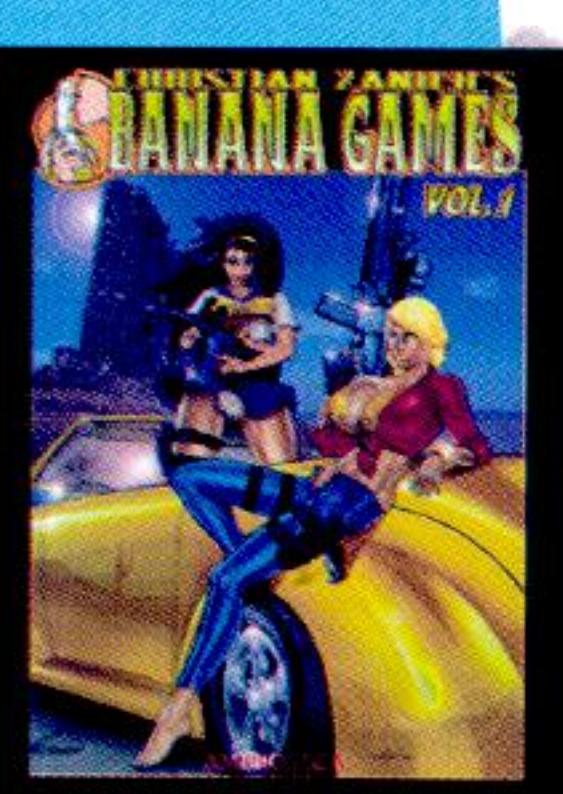
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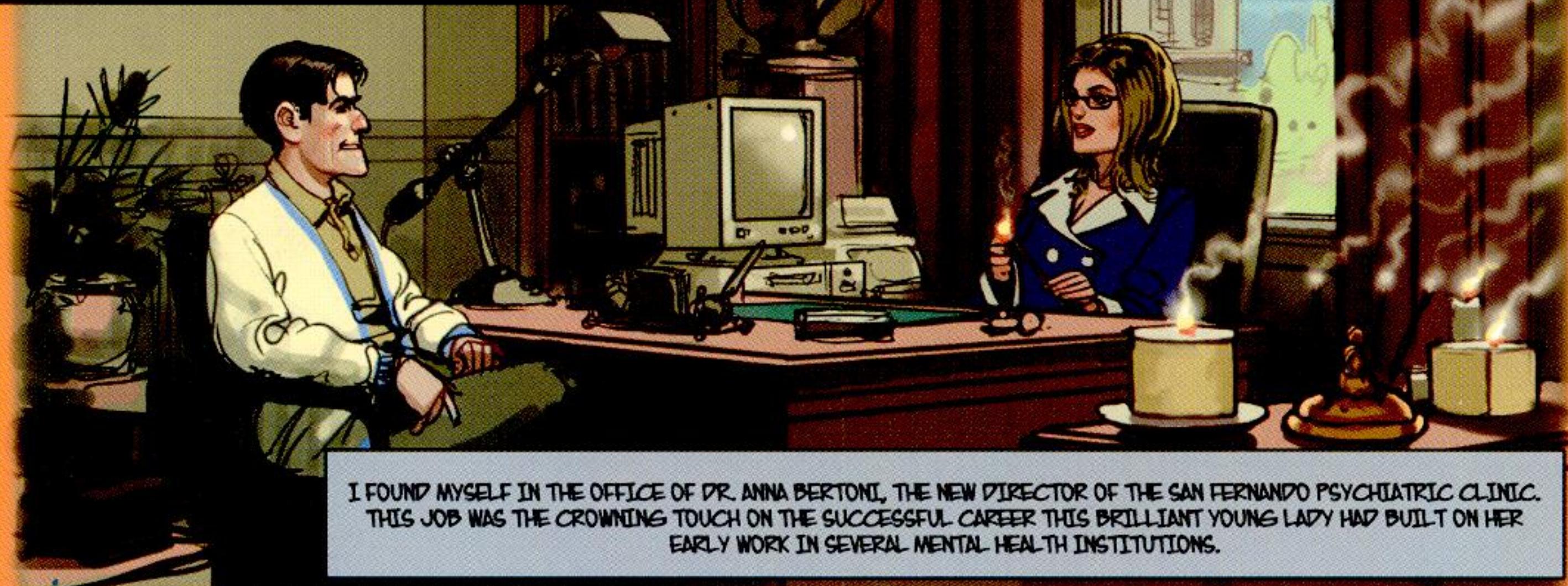
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THE PIANO TUNER IN THE LOONY BIN

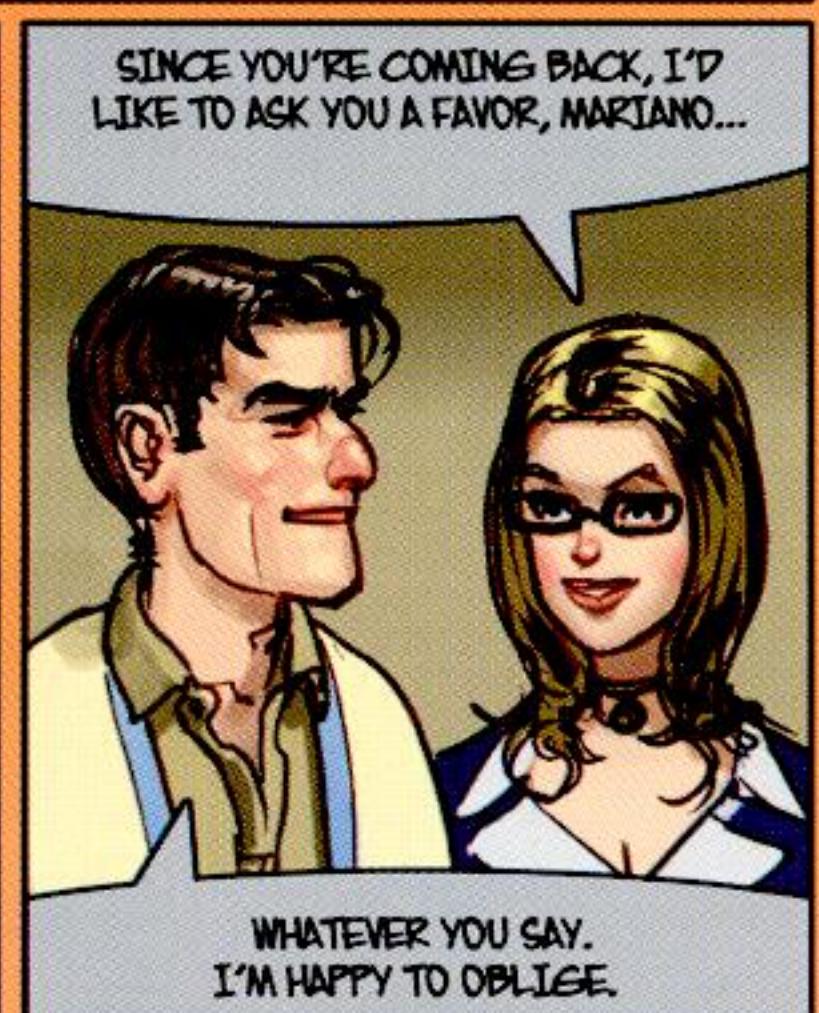
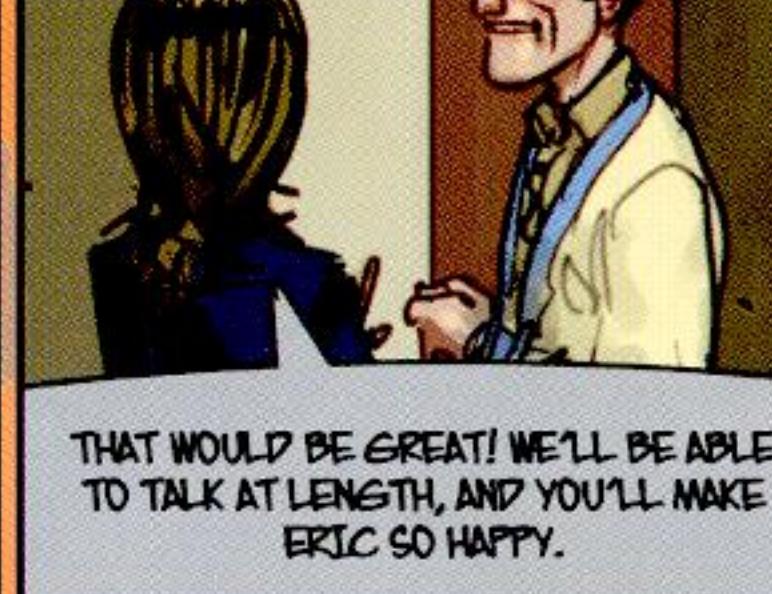
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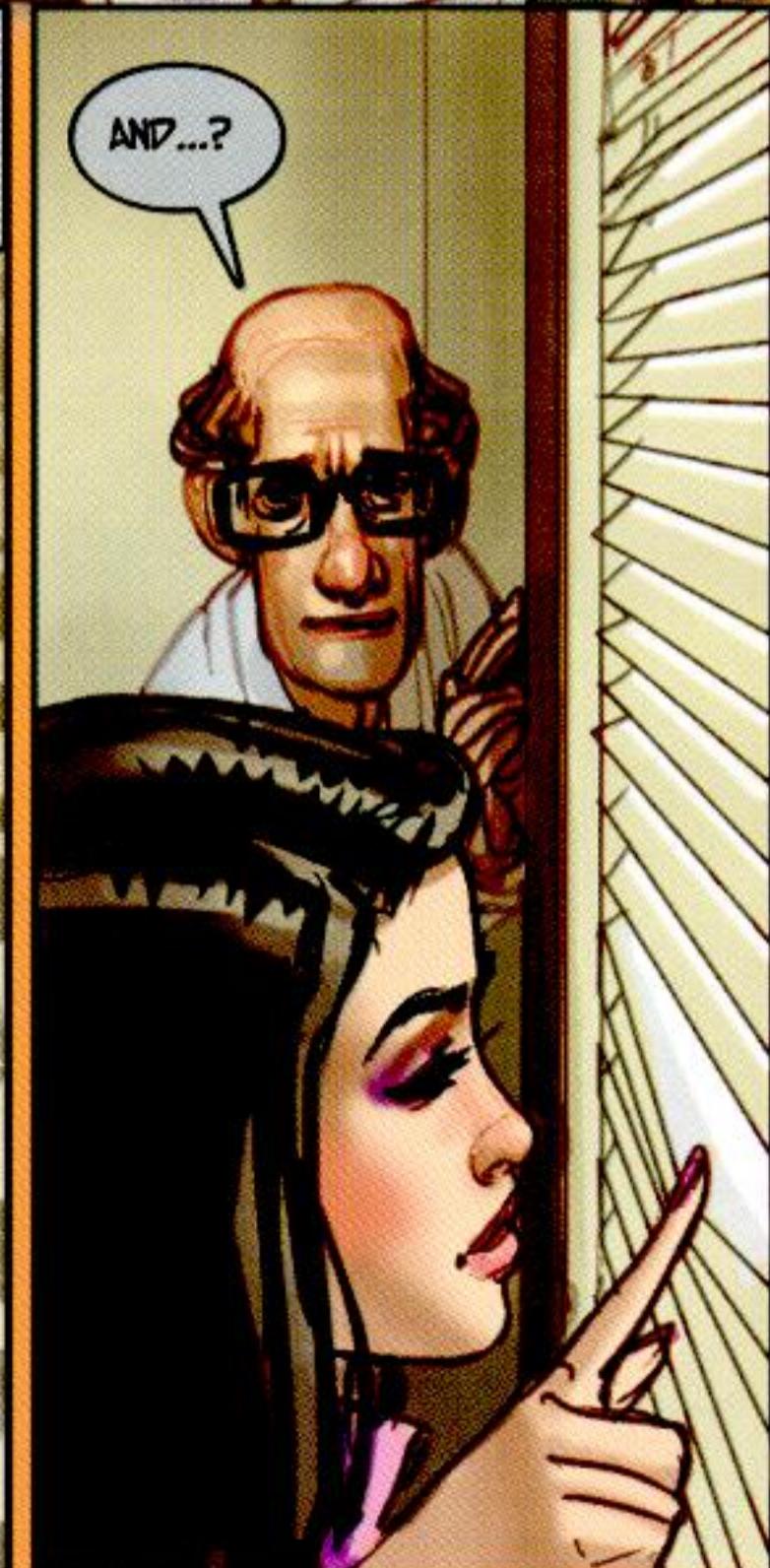
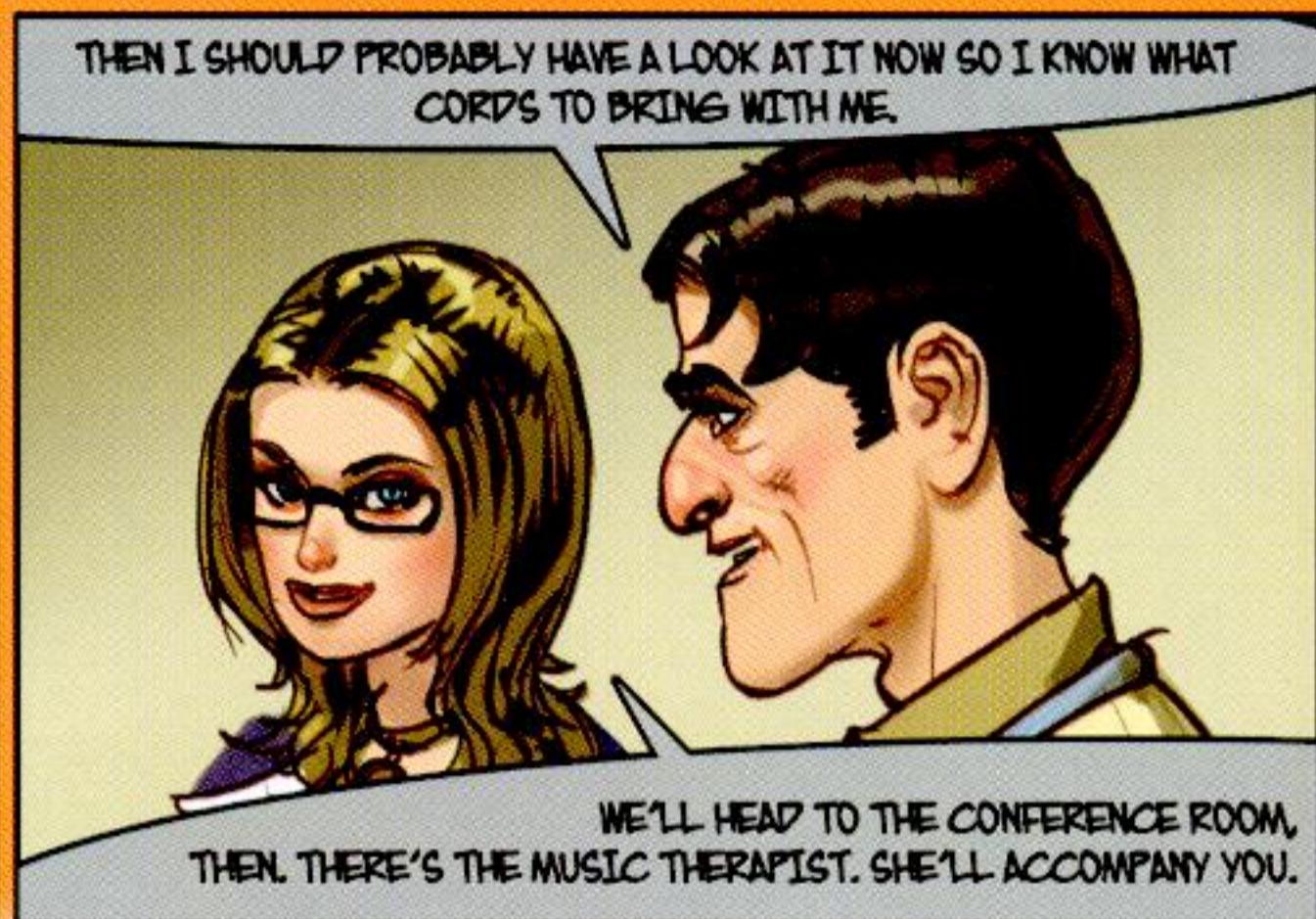


SHE WAS THE YOUNGER SISTER OF "CRAZY BERTONI" THE DRUMMER IN MY OLD BAND, "THE PSYCHOPATHS." THE NUTBAG HAD GIVEN HIMSELF THIS NAME LONG BEFORE HIS FIRST BREAKDOWN. NOW HE WAS LOCKED UP HERE AND I HAD COME TO VISIT HIM, BUT I HADN'T FOUND HIM.

WHAT A SHAME YOU CAN'T SEE MY BROTHER! JUST THIS MORNING HE AND A BUNCH OF THE OTHER RESIDENTS WENT TO PARTICIPATE IN THE SPRING SPORTS FEST.

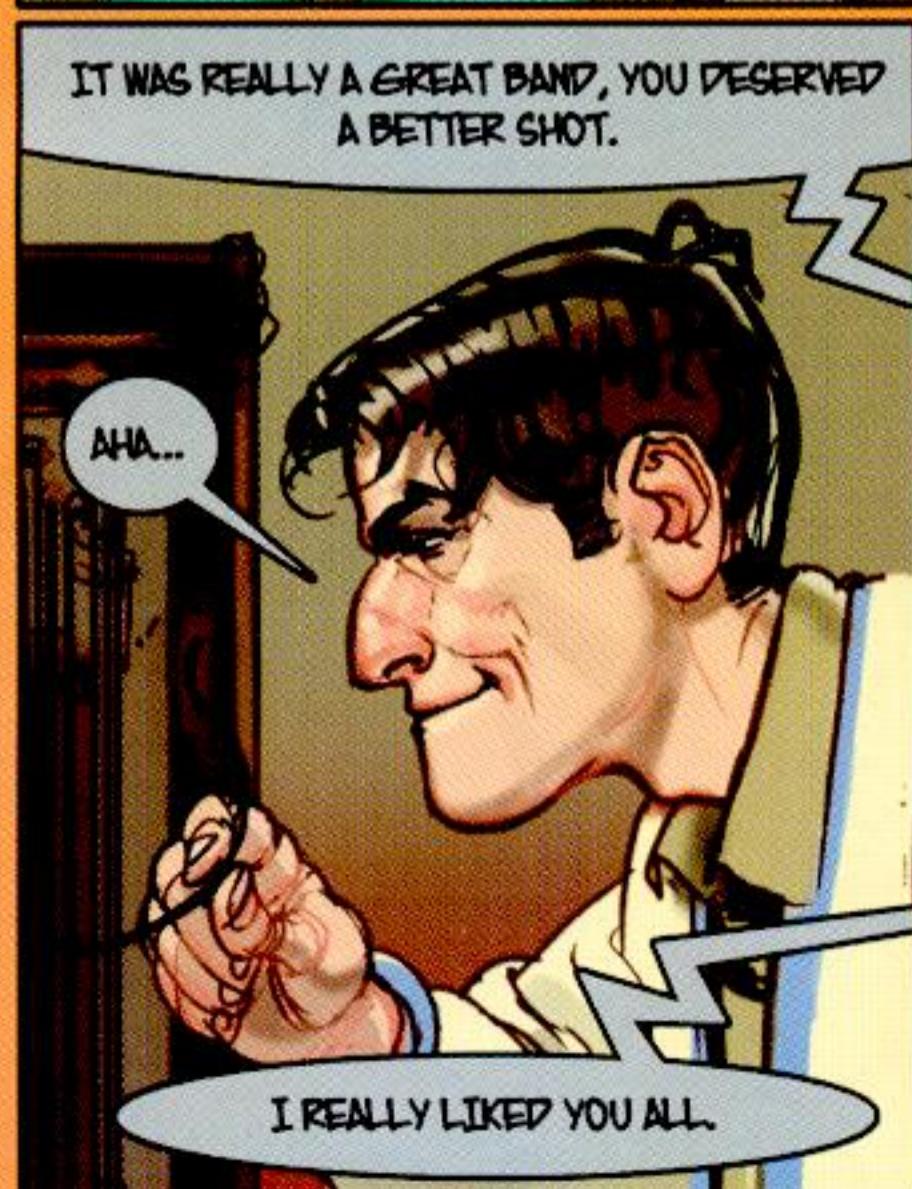
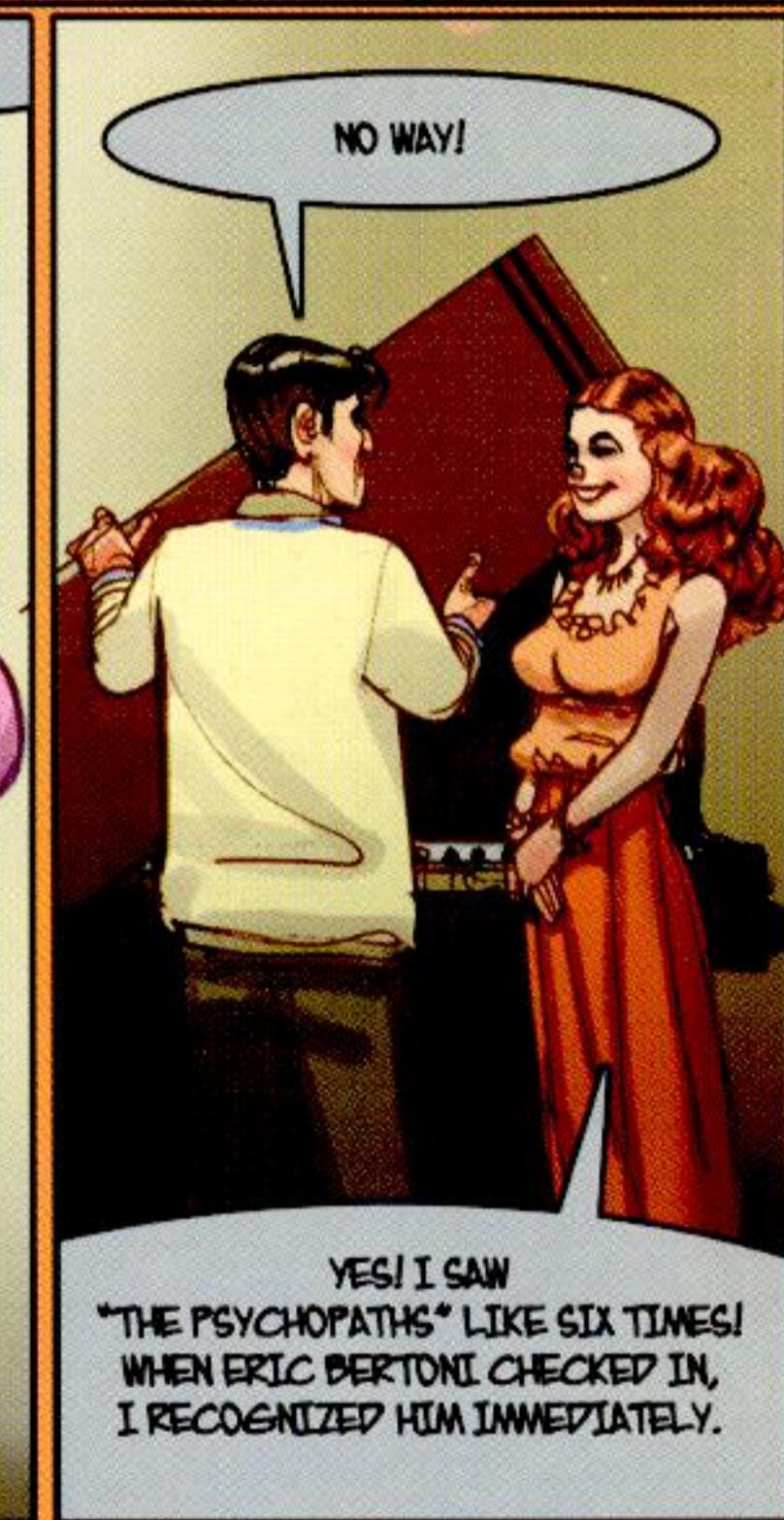
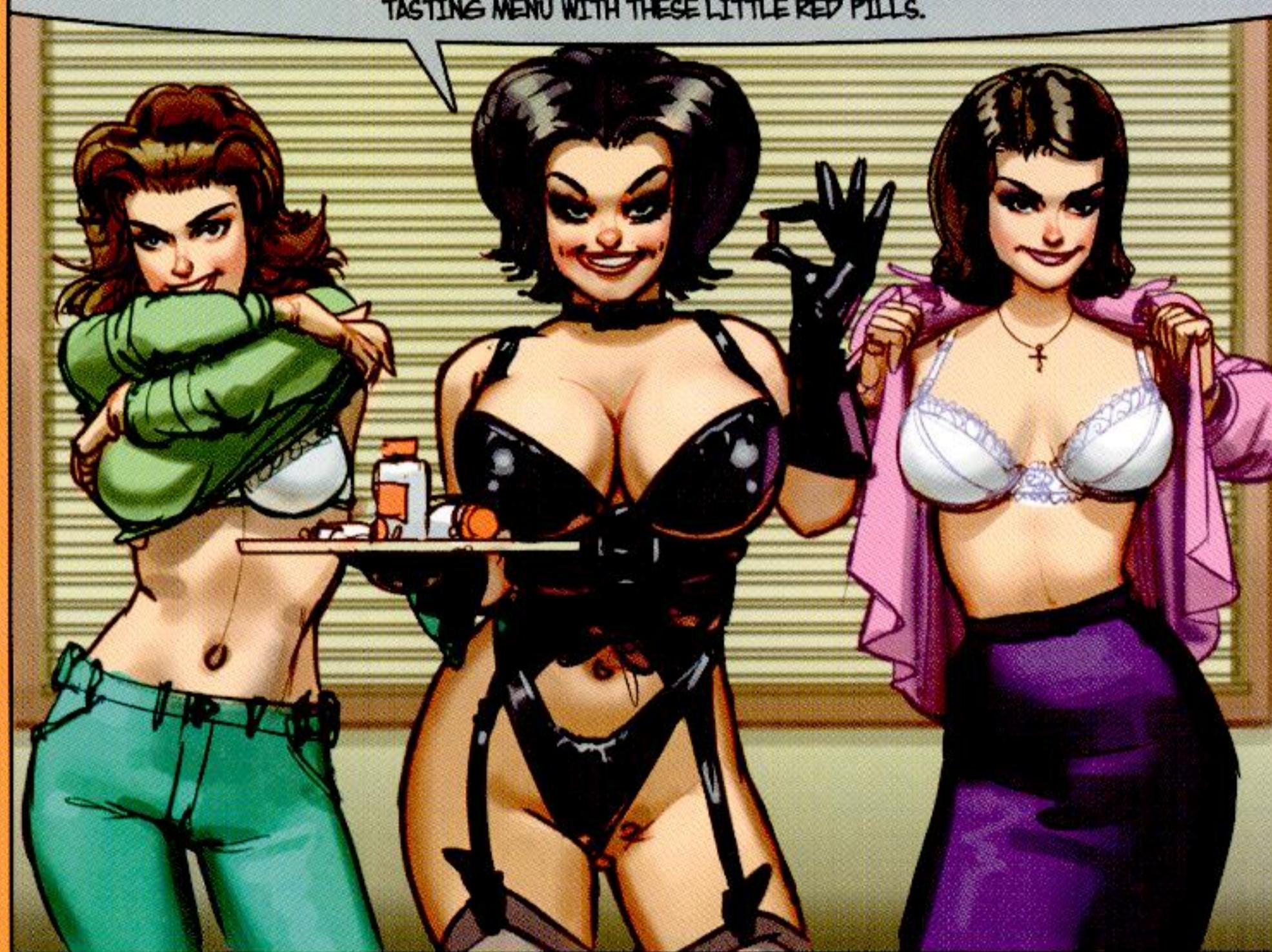
ACTUALLY, LIFE IS PRETTY CALM HERE, EXCEPT FOR TODAY, WHICH TO BE SINCERE, IS A PRETTY COMPLICATED DAY. THE ENTIRE THERAPY GROUP IS MEETING FOR A TRIMESTRAL EVALUATION, AND, TO TOP IT ALL OFF, NOW I'VE GOT TO GO TO AN IMPORTANT MEETING AT THE MINISTRY.





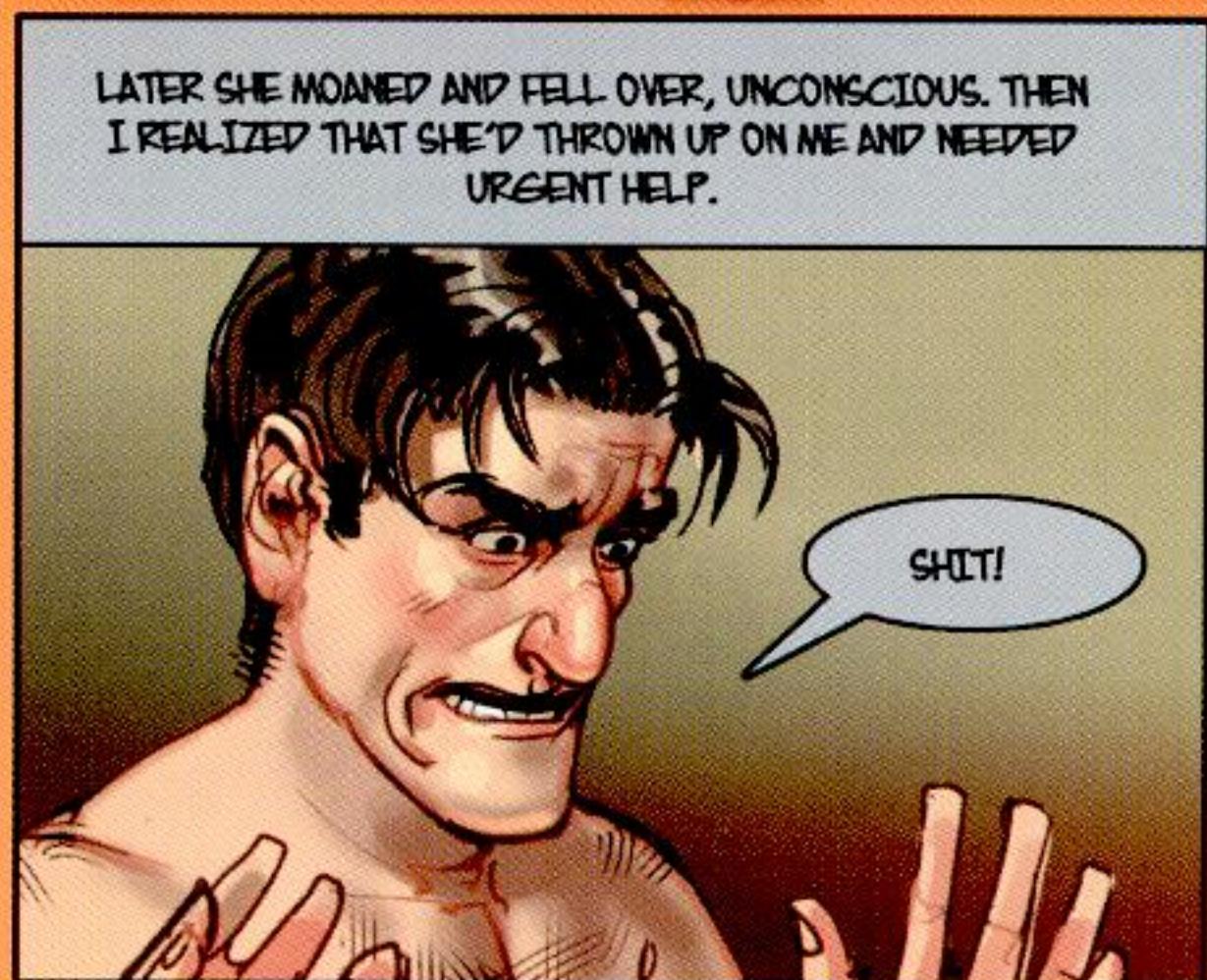


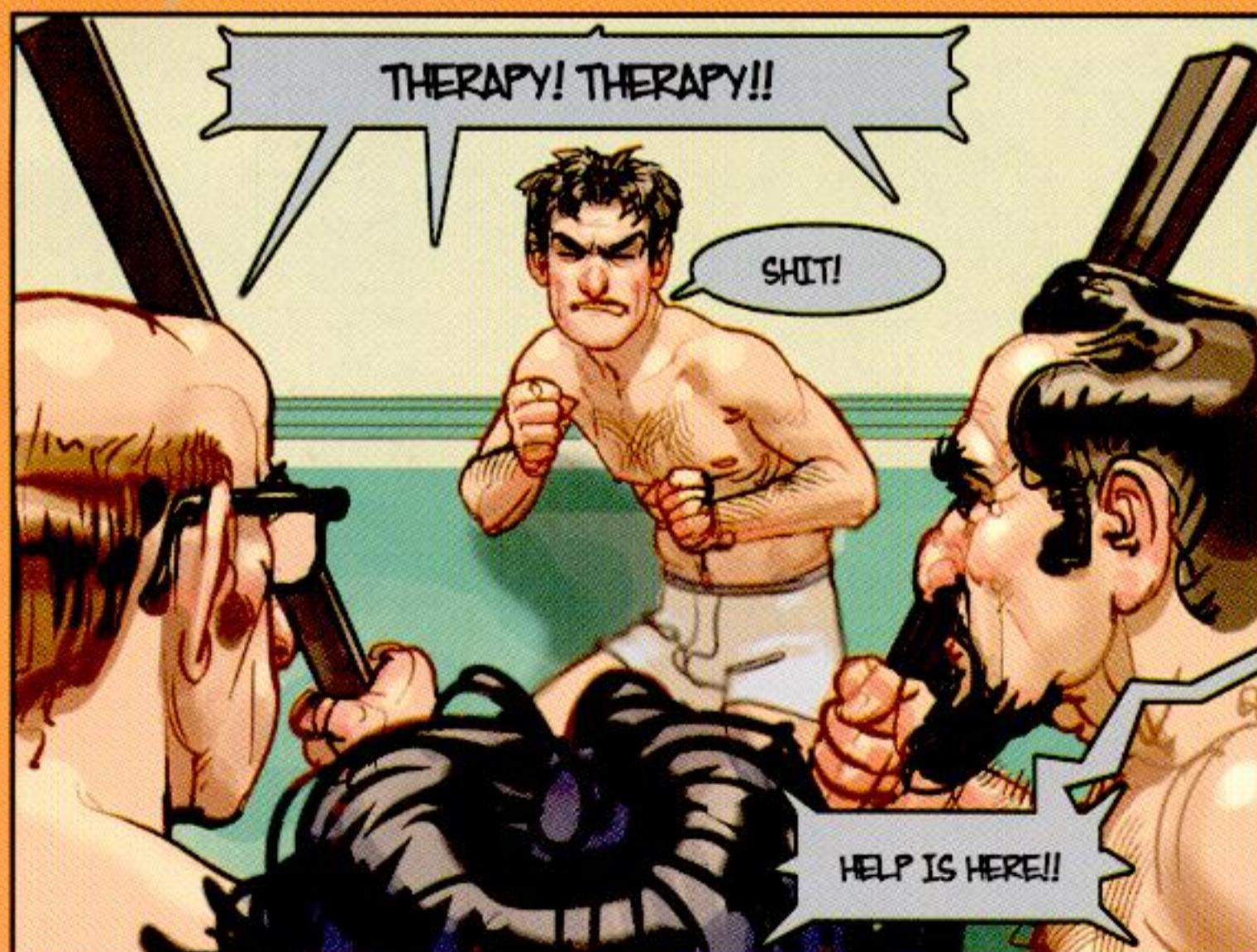
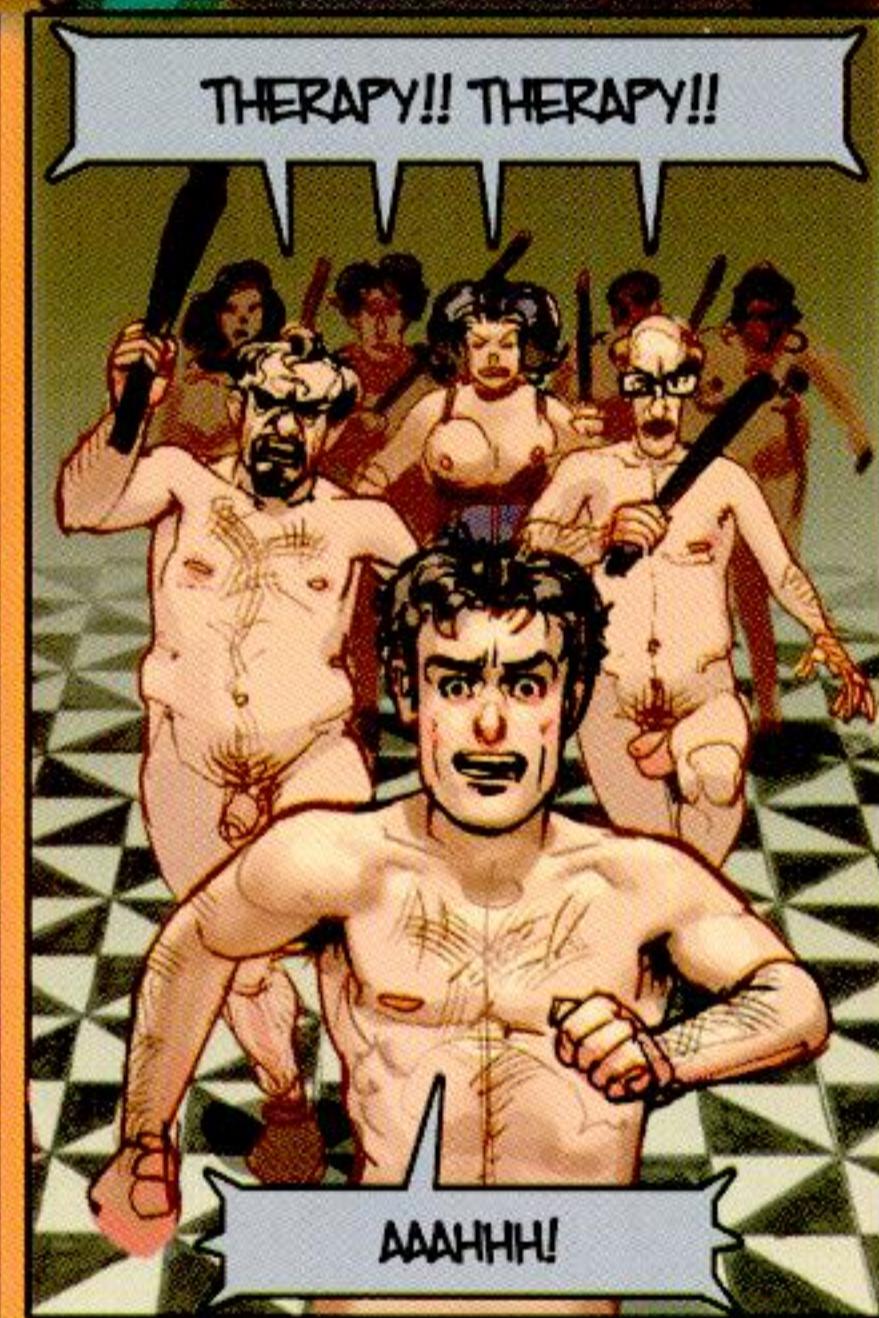
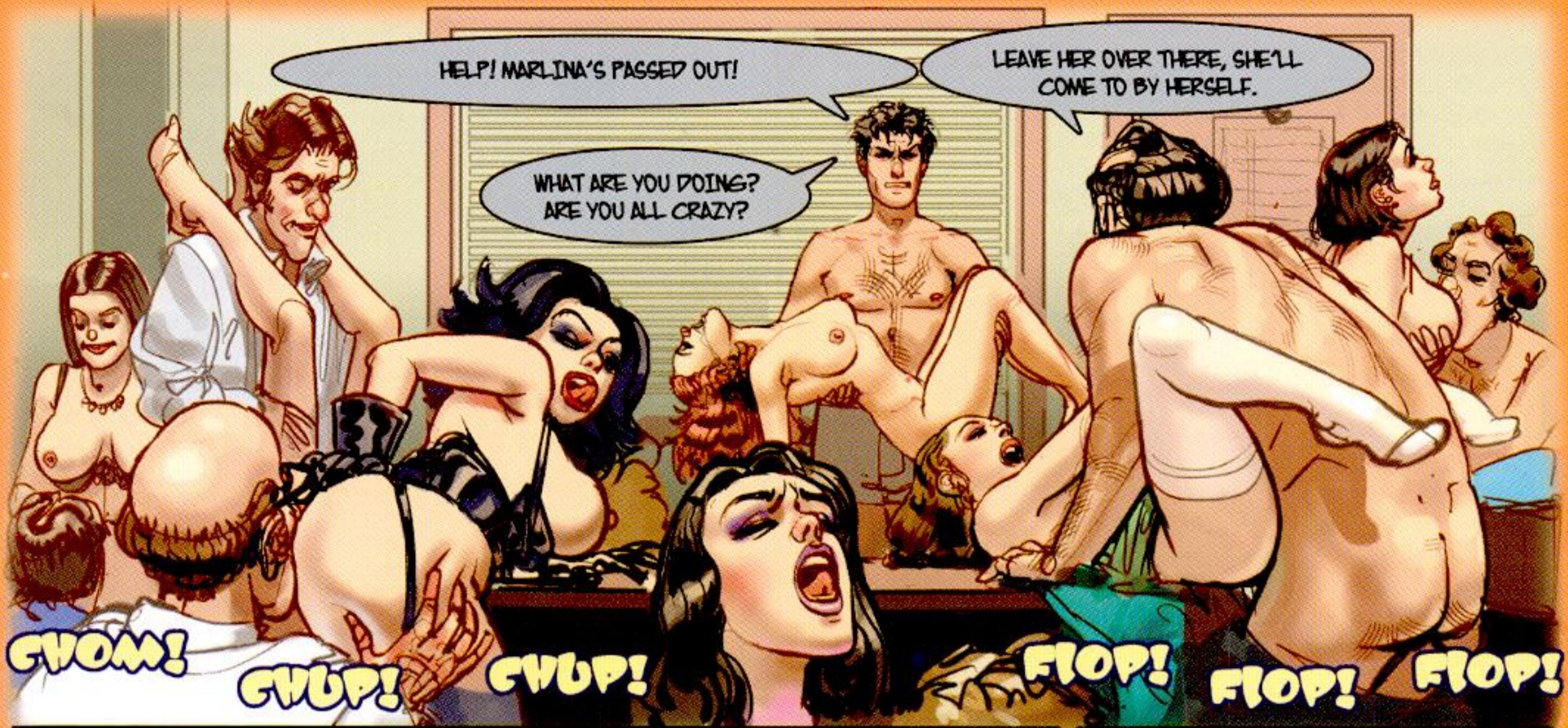
AS THE PSYCHIATRIST OF THIS INSTITUTION, I RECOMMEND YOU CONTINUE YOUR PSYCHOPHARMACEUTICAL TASTING MENU WITH THESE LITTLE RED PILLS.





SHE WAS TERRIBLY EXCITED. AND I WAS TOO, JUDGING FROM THE GALLONS OF CUM DRIPPING ALL OVER HER MOUTH AND DOWN MY LEGS...





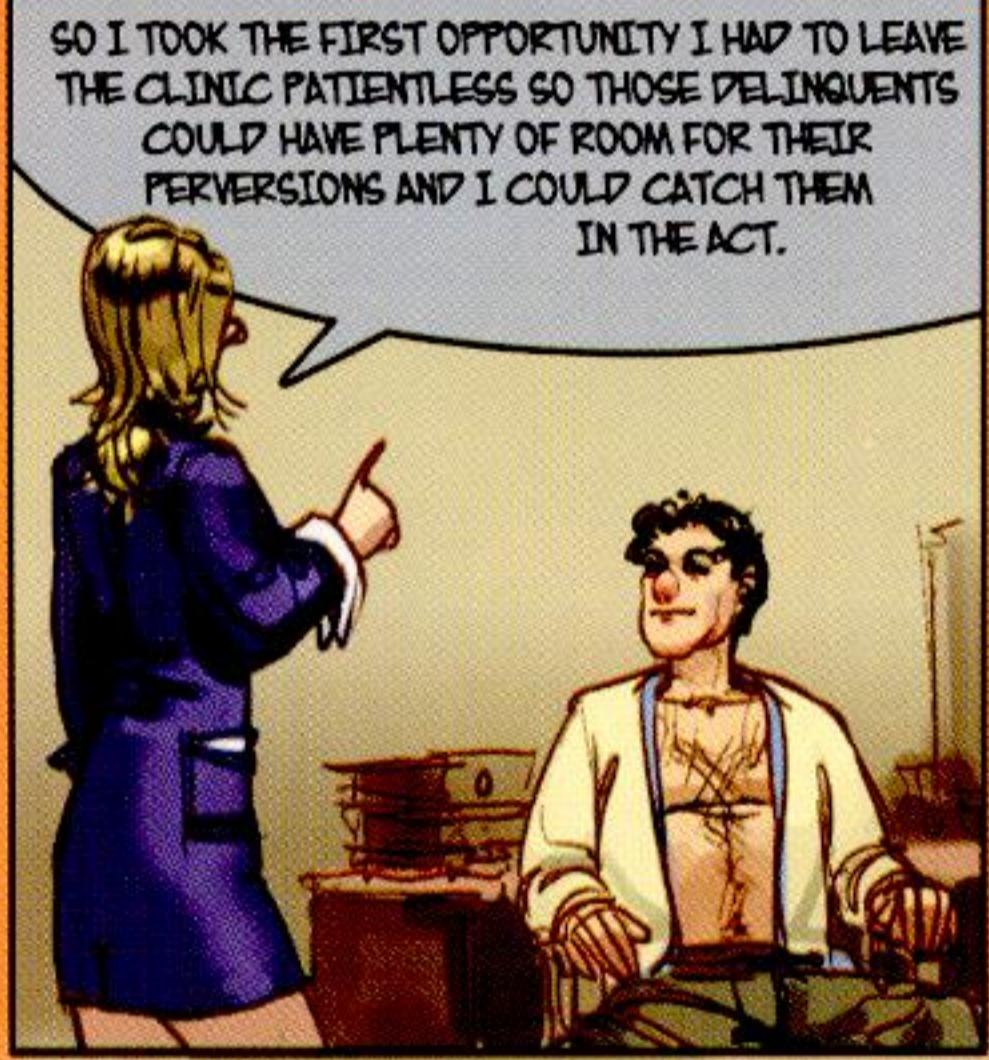
WHEN THE PREVIOUS DIRECTOR OVERDOSED ON ANTIDEPRESSANTS, THE AUTHORITIES WERE CONVINCED SOMETHING BAD WAS GOING ON HERE. THEY IMMEDIATELY PUT ME IN CHARGE OF THE CLINIC TO RESTORE SOME ORDER.



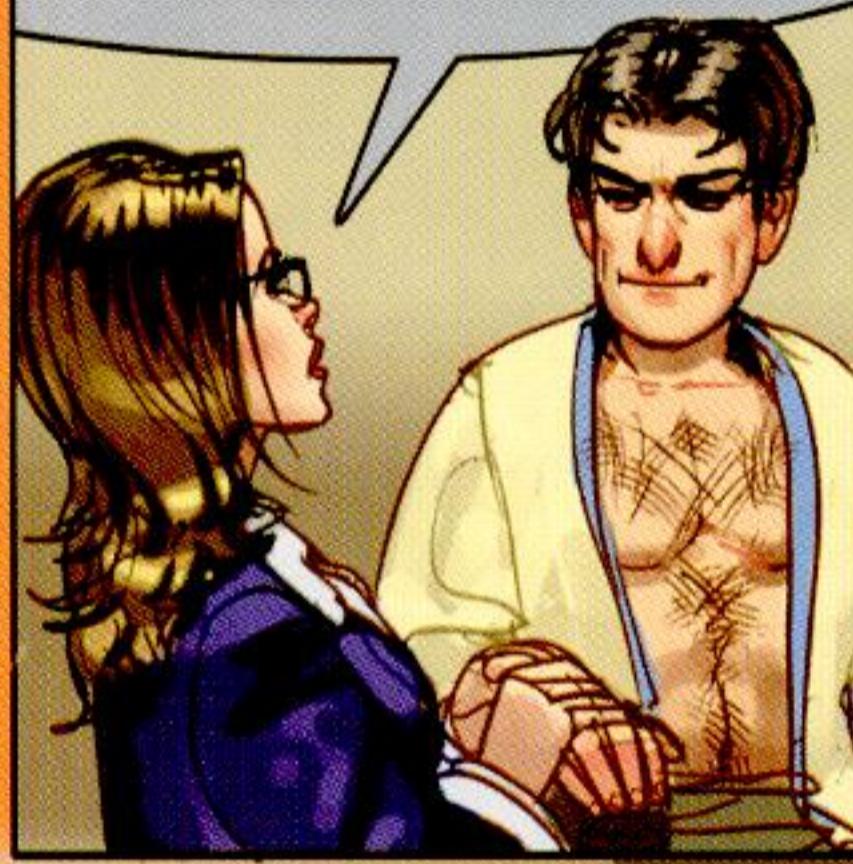
A SERIES OF STRANGE EVENTS LED ME TO SUSPECT THE THERAPY GROUP. BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ANY CONCRETE PROOF AGAINST THEM.



SO I TOOK THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY I HAD TO LEAVE THE CLINIC PATIENTLESS SO THOSE DELINQUENTS COULD HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM FOR THEIR PERVERSIONS AND I COULD CATCH THEM IN THE ACT.



WHEN YOU CAME, I HAD TO KEEP UP THE ACT...BUT I NEVER IMAGINED YOU'D BE IN SUCH DANGER!!



FORGIVE ME FOR HAVING ABANDONED YOU IN THIS HOTBED OF PSYCHOPATHS!! IF THEY'D HURT YOU, I'D NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TO FORGIVE MYSELF, MARIANO...





I'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH YOU SINCE I FIRST SAW YOU IN OUR GARAGE, PRACTICING WITH MY BROTHER.

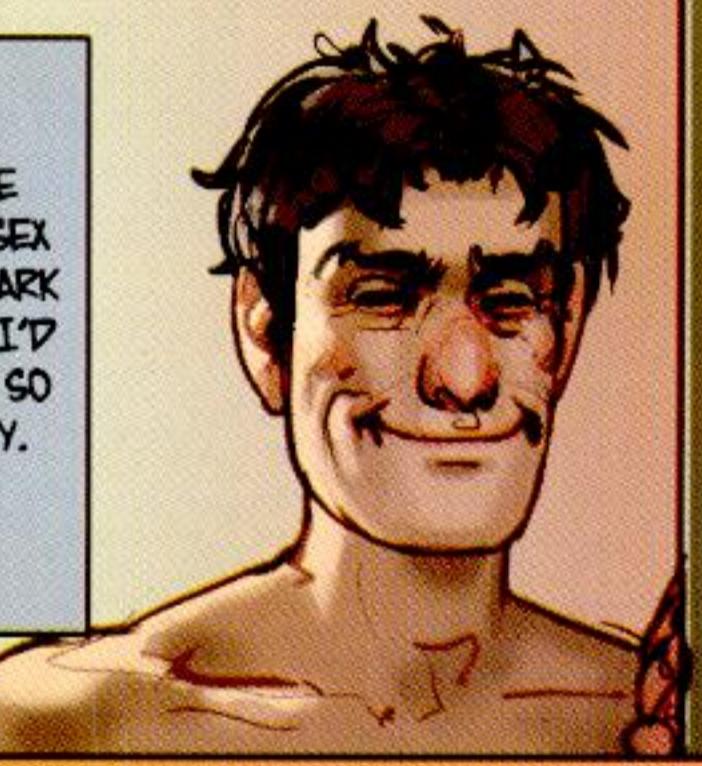


I NEVER FORGOT HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU WERE WITH THOSE PONYTAILS WHEN YOU WERE IN SCHOOL.

I LOVE YOU.

ME TOO.
I'M GOING TO THE BATHROOM.

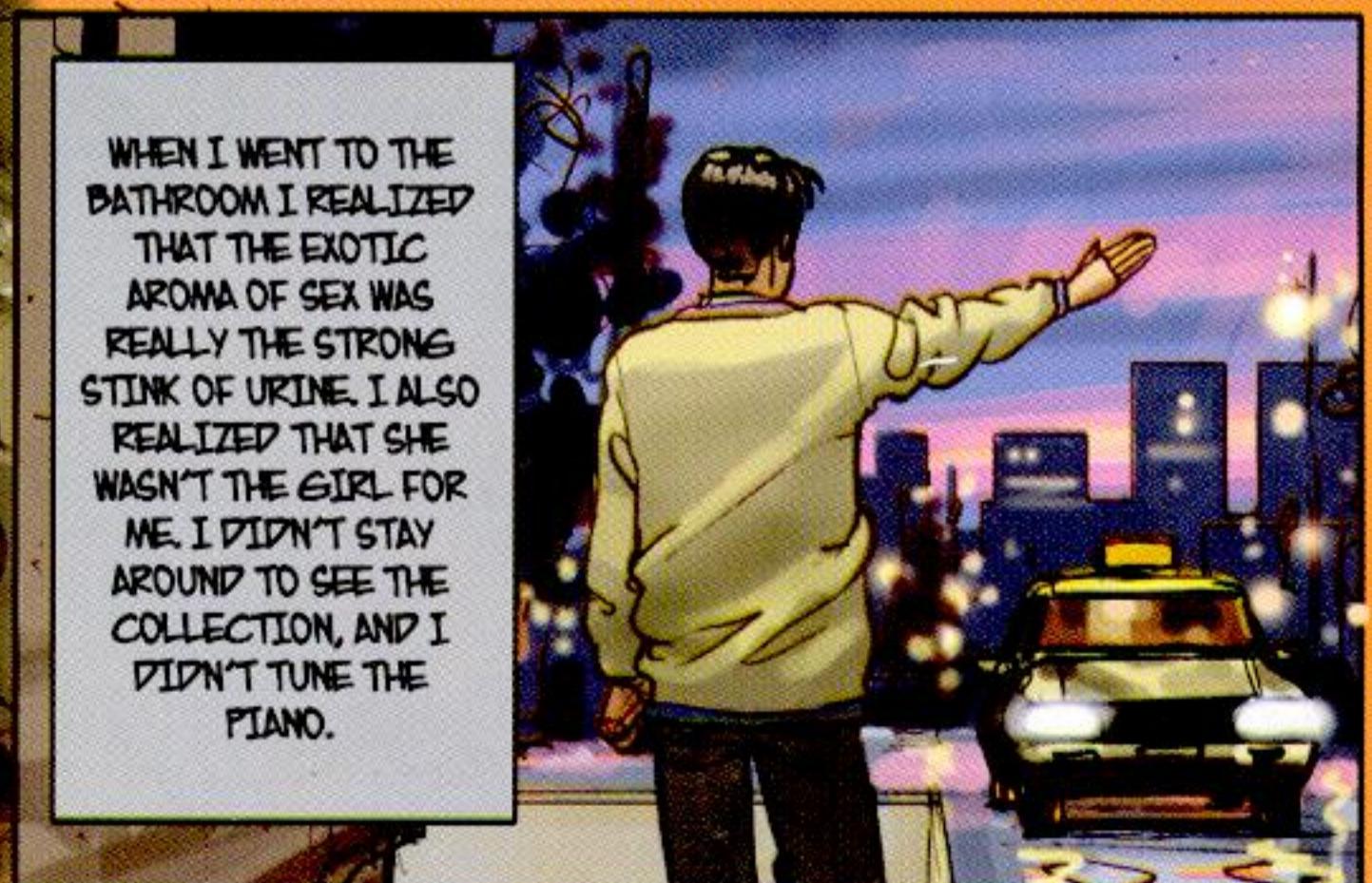
I FELT HAPPY. THE EXOTIC AROMA OF SEX LEFT A MYSTICAL MARK ON OUR FEELINGS. I'D NEVER FELT A LOVE SO PURE AND HEALTHY.



YOU LIKE MY SOUVENIRS? I ALWAYS TAKE SOME SORT OF KEEPSAKE FROM EACH INSTITUTION I'VE BEEN AT. AND THAT'S NOTHING, I'M DYING TO SHOW YOU MY COLLECTION OF MY FAVORITE PATIENTS' USED BOXERS! COME ON, HURRY!

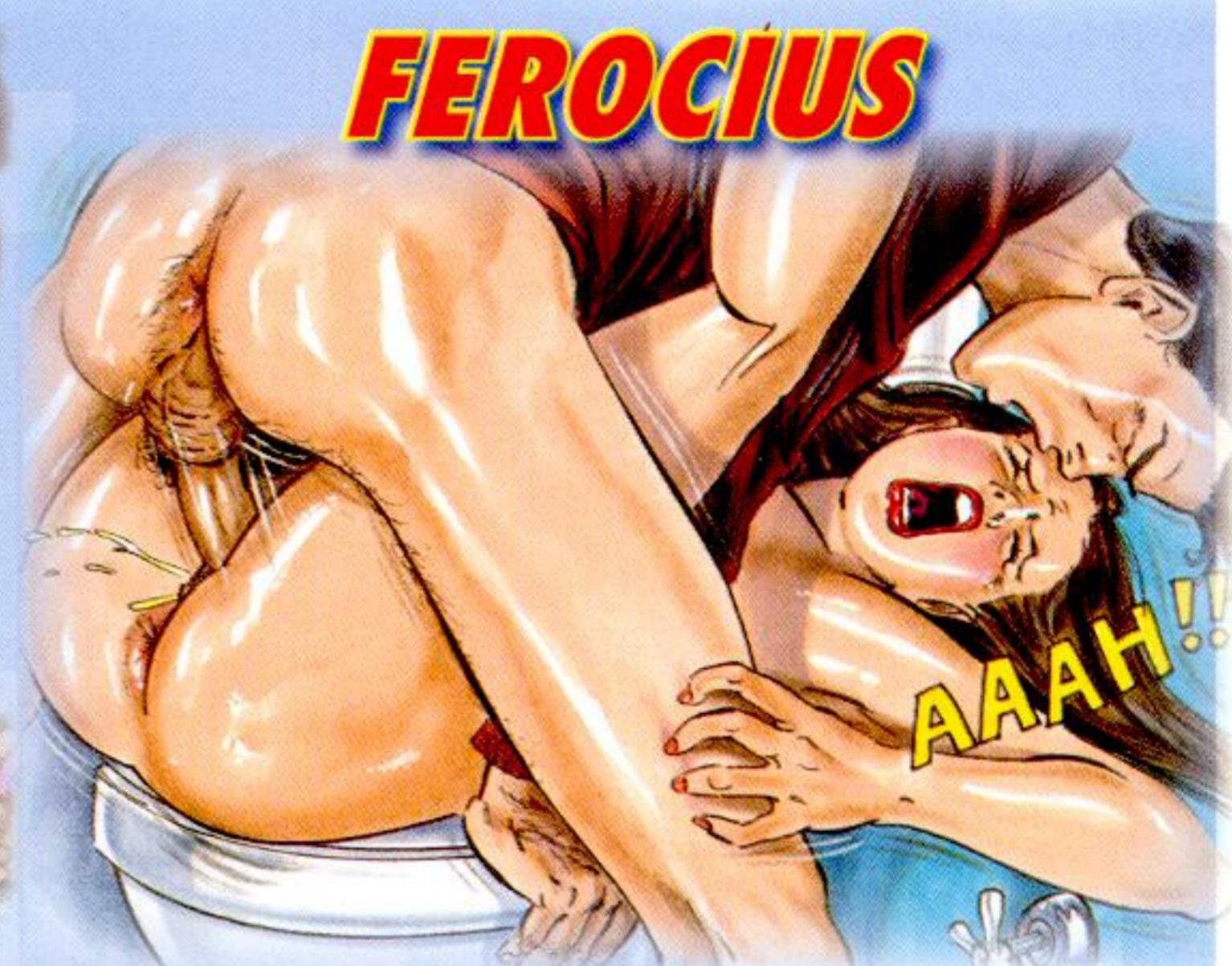


WHEN I WENT TO THE BATHROOM I REALIZED THAT THE EXOTIC AROMA OF SEX WAS REALLY THE STRONG STINK OF URINE. I ALSO REALIZED THAT SHE WASN'T THE GIRL FOR ME. I DIDN'T STAY AROUND TO SEE THE COLLECTION, AND I DIDN'T TUNE THE PIANO.



Next issue

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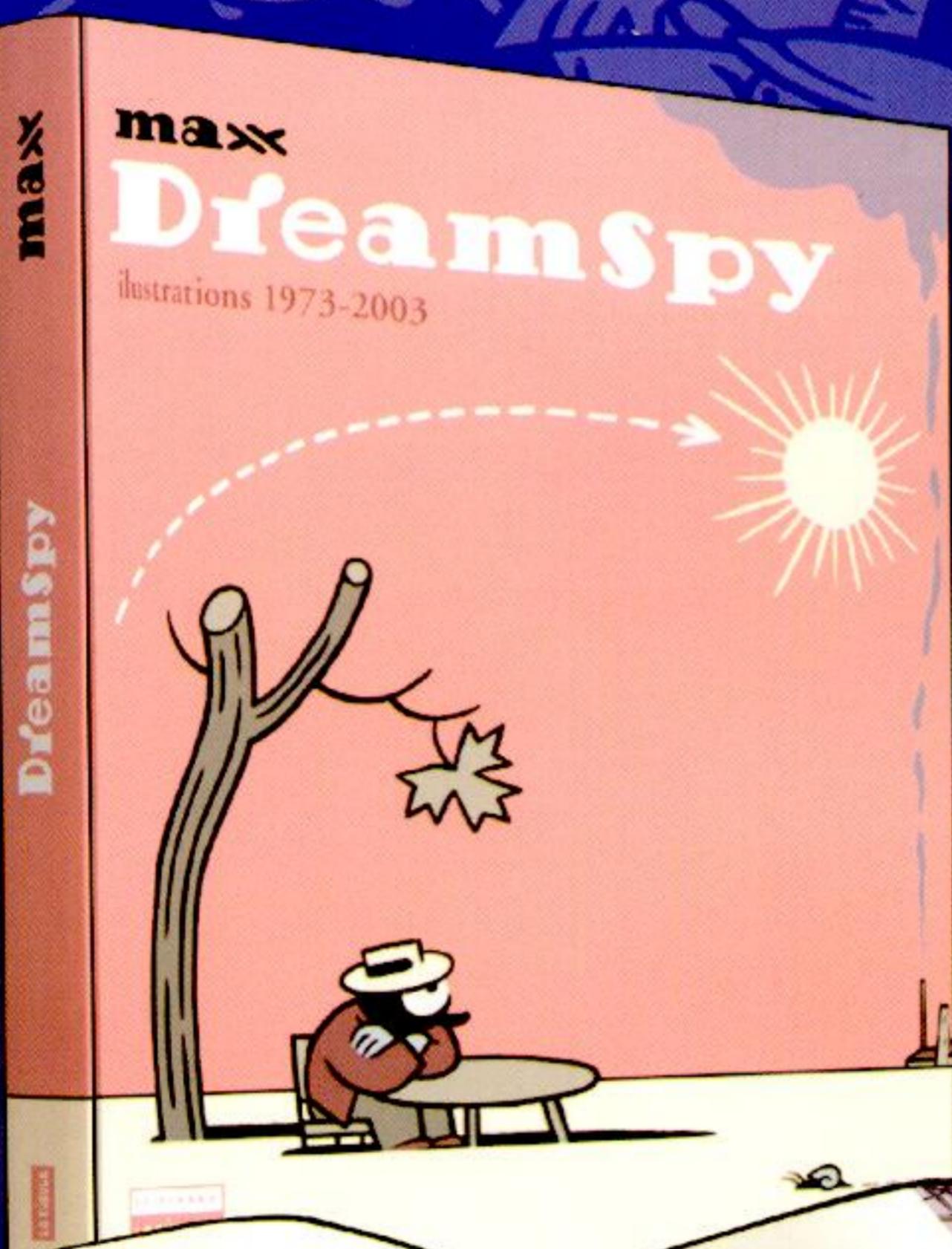


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